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THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS.

WITH

LIVES OF THE AUTHORS,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

VOL. XI.

DRYDEN.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY MITCHELL, AMES, AND WHITE.
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1819.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN DRYDEN.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

CONTENTS.

Page

'E OF THE AUTHOR 1

roic Stanzas on the Death of Oliver Cromwell. 1658. 55

rea Redux. On the happy Restoration and Return of his Sacred Majesty, Charles II. 1660. 61

His Sacred Majesty. A Panegyric on his Coronation. 1660. . . . 71

ire on the Dutch. 1662. . . . 75

nus Mirabilis: the Year of Wonders. 1666. 77

face to Absalom and Achitophel . . 137

Key to ditto 141

ıalom and Achitophel, a Poem in two Parts,

Part I. 1681. 145

Part II. 1682. 176

stle to the Whigs; a prefatory Discourse to the Medal 210

: Medal. A Satire against Sedition. 1681. 219

:-Flecnoe. 1682. 230

ıgio Laici; or, a Layman's Faith . . 238

enodia Augustalis: a Funeral Pindaric Poem, sacred to the happy Memory of King Charles II. 1685. 268

face to the Hind and Panther . . 285

Hind and Panther, a Poem in three Parts, 1687.

Part I. 291

Part II. 309

Part III. 331

nia Rediviva. 1688. 37

LIFE OF DRYDEN.

JOHN DRYDEN,* the son of Erasmus Dryden, of Titchmersh, was born at the parsonage house of Oldwinkle, near Oundale, on the 9th of August, 1631. He is said to have inherited the Anabaptist religion, and an estate of two hundred† a year. He was one of the king's scholars at the Westminster institution; became a member of Trinity college, Cambridge, in May, 1650; was suspended a fortnight, for disobedience and contumacy, in July, 1652; and received his bachelor's degree, in January, 1653. He returned to the university, in 1656; and afterwards became a clerk to his kinsman, Sir Gilbert Pickering,—a furious puritan, who undertook to be a reformer, and became a regicide. In 1658, the *Heroic Stanzas* on Cromwell first introduced Dryden to public attention; and the same author, who could thus eulogize the late lord protector, found no difficulty in writing, soon after, ASTREA REDUX; *a poem on the happy Restoration of his most sacred Majesty King Charles the Second.*

Our poet came to London in a coarse drugget

* The old orthography was Driden. Our poet's grandfather is said to have been a schoolmaster, and a friend of Erasmus; who stood godfather to one of his sons. Scott's Dryden, vol. i. p. 22. Mr. Scott claims him as of partly Scotch descent. Ib.

† Only sixty, according to Mr. Scott, vol. i. p. 30.

coat; and is said to have lodged with one Heringham, a bookseller, in the New-Exchange; for whom he wrote prefaces, and other occasional pieces. At length Sir Robert Howard rescued him from his degradation; and, not only exerted himself to promote his reputation,—but to preserve his fortune. Dryden was always attached to experimental philosophy; and his election to a membership of the Royal Society, Nov. 26, 1662, was the means of still farther enlarging the circle of his fame and of his acquaintances. In 1663, he took the stage; and, for many years, fought manfully to keep possession. His first dramatic production was the comedy of the *Wild Gallant;* the second, a rhyming tragedy, called the *Rival Ladies*, which appeared in 1664. The *Indian Queen*, another tragedy in rhyme, was written jointly by Dryden and Sir Robert Howard; and the *Indian Emperor*, written by Dryden alone, and published in 1667, was, as its title imports, a mere supplement to the *Indian Queen*. Our poet was, at first, a steady defender, both in theory and in practice, of dramatic rhyme; but a writer, whose avowed object is to please, cannot long maintain a contest against common sense; and, in spite of his patron, Lord Orrery, Dryden was, at last, content to suit the taste of the public, with plays in the ordinary style.

His dramatic labours were, for a short time, interrupted by the composition of the *Annus Mirabilis*,—the most elaborate, and, perhaps on that very account, one of the least successful, of his performances. We are particularly offended with the string of puerile conceits, by which he has contrived to destroy the sublimity of the great fire in London. First, the 'scattering seeds of fire are blown about,' 'big' with future flames. Next, we find it 'creeping along in a close pent room, and feeding in silence.' Now, 'the infant monster exalts his head upright and walks boldly' forth. In the next stanza,

it is some 'rich or mighty murderer,' who 'breaks his prison with gold,' and 'escapes through small outlets.' The winds, 'like crafty courtezans,' increase its violence by 'faintly' holding it in; but it soon 'leaps up,' takes a 'wide survey' of the 'neighbours,' and stalks along, 'nodding at every house.' The inhabitants 'run stumbling' through the streets after him; but, aided by a Belgian wind, he 'soon leaves his foes behind.' The 'wondering fish in shining waters gaze:' and Father Thames, after 'raising up his reverend head,' bethinks him of Simois' fate, and 'shrinks back to his sedgy bed.' The fire, 'in the mean time, wades the streets;' and, 'opening his wings,' and extending his hands, 'reaches across from one side to t'other.' Now, he sends forth, 'colonies' to take possession of some adjacent squares; and, then, dividing into 'squadrons,' one detachment, attracted 'by the powerful charms of gold and silver,' advances against Lombard street and the Exchange; another falls 'backward' upon the Tower; while 'the main body,' with the most vindictive republicanism, 'marches against the imperial palace.'

The *Essay* upon dramatic poetry was published in the same year with the *Annus Mirabilis*. *Secret Love*, a tragi-comedy, appeared in 1668; the comedy of *Sir Martin Morrall*, in the same year; and the *Tempest*, an alteration from Shakspeare, in 1670. About this time, Elkanah Settle crossed his path, with the *Empress of Morocco*,—a rhyming tragedy, which was acted with much applause on the theatre; was afterwards published with sculptures, and a swaggering preface; and, to fill the cup of indignities, was performed by the court ladies, at Whitehall. This was enough to make Dryden think Settle, 'an animal of a most deplored understanding;' and, in order to make other people think as much, he deemed *it his* duty to write a most scurrilous pam *phlet against the* poor author. His poetry 'is pc

ridge, 'tis a receipt, 'tis a pig with a pudding in his belly, 'tis I know not what: for, certainly, never any one that pretended to write sense had the impudence before to put such stuff as this into the mouths of those that were to speak it before an audience, whom he did not take to be fools; and then to print it too.' And with sculptures and a preface! That was the unkindest cut of all.

The comedy of *An Evening's Love* appeared in 1671; and, in the following year, the rhyming tragedy of *Tyrannic Love*, with the two parts of the *Conquest of Grenada*;—a tragedy written in open defiance of all probability and good taste. The theatrical critics now had their turn. One Martin Clifford addressed to the author a series of *Letters*; in the first of which he says, 'you do live in as much ignorance and darkness as you did in the womb; your writings are like a jack-of-all-trade's shop; they have a variety, but nothing of value; and if thou art not the dullest plant-animal that ever the earth produced, all that I have conversed with are strangely mistaken in thee.' In the second, after asserting, that Almanzor is more like Pistol than Achilles, he proceeds to say, that he 'is strangely mistaken if he had not this very Almanzor in some disguise about this town, and passing under another name. Pr'ythee tell me true, was not this Huffcap once the Indian Emperor? and, at another time, did he not call himself Maximin? Was not Lyndaraxa once called Almenia? I mean under Montezuma, the Indian Emperor. I protest and vow they are either the same, or so alike, that I cannot, for my heart, distinguish one from the other. You are therefore a strange unconscionable thief; thou art not content to steal from others, but dost rob thy poor wretched self too.' With so worthy an auxiliary, Settle had nothing to fear; and he accordingly took the field, with a quarto pamphlet of ninety-five pages. After abusing Dryden in detail, he at last reverts to the

old accusation of plagiarism;—an accusation, which Dryden did not pretend to deny; but would always affect to turn it off with a saying of the King: 'He only desired that they, who accuse me of thefts, would steal him plays like mine.'

He is said to have contracted to write four* plays a year; and, though he never failed to tell his readers how much pains and trouble they cost him, what he actually performed renders it sufficiently evident, that, in making the bargain, he did not overrate his own fertility. The comedies of *Marriage-a-la-mode*, and *Love in a Nunnery*, together with the two non-descript plays of *Abayana* and *The Virgin Martyr*, were all produced in 1673;—the *State of Innocence and Fall of Man*, a rhyming tragedy, in 1675;—*Arung Zebe*, a tragedy, in 1676;—*All for Love*, a tragedy, in 1678;—*Oedipus*, ditto, in 1679; *Troilus and Cressida*, altered from Shakspeare, in the same year:—*The Hind Keeper*, a comedy, hissed off the stage, in 1680;—*The Spanish Fryer*, a tragi-comedy, in 1681:—*The Duke of Guise*, a tragedy, in 1683;—*Albion and Albanus*, a musical drama, written, like the Duke of Guise, against the republicans, in 1685;—*Don Sebastian*, a tragi-comedy, in 1690;—*Amphytrion*, a comedy, in the same year;—*King Arthur*, an opera, in 1691;—*Cleomines*, a tragedy, in 1692;—and *Love Triumphant*, a tragi-comedy, in 1694.†

These productions, though they increased the reputation of the author, neither augmented his

* Mr. Malone, in his Life of Dryden, has produced an original memorial of the King's Company on the subject of one of his plays. The preamble is as follows:—'Whereas, upon Mr. Dryden's binding himself to write *three* plays a yeare, he, the said Mr. Dryden, was admitted and continued as a sharer, in the King's Play-house for divers years, and received for his share and a quarter, three or four hundred pounds, *communibus annis*; but though he received the moneys, we received not the plays, not one in a yeare.' The memorial goes on to state, that he had a third day for his *All for Love*.

† This arrangement is taken from Dr. Johnson. We have subjoined to this article the copy of a more correct schedule from Mr. Scott's Life, vol. i. p. 367.

fortune, nor ensured his peace. His fame, indeed, had become so great, that it was deemed essential to the success of a new play, that it should be introduced by some lines from Mr. Dryden. The ordinary price of a prologue was two guineas; but he charged Southern three; 'not, young man,' said he, 'out of disrespect for you; but the players have had my goods too cheap.' It was true enough; for, it is conjectured, that, with the benefit of a night, and the price of the copy, together, he did not receive, for his plays, more than one hundred pounds a-piece.* The puritans eschewed the theatre, as an abomination; and, so licentious was it, at this time, that no man of reputation durst be seen in the house. The profits, therefore, were comparatively trifling; and, as an author had but one night for each play, he must, at least, produce one play a month, to think of growing rich by the business. This, Dryden, fertile as he was, could not pretend to do; and poverty, therefore, was a standing subject of his lamentations.

But he considered his lot as hard, chiefly on account of the envious criticism, to which his superiority subjected him. His enemies soon obtained the secret of his testy sensibility; and they took special care to keep him plentifully supplied with topics of anxiety. He was assailed by high and by low; in verse, and in prose; in plays, prefaces, and separate essays. The duke of Buckingham, Butler, Martin Clifford, and Dr. Sprat, are all said to have participated in the composition of the *Rehearsal;* a farce, in which *Bayes* is supposed to take off the canting and fastidious pedantry of Dryden, and to ridicule his practice of being blooded and purged, just as he was going to write. We deemed it worth while to mention this anecdote, because the *Rehearsal*, though intended as a mere temporary performance, still takes its turn in the routine of the

* *According* to Mr. Malone, his winter and summer benefit *plays did not*, upon an average, yield nine pounds a piece.

ce. The other productions, in which Dryden eazed, have long reposed in oblivion; and it serve no good purpose to bring them again ight.

was it in his feelings alone, that our poet had fer. A poetical *Essay on Satire* was written e duke of Buckinghamshire, in 1679. It ap- d anonymously; and, as Dryden was suspect- being the author, the earl of Rochester, the ess of Portsmouth, and some others, who the heroes and heroines of the poem, suc- d in hiring some desperadoes to waylay and im.*

h a man, however, was not to be suppressed, by criticism or beating. His reputation in- d in spite of opposition; and, at length, ever an author had occasion to publish a book, ought its only passport to celebrity would be roduction by Dryden. Hitherto, his poetry een chiefly confined to literary subjects. In he adventured into politics; and his *Absalom Achitophel*, a satire against the duke of Mon- 's faction, was so eagerly called for, that, ling to Dr. Johnson's father, 'an old book- ,' its sale had not been equalled but by that of everell's *Trial*.' Mr. Addison has accounted popularity in one way; and Dr. Johnson, in er. We think Dryden has said something pertinent than either. 'There is a sweetness d verse (says he) which tickles even while it , and no man can be heartily angry with him leases him against his will.' The poem was

is treatment was thus threatened by Rochester. 'You e word, that I am out of favour with a certain poet, whom admired for the disproportion of him and his attributes. rarity which I cannot but be fond of, as one would be of a t could fiddle, or a singing awl. If he falls on me at the *hich is his very good* weapon in wit, I will forgive him if *se; and leave the repartee* to black Will with a cudgel.' *of fifty pounds* was offered for the discovery of 'blue' *his associates*; but they were never detected. Scot *i. 203. Wood* denies this 'bastina doing.'

:d by various authors; but the answers and
hors have been both forgotten. *The Medal,*
ı upon the medal struck on lord Shaftes-
acquittal from a prosecution by the *ignora-*
: the grand jury, was published in the same
contained the same principles; and was at-
d by the same antagonists. *The Medal Re-*
d, by that destroyer of Dryden's peace, Elka-
Settle, is said to have left the public opinion in
ıpoise, as to the merits of the two poems: and
Elkanah Settle, after piecing out his thread of
, by contriving shows for fairs, and vending ele-
s and epithalamiums, from door to door, died, at
t, forgotten, in a hospital!

Dryden had shown himself a man of some conse-
ıence in the state; and no sooner had King James
ıcended the throne, than his Catholic myrmidons
ought to enlist his powers on the side of the
:hurch. By what process of reasoning they con-
ıtrived to bring over so impracticable a subject, it
would be in vain to inquire. But popery was the re-
ligion of the court: Dryden had never been famed
for bigotry in any religion; and perhaps he yielded
rather to the fashion of the times, than to the arti-
fices of the priests. At any rate, he became
Roman catholic; and, though he doubtless imagine
it was merely a harmless compliance with the h
mour of the strongest party, he soon found hims
tost into the pit of theological controversy;
experienced, in due time, the futility of opp
his own poetry to the logic of Stillingfleet
March, 1686, the king, 'in consideration o
many good and acceptable services,' granted
an addition of one hundred pounds a year
pension. *The Hind and Panther,* or the ch
Rome and the church of England, appeare
the year 1687;* and was parodied by Hali

* *It is said to have been composed in a country reti*
Rushton, near his birth-place, in Huntingdon; where,

Prior, in the City Mouse and Country Mouse; and ridiculed by Thomas Brown, in three several dialogues, in 1688, 1689, and 1690.

Well would it have been for Dryden, had he let popery alone; for, though, the next year, after the publication of the *Hind and Panther*, he had another occasion, in the birth of the prince, to strain his notes in the catholic cause, and to predict the blessings of a Catholic succession; yet a few little months dissipated the bright illusion; and it was, to him, by no means, the least calamitous event of the revolution, that he saw the laurel transferred from his own popish brow to that of his old protestant enemy, Shadwell. The exquisite satire of *Mac Flecnoe* shows how keenly he felt the mortification.* He could no longer expect to live by dedication and patronage; and, after waiting two years for the dissipation of his unpopularity, he re-appeared in the old line of dramatic composition. Some portion of his time was, also, devoted to a new version of Perseus and Juvenal;† which appeared, in 1693.

middle of the last century, an urn, with the subjoined inscription, was erected in what is called Dryden's Walk: 'In memory of Dryden, who frequented these shades, and is here said to have composed his poem of the Hind and the Panther.' Scott's Dryd. vol. i. 325.

* We have here followed Dr. Johnson; but Mr. Scott says, 'nothing is more certain than that *Mac Flecnoe* was published while Dryden was himself laureate.' Vol. i. p. 353.

† A personal allusion is evidently contained in the following lines.

Since noble arts in Rome have no support,
A ragged virtue not a friend at court,
No profit rises from th' ungrateful stage,
My poverty increasing with my age,
'Tis time to give my just disdain a vent,
And, cursing, leave so base a government.

Juv. sat. iii.

In the original, there is nothing about the court, or the stage, or the government:—

——Quando artibus, inquit, honestis
Nullus in Urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,
Res hodie minor est, here quam fuit, atque eadem cras
Deteret exiguis aliquid:——

In the following year, he commenced the arduous task of translating Virgil; and, after a labour of three years, exhibited to his countrymen their first specimen of legitimate translation. The first lines are said to have been written with a diamond, upon a pane of glass, in a window of Chesterton-house, in Huntingdonshire, the residence of his kinsman and namesake, John Dryden, Esq. His last work was the *Fables*; which were written by a contract, 'signed, sealed, and delivered, being first duly stampt, in the presense of *Ben. Portlock* and *Mr. Congreve*,' to deliver ten thousand verses to Jacob Tonson, bookseller, in consideration of the sum of three hundred pounds.* A part of these ten thousand verses was the *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*; and another part was the first *Iliad* in English, as a prelude to the version of the whole. But it was too late in the day to be planning schemes of future employment. Dryden was now about seventy years old: his limbs had long forsaken their office; and he died of a mortification in his leg, May 1st, 1700. A slight inflammation of his toe became a gangrene by neglect; and, though our poet's life might yet have been saved by amputating the limb, he refused to sustain the operation. 'He was an

* The Fables contained, when finished, more than twelve thousand verses; and though, had they been deficient, Jacob would have exacted his bond to the last line, we do not find, that he offered any gratuity for Dryden's supererogation. Our author was a contributor to Tonson's Third Miscellany. 'The contribution, although ample, (says Mr. Scott,) was not satisfactory to old Jacob Tonson, who wrote on the subject a most mercantile expostulatory letter to Dryden, which is fortunately still preserved, as a curious specimen of the minutiæ of a literary bargain of the seventeenth century. Tonson, with reference to Dryden having offered a strange bookseller six hundred lines for twenty guineas, enters into a question in the rule of three, by which he discovers and proves, that for fifty guineas he has only fourteen hundred and forty-six lines, which he seems to take more unkindly, as he had not counted the lines until he had paid the money; from all which Jacob infers, that Dryden ought, out of generosity at least to *throw him* in something to the bargain, especially as he had used *him more* kindly in Juvenal, which, saith the said Jacob, in was *reckoned so* easy to translate as Ovid.' Vol. i. p. 381.

old man (he said), and had not long to live by course of nature, and therefore did not care to part with one limb, at such an age, to preserve an uncomfortable life in the rest.'

Wilson has preserved a curious story respecting his funeral. Dryden died on Wednesday morning. The next day, Dr. Sprat, bishop of Rochester and dean of Westminster, made his widow a present of the ground, and all the abbey-fees. Lord Halifax and her son, Charles Dryden, also, proposed to bury him at his own expense; and to bestow on him a monument worth five hundred pounds. The proposal was accepted; and, on Saturday morning, the hearse was ready to start, with eighteen mourning coaches, when young lord Jeffries, and some of his rakish companions, happened to ride by; and, being informed whose funeral it was, exclaimed, 'What, shall Dryden, the greatest honour and ornament of the nation, be buried after this private manner! No, gentlemen, let all that loved Mr. Dryden, and honour his memory, alight and join with me in gaining my lady's consent to let me have the honour of his interment, which shall be after another; and I will bestow one thousand pounds on a monument in the abbey for him.' Lady Elizabeth, Dryden's widow, was then sick; and the sudden irruption of the company caused her to faint. Lord Jeffries kneeled, and, at length, the rest kneeled, by his desire, in order to obtain her consent; but, as soon as her speech returned, she exclaimed, 'No, no!' Lord Jeffries caught the word; and, drowning her own reiterated denial, by roaring, 'My lady says, 'Go, go,'' he rushed out of the room, and ordered the hearsemen to carry the corpse to Mr. Russel's, an undertaker in Cheapside. There it remained three days; and, when the undertaker at length sent to lord Jeffries, to know what he should do with it, his *lordship* was pleased to answer, 'that those *who observed* the orders of a drunken frolic de-

served no better; that he remembered nothing at all of the matter; and that he might do what he pleased with the corpse.' The undertaker threatened to set it before lady Elizabeth's door. She gained a respite of a day; and Charles Dryden addressed a civil letter to lord Jeffries; who again answered, 'that he knew nothing of the matter, and would be troubled no more about it.' Lord Halifax and Dr. Sprat now made a similar answer; and, in the end, Dr. Garth sent for the body to the college of physicians, and had it decently interred by subscription. He had been dead twelve days. Charles Dryden sent a challenge to lord Jeffries; who returned no answer; and would neither receive a subsequent letter, nor admit the writer to an interview. Mr. Dryden then resolved to watch his opportunity and compel him to fight, whenever they should meet. His lordship heard of the design, and slunk out of town; nor could Mr. Dryden ever succeed in meeting him, to the day of his death.*

The death of no English monarch was ever commemorated with such a flood of poetry as soon appeared upon that of Dryden. Every poet and poetaster, male and female, in the kingdom, seemed to think it a duty to contribute an elegy or a panegyric; and, besides a pamphlet of nine odes, composed by as many ladies, who called themselves the *Nine Muses*, the elegiacs of other poets amounted to a volume, in two months, and were published, by Henry Playford, under the title of *Luctus Britannici, or the Tears of the British Muses, for the Death of John Dryden.* This was, in fact, his only monument, for twenty years after his death; when Sheffield, duke of Buckingham, erected one of perhaps more durable materials, in Westminster Abbey.

* *Wilson's* Life of Congreve. Mr. Malone has exploded some part of the story; and Mr. Scott calls it a 'romance.' Vol. *p.* 442.

with the simple inscription of—J. DRYDEN. *Natus* 1632. *Mortuus* 1 *Maii* 1700. *Johannes Sheffield, Dux Buckinghamiensis posuit*, 1720.

In his youth, Dryden seems to have been distinguished for his beauty; and his enemy, Melbourne, talks of the 'blushing virgins' who 'died' for his 'dear sake.' He grew corpulent, as he grew old: and Rochester gave him the nickname of *Poet Squab*. In his latter years, his eye had lost a part of its lustre, and his cheeks something of their smoothness and rotundity. In a book called *Epigrams upon the Paintings of the most eminent Masters*, published in 1700, there is the following description of Dryden's portrait by Closterman:—

A sleepy eye he shows, and no sweet feature,
Yet was indeed a favourite of nature:
And, though the painter's art can never show it
That his exemplar was so great a poet,
Yet are the lines and tints so subtly wrought
You may perceive he was a man of thought.

Let no man think of collecting the personal disposition of an author from the character of his writings. 'Posterity (says an acquaintance of Dryden, in the Gentleman's Magazine, for 1745) is absolutely mistaken as to that great man: though forced to be a satyrist, he was the mildest creature breathing, and the readiest to help the young and deserving. Though his comedies are horribly full of *double entendre*, yet 'twas owing to a false complaisance. He was, in company, the modestest man that ever conversed.' This character, though evidently from the hand of friendship, will serve, in some measure, to verify the still more flattering delineation of Congreve.

'He was (says the latter) of a nature exceedingly humane and compassionate; easily forgiving injuries, and capable of a prompt and sincere reconciliation with them who had offended him. His friendship

when he professed it, was much beyond his professions; and I have been told of strong and generous instances by the persons themselves who received them, though his hereditary income was little more than a bare competency. As his reading had been very extensive, so was he very happy in memory, tenacious of every thing that he had read. He was not more possessed of knowledge, than he was communicative of it. But then his communication of it was by no means pedantic, or imposed upon the conversation; but just such and went so far, as, by the natural turns of the discourse in which he was engaged, it was necessarily promoted or required. He was extremely ready and gentle in his correction of the errors of any writer, who thought fit to consult him; and fully as ready and patient to admit of the reprehension of others, in respect to his own oversights or mistakes.* He was of very

* One would be a little sceptical as to this fact, if it were not known that Dryden frequently altered his lines at the suggestion of his friends,—and if some instances had not come down of his readiness to be set in the right. by those around him. Mr. Malone, among others, has given us the following anecdote of Dr. Lockier. 'I was about seventeen, (says the dean of Peterborough.) when I first came to town; an odd looking boy, with short rough hair, and that sort of awkwardness which one always brings out of the country with one: however, in spite of my bashfulness and appearance, I used now and then to thrust myself into Will's, to have the pleasure of seeing the most celebrated wits of that time, who used to resort thither. The second time that ever I was there, Mr. Dryden was speaking of his own things, as he frequently did, especially of such as had been published. 'If any thing of mine is good (says he) 'tis my Mac Flecknoe; and I value myself the more on it, because it is the first piece of ridicule written in heroics. Lockier overhearing this, plucked up his spirits so far, as to say, in a voice, just loud enough to be heard, that Mac Flecknoe was a very fine poem, but that he had not imagined it to be the first that ever was wrote that way. On this Dryden turned short upon him, as surprised at his interposing; asked him how long he had been a dealer in poetry; and added, with a smile,—'But pray, sir, what is it, that you did imagine to have been writ so before?' Lockier named Boileau's Lictren, and Tassone's Secchia Rapita; which he had read, and knew Dryden had borrowed some strokes from each. 'Tis true,' says Dryden;—'I had forgot them.' A little after, Dryden went out, and in going, spoke to Lockier again, and desired him to come to him the next day. Lockier was highly delighted

easy, I may say, of very pleasing access; but something slow, and, as it were, diffident in his advances to others. He had something in his nature, that abhorred intrusion into any society whatsoever. Indeed, it is to be regretted, that he was rather blameable in the other extreme; for, by that means, he was personally less known, and, consequently, his character might become liable both to misapprehensions and misrepresentations. To the best of my knowledge and observation, he was of all men that ever I knew, one of the most modest, and the most easy to be discountenanced in his approaches either to his superiors or his equals.'

This extreme modesty, however, must be confined exclusively to his personal intercourse with society; for his public performances too unequivocally show, that, in all literary matters, he was a good deal vain, and not a little envious. He is always talking of himself in his dedications and prefaces; and, besides the exertions, which he constantly made to pluck down aspiring rivals, the renowned Jacob Tonson told Spence, 'that Dryden would compliment Crowne, when a play of his failed, but was cold to him, if he met with success.' He used sometimes to say, that Crowne had some genius; but he always added, 'that his father and Crowne's mother were very well acquainted.'

That Dryden was not forward and talkative, on all occasions, may easily be believed; but that he was taciturn to any thing like stupidity, we have no sufficient proof. There are those, who can be as loquacious as swallows among their own particular friends; but whom the presence of a stranger will strike dumb. Dryden knew his own worth; and we admire the frankness with which he so often tells us so. He was too generous to grudge his

with the invitation, and was well acquainted with him as long as he *lived.' Malone's* Dryden, vol. i. p. 481.

conversation to his intimate acquaintances; but, fo a stranger, he deemed it worth solicitation, if i were worth having. 'Silence and chat (says a co temporary*) are distant enough, to have a conve nient discourse come between them; and thus fa I agree with you, that the company of the authc of Absalom and Achitophel is more valuable, thoug not so talkative, than that of the modern men o *banter;* for what he says is like what he write much to the purpose, and full of mighty sense; ar if the town were for any thing desirable, it wer for the conversation of him, and one or two mor of the same character.' Dryden justly boasts, tha he enjoyed the society of the first men in the king dom; and such society was, in those days, to be purchased by something besides silence.

It is not unlikely, indeed, that Dryden frequently withheld a thought, in conversation, which, he imagined, might be turned to better account in his writings. At all events, there was not always by his side an honest chronicler to record his wise or witty sayings; and, of the few, which chance or friendship has preserved, two are of doubtful authority, and the other is scarcely worth claiming. 'He is said (says Mr. Scott) to have been the original of the repartee to the Duke of Buckingham, who, in bowling, offered to lay 'his soul to a turnip,' or something still more vile. 'Give me the odds,' said Dryden, 'and I take the bet.' When his wife (whc had unfortunately rendered him no friend to matrimony) wished to be a book, that she might enjoy more of his company, 'Be an almanack, then, my dear,' said the poet, 'that I may change you once a year.'† A friend was astonished, that even D'Ufrey could write such stuff as a play they had just witnessed. 'Ah, Sir,' replied Dryden, 'you do not

* Quoted by Mr. Scott, vol. i. p. 458. note.

† Mr. Scott expresses no doubts, as to the originality of this *anecdote.* We have heard it of some one else.

know my friend Tom as well as I do; I'll answer for him, he can write worse yet.'

We have no particular account of Dryden's moral habits; but, if they had been exceptionable, he had enemies enough to make it known; and, with the exception of an amour with Mrs. Reeves, an actress, before his marriage, they have not recorded a single instance of his immorality. But, though he might not have been immoral himself, no person can doubt, that he contributed to make others so. The man, who writes for bread, must write for popularity; and, in Dryden's time, no writings were popular, but such as were indecent. This was an easy condition; and Dryden was punctual in his compliance. It was equally the fashion of the times to ply the great with dedications: outrageous flattery, in a dedication, says Mr. Scott, was then as much a matter of course, as the words 'your obedient, humble servant,' in a modern epistle; and, what contributed to increase the extravagance of such performances, the amount of the recompence was proportionate to the fulsomeness of the adulation. For Dryden, this was another easy condition; and, so determined was he to reap its advantages, that, when he had finished Virgil, he dedicated the Pastorals to one lord, the Georgies to another, and the Æneid to a third. But we have been speaking rather the language of apology, than of truth. Dryden never seems to regret the necessity of complying with the vices of his age; and, while it is certain, that he got little by the alacrity of his prostitution, we can scarcely doubt, that he, who could preserve his popularity, in remodulating the numbers of English poetry, could hardly have lost it, in attempting to reform its immorality. If, however, a tardy repentance can atone for a life of transgression, it should be mentioned, in exculpation of Dryden, that, when, towards the end of his days, he we arraigned for licentiousness and profanity, by C

ıer, he pleaded guilty to the charge, and cast
ıelf upon the mercy of his accuser.

His religious tergiversation has been ano
theme of reproach. His biographers are not agr
as to the religion, which he inherited from his
rents. Dr. Johnson says, it was that of the ana
tists; and Mr. Scott has rendered it extremely
bable, that it was puritanism. It is not likely,
he would have become a martyr for either: we l
it from his own testimony, that, in his riper y
he was little better than an infidel;* and nothir
clearer, than that, at the accession of James
turned an ardent catholic. Mr. Scott labour
prove, that this conversion was the result of
author's own unassisted reflection; and, thoug
confesses, that interest very strongly coincided
conviction, he is persuaded, that interest only se
to confirm, what reasoning had already atchie
The *Religio Laici* is thought to contain the pr
of logic, by which he effected his conversion;
the firmness, with which he adhered to his ne
ligion, after it had not only ceased to corres
with his interest,—but was become one of its
serious obstacles,—is considered as a decisive
of his original sincerity, and thorough pers
Persons, less charitable than Mr. Scott, wo
swer, that the *Religio Laici*, must have been
to please King James; and that the obstinac
conviction was the result of his pride.

We know little of Dryden's domestic hab
mornings were spent in study: he dined
family about two o'clock; and, after dinner,
to Will's Coffee House, the rendezvous o
cotemporary wits. He had a particular cha
was placed by the chimney, in winter, and

* My thoughtless youth was winged with vain de
My manhood long misled by wandering fires,
Followed false lights; and, when their glimpse
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own
Hind

balcony, in summer; and from which, as the vice-gerent of Apollo, he pronounced his oracular sentences, upon all matters of literature and criticism. He was a great taker of snuff; and 'a pinch from Dryden's box' was considered as a distinguished honour. Mr. Scott, himself an editor of old ballads, very properly 'records with pride,' that he was a lover of such poetry;* and we learn from various parts of his writings, that he was a believer in judicial astrology. His son Charles was taken sick at Rome; and Dryden had the happiness to persuade himself, that he had ascertained precisely the time, when he would begin to convalesce. 'Towards the latter end of this month, September, (says he, in a letter to his sons, then at Rome,) Charles will begin to recover his perfect health, according to his nativity, which, casting it myself, I am sure is true; and all things hitherto have happened accordingly to the very time that I predicted them.'†

It is natural to ask, what became of these sons, and the rest of Dryden's family? He married Lady Elizabeth Howard; and slander did not fail to insinuate, that 'there were very precious reasons for it, too.' That the union was displeasing to the friends of the lady, we can readily believe; but that

* Vol. i. p. 460.

† It must not be concluded, that Dryden was peculiar in this superstition. It was the fashion of the times; and so much importance, indeed, was attached to the predictions of astrologers, that, in 1647, General Fairfax sent a coach and four to bring the two rival worthies, William Lilly and John Booker, to his head-quarters. Nor was the rage confined to England. In 1659, the same William Lilly received from the king of Sweden a gold chain, for the many fine things which he had foretold of that monarch. But, in 1666, his pretensions to divination had nearly plunged him into a fatal scrape. He had published, fifteen years before, a book, called *Monarchy or no Monarchy*; at the end of which there was an appendix of thirty two wood-cuts, representing the future destinies of England. The thirteenth was a city in flames; and, when the *great fire took* place in London in 1666, a committee of parliament, *suspecting, that* Lilly might have undertaken to fulfil his own prophesy, summoned the innocent astrologer before them. He explained *his intention*; and they let him go. Godw. Plth pp. 97-99.

it took place as a choice of evils, there is not an iota of proof. Dryden's biographers have agreed to endow his lady with a very unhappy disposition; and surely the bitter invectives against matrimony, which so frequently occur in the writings of our author, could never have come from a man, who enjoyed much domestic felicity. The temper of Lady Elizabeth is represented as so intolerable, that her husband always fled into the country, when she came to town; and she was seldom visited, either by her own friends, or by those of Dryden. For our own parts, we cannot abandon her to the mercy of those, who, in the zeal of editorship or biography, are disposed to think, that others must always have been in the fault, when Dryden's peace was disturbed. It is not certainly a circumstance against her original affection, that she humbled the pride of her birth to marry a man, who was writing for his daily bread. She doubtless felt above Dryden's relations; and, after the marriage, her own relations probably felt above her. The visits of the one she repelled: those of the others, she could not attract: Dryden himself was so completely devoted to his pen, that he could give her little of his own time; and thus the unhappy lady saw herself cut off, at once, from the society of all the world,—deserted by the friends, whom she esteemed, and neglected by the man, whom she adored. Was she to bear all this with silent equinimity? Can we wonder, that she wished herself a book, that she might enjoy more of her husband's society? Or is it an additional proof of her want of affection, that the conduct of Lord Jeffries, at Dryden's funeral, rendered her inconsolable; that her brain was turned, soon after his death; and that she died a maniac, in the summer of 1714?

The offspring of this ill-starred marriage were *Charles, John,* and Erasmus Henry Dryden. Charles was born in 1666; entered Westminster School, in

1683; and went to Cambridge, three years afterwards. He became, almost of course, an author; but he followed his father with very unequal steps. In 1692, he was appointed Chamberlain of the Household to Pope Innocent XII.; returned to England, in 1698; was his father's administrator, in 1700; and, on the 20th of August, 1704, was drowned in an attempt to swim across the Thames.

John Dryden was born in 1667, or 1668; entered Westminster School, in 1682; and was elected to Oxford, in 1685. He followed Charles to Rome; and officiated as deputy chamberlain. A comedy of his was acted in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, in 1696. He travelled in Sicily and Malta, in 1700-1; and died at Rome, soon after his return.

Erasmus Henry Dryden was born in 1669. He, also, went to Rome; and became a captain in the Pope's Guards. On the death of his brother John, he returned to England; and, in 1708, succeeded to the title, without the estate, of his grandfather, Sir Erasmus Dryden. The estate had been devised, by Sir Robert Dryden, to Edward Dryden, eldest son of Erasmus, the younger brother of the poet;—with whom Sir Erasmus Henry resided, until his death, in 1710.

The necessitous circumstances of Dryden, while they formed an excuse for his faults, were, by no means, the least cause of his excellencies. He had a mind peculiarly fitted for reasoning and analysis; and, when his powers of argument were sparingly employed, they gave a character of unusual vigour to all his composition. They seemed to add the force of logic to the fascination of poetry. Yet logic and poetry are things radically discrepant; and, if suffered to act too long upon each other, the poetry must either evaporate in conceits, or sink into frigidity. It is what chemists would call a *sublimation*, or a *freezing-mixture*;—and the few experiments, which Dryden had leisure to make, are

sufficient to render us thankful, that he found no time to make more. Most of his early poems are merely the fumes of conceit; and the *Annus Mirabilis* is little better than a cold, smooth level of rhetorical metaphors. It was well, that necessity compelled him to bestow less labour upon his subsequent productions; for, though comparative haste has betrayed him into occasional flats, that haste was the only thing which left him at liberty to soar. *Alexander's Feast*,—which alone would have rendered the poet immortal,—was finished at a single sitting. His pen was seldom out of his hand. One subject had scarcely been dropt, when another was taken up; and Dryden's imagination seems to have been equally fertile and ready upon them all. Ideas flowed in from every quarter; and he was obliged to put down, almost indiscriminately, whatever occurred. He could not stop to choose:—there was no time to be brief. Some things could have been expunged; some we could wish corrected; and others might have been abridged: Yet we could hardly have trusted either of these operations to the hands of the author himself.

It is certain, that he never did retouch a poem after it was once published; and, Dr. Johnson has thought it worth while to remark, that, though 'the hastiness of his productions might be the effect of necessity, his subsequent neglect could hardly have any other cause than impatience of study.' This would have been a very good antithesis, if written of an author, who was so independent of circumstances, that he might lay down, and resume, his pen at pleasure: But, the biographer of Dryden should have been the last man to cast such a reflection upon *him;* who had scarcely finished one production, before he was driven to another; and who, to comply with his engagements, was obliged to write, almost incessantly, night and day. Did such *a piteous* expostulation as this, ever come from a

man, who was 'impatient of study?' 'If it please God (he writes to Tonson, while labouring to procure a supply of money for his son Charles, who was then sick at Rome)—'If it please God that I must die of over-study, I cannot spend my life better than in preserving his.' Had Dr. Johnson forgotten the anecdote, which he related upon the authority of Lord Bolingbroke?—'that one day, when the latter visited Dryden, they heard, as they were conversing, another person entering the house. 'This,' said Dryden, 'is Tonson. You will take care not to depart before he goes away: for I have not completed the sheet which I promised him; and, if you leave me unprotected, I must suffer all the rudeness to which his resentment can prompt his tongue.'* It is upon the authority of the same Lord Bolingbroke, that Mr. Scott has related another anecdote, which shows Dryden's impatience of study. He found him, one morning, in great agitation; and, on enquiring the cause, 'I have been up all night,' replied the old bard: 'my musical friends made me promise to write them an Ode for the Feast of St. Cecilia; and here it is, finished at one sitting.'† Indeed, Dryden's enemies, when they had exhausted every other topic of abuse, turned even his patient industry into a reproach. 'A camel (says Melbourn) will take upon him no more burden, than is sufficient for his strength; but there is another

* The reader will recollect that this amiable personage is immortalized in two lines of the *Dunciad*; in one of which he is called the 'genial Jacob;' and, in the other, the 'left legged Jacob.' On one occasion, Dryden silenced his importunity, and made him easy, for a time, by sending him the following portrait of himself:—

> With leering looks, bull-faced, and freckled fair,
> With two left legs, and Judas coloured hair,
> And frowzy pores, that taint the ambient air.

'Tell the dog,' said the poet to the messenger, 'that he who wrote these can write more.' Scott, vol. i. p. 390.

† *Scott, vol. i. p. 408.*

beast that crouches under all.' Was it well, to pronounce an oracle against the indolence of such a man?

The greater part of this laborious life was spent in writing tragedies; in defending them, when written; or in showing others how to write them. Dryden's early taste was fashioned upon Spanish model; and his first plays were little more than romances of knight errantry reduced to the form of dramatic dialogue. He then abused Otway; and scarcely knew, that there was such a writer as Shakspeare. He was unacquainted with the passions, in their simple state. They must 'all,' to use his own language, 'be set in a ferment.' Nothing must be natural, because it would be common-place; and whatever was simple, was thought silly. Any body could turn machinery by the natural current of things; but it required a person of rare ingenuity to set the wheels in motion by steam. The tragedian, who could write the best fustian, was the most successful poet; and the hero, who made the loudest noise, was considered as the best fellow. That the language might be more sonorous and declamatory, it was thrown into rhyme; and the writer's object was effectually gained, when he had split the ears of the groundlings. Such was the character of Dryden's early tragic poetry; nor was it till late in life, that he began to observe that real feeling is never ostentatious; and that the emotions of the heart are not to be awakened by noise.

By what topics of persuasion, he became a convert to nature, it would be vain to inquire. Some think that the *Rehearsal* first unsettled his faith in declamation and romance; but the *Rehearsal* was aimed rather at the foibles of his character, than the faults of his poetry. Perhaps the better reason was, that he saw himself no longer so pre-eminently distinguished above his cotemporaries in the art and mystery of fabricating dramatic romances in rhyme

He had taught the barbarians how to conquer him; and Elkanah Settle, alone, had produced a tragedy, which was quite as bombastic, and rather more popular, than his own.* It was time, therefore, to change his system of tactics; and, in order to go as contrary as possible from his enemies, he resolved thenceforward to follow nature. Shakspeare now became a favourite: Otway was no longer treated

* Dr. Johnson pronounced a dogma, in this behalf, which Mr. Scott has thought worthy of repetition. 'Let it be remembered (he says) that minds are not levelled in their powers but where they are first levelled in their desires.' This is making the vigour of the bow depend upon the direction of the shaft; and though it may be true of a man's performances, we do not see how it can apply to his powers. But, even if the remark were rigorously correct, it would create no distinction in favour of either party;—for, if Dryden's powers would have been greater, had his desires been more exalted, by what rule of criticism, must the same measure of charity be denied to Settle? We are inclined to think, indeed, that, if a succession of untoward circumstances had not cast the latter below all power of emulation, he might have merited, on more than one account, the hypothetical epitaph of Johnson;—*Here lies the Rival and Antagonist of Dryden!* Do these lines, for instance, deserve to be abused in such as are immediately subjoined?

How finely would the sparks be caught to-day,
Should a Whig poet write a Tory play,
And you, possessed with rage before, should send
Your random shot abroad, and maul a friend?
For you, we find, too often hiss and clap,
Just as you live, speak, think, and fight—by hap.
And poets, we all know, can change, like you,
And are alone to their own interests true;
Can write against all sense, nay even their own:
The vehicle called *pension* makes it down.
No fear of cudgels, when there's hope of bread;
A well filled paunch forgets a broken head.

Settle.

In fire-works give him leave to vent his spite,
Those are the only serpents he can write;
The height of his ambition is, we know,
To be the master of a puppet-show;
On that one stage his works may yet appear,
And a month's harvest keeps him all the year.

Dryden.

with contempt; and the following manifesto prologue to *Aurung Zebe*, announced the new of things.

> Our author, by experience, finds it true,
> 'Tis much more hard to please himself than you:
> And, out of no feigned modesty, this day
> Dawns his laborious trifle of play:
> Not that it's worse than what before he writ,
> But he has now another taste of wit;
> And, to confess a truth, though out of time,
> Grows weary of his long-loved mistress, Rhime.
> Passion's too fierce to be in fetters bound,
> And nature flies him like enchanted ground:
> What verse can do, he has performed in this,
> Which he presumes the most correct of his;
> But, spite of all his pride, a secret shame
> Invades his breast at Shakspeare's sacred name:
> Awed, when he hears his godlike Romans rage,
> He, in a just despair, would quit the stage;
> And, to an age less polished, more unskilled,
> Does, with disdain, the foremost honours yield.

But, notwithstanding this seeming peniten confession, our author would never admit, th conversion to Nature and Shakspeare was e ed by any arguments from his antagonists; ar cannot but admire the ingenuity of an acknow ment, which was rendered so completely nug not only by the very play, to which it was a logue,—but by the covert reservation of the au that the audience would, after all, be much ‹ 'pleased' with his old taste, than his 'new.' deed, with his present sentiments, he despair writing any thing, which they would tolerate; he accordingly began to look about him, for ployment in some poetical work more congen his powers. 'If I must be condemned to rh (says he, to the earl of Musgrave, in the dedic of *Aurung Zebe*,) I should find some ease b *change of* punishment. I desire to be no longe

Sisyphus of the stage; to roll up a stone with endless labour, which, to follow the proverb, *gathers no moss*, and which is perpetually falling down again. I never thought myself fit for an employment, where many of my predecessors have excelled me in all kinds; and some of my cotemporaries, even in my own partial judgment, have outdone me in comedy.' He then 'hopes to make some amends for his ill plays, by an heroic poem;' throws out a mysterious hint at the subject;* and, after reminding the earl of Augustus and Mæcenas, concludes by saying,—'For my own part, I am satisfied to have offered the design; and it may be to the advantage of my reputation to have it refused.' We are not told, that his grace ever took the hint; and it is certain, that our author enjoyed all the 'advantage' of having his 'design refused.'

He now reverted to the drama;† but, soon after,

* It was the adventures of King Arthur; and it is amusing to see Dryden valuing himself upon the first suggestion of a design, which had been entertained by two, at least, of his predecessors. In Drummond's notes of a conversation between himself and Jonson, there is the following passage: 'He (Jonson) said there was no such ground for an epic poem as King Arthur's fortunes, and that Sir Philip Sidney had an intention to have transferred all his Arcadia to the stories of King Arthur.' Biog. Britt. A. 2785. W. 2783. At the instance of Milton, his nephew, Edward Phillips, became the editor of Drummond's works; and it was probably in consequence of the sentence just quoted, that, when the former, in his *Mansus*, was enumerating the subjects fit for epic poetry, he exclaims:—

> O mihi si mea sors talem concedat amicum,
> Phœbæos decorâsse virôs qui tam benè nôrit,
> Si quandò indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
> *Arturiâm*que etiam sub terris bella moventem!

† The *State of Innocence*, written after this return, was an attempt to convert *Paradise Lost* into a rhyming tragedy; and when Dryden communicated his design to Milton, he is said to have answered, 'Aye, you may *tag* my verses if you will.' Scott, p. 170. Godw. Ph. App. vol. i. p. 339. Either this answer made an ineffaceable impression on Dryden, or *tag* was, in his time, a well known technical word; for, in a translation of a lampoon of Perseus, against Nero, our poet has used almost the very language of Milton:

turned satirist. And perhaps he could not have made a better choice. The argumentative turn of his mind could here be employed with peculiar effect: it added the weight of reason to the keenness of invective; and his very first effort was crowned with a success, which perhaps he scarcely durst to anticipate. The delinquents, whom he struck, were not such transgressors of good taste, as had offended every body in general,—but no person in particular. They had singled out Dryden as the object of especial abuse; and he took the field against them, therefore, not so much to redress the public wrongs, as to revenge a private quarrel. He had every motive to exercise his utmost vigour. He could not have written with such force and vehemence against mere stupidity in the abstract. It was personal antipathy that made him tip his shafts with venom, and draw them to the head.

There is one quality in Dryden's satire, which, we believe, is not to be found in any poet before him, whether ancient or modern. It is that of representing his enemies as actuated by an inverted cupidity of what all other men would be the most solicitous to shun;—as claiming a sort of negative birthright to stupidity and dulness. It is idle to pretend, that any person could be seriously ambitious of reigning absolute 'through all the realms of Nonsense;' of aspiring to the throne of Dulness; or of priding himself upon being 'the illustrious Conqueror of Common-sense.' Yet, to suppose, that unassisted nature could never give birth to such profound bathos as appeared in the poetry of his enemies,—and that it must, therefore, have been produced by the prepense stupidity of the authors; that it was not what they were unable to help,—but

But to raw numbers and unfinish'd verse,
Sweet sound is added now, to make it terse.
'Tis tag'd with rhyme, &c.

: very thing for which they were labouring;—not : effect of innate dulness,—but the result of no all ingenuity;—was surely an original, and a most ectual method of throwing contempt upon an an- onist. And it was the more effectual, because it med at once, the sword, and the buckler, of the hor. When Dryden's enemies accused him, in n, of being a blockhead, he did not pretend to ıy it; but alleged, that it was both fair and ne- sary to treat an enemy with his own weapons,— ›ppose dulness to dulness, and turn blockhead elf-defence.

Nor was it in his poetry alone, that this spirit of ial contempt was displayed. There is not, per- ıs, in all his writings a more spirited and satirical sage, than the following invective against Mel- ırne:—'Melbourne, who is in orders, (says he, the preface to the *Fables*,) pretends among the : this quarrel to me, that I have fallen foul on esthood: If I have, I am only to ask pardon of d priests, and am afraid his part of the repara- ı will come to little. Let him be satisfied, that shall not be able to force himself on me as an ersary. I contemn him too much to enter into ıpetition with him. His own translations of gil have answered his criticisms on mine. If, as y say, he has declared in print, he prefers the sion of Ogilby to mine, the world has made him same compliment; for it is agreed on all hands, : he writes even below Ogilby. That, you will , is not easily to be done; but what cannot Mel- rne bring about? I am satisfied, however, that, le he and I live together, I shall not be thought worst poet of the age. It looks as if I had de- d him underhand to write so ill against me; but ın my honest word, I have not bribed him to do this service, and am wholly guiltless of his ıphlet. It is true, I should be glad to persuade

him to continue his good offices, and write
another critique on any thing of mine; for I
by experience, he has a great stroke with the
der, when he condemns any of my poems, to
the world have a better opinion of them. H
taken some pains with my poetry; but nobody
presume to take the same with his. If I had
to the church, (as he affirms, but which was
in my thoughts), I should have had more sen
not more grace, than to have turned myself
my benefice, by writing libels on my parishic
But his account of my manners and my princ
is of a piece with his cavil, and his poetry; a
I am done with him for ever.'

There is another passage in his prosaic ss
which we cannot resist the temptation of qu
He is speaking of Thomas Hunt and Thomas
well; the latter of whom was excessively corp
Dryden always called him *Og*. 'Even this (I
their celebrated writer,' says Dryden, 'kno
more of style and English than the northerr
tator; as if dulness and clumsiness were fa
the name of *Tom*. It is true, he is a fool in
languages more than the poet; for, they sa
understands Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, fro
which, to my certain knowledge, I acquit the
Og may write against the king, if he pleas
long as he drinks for him; and his writings wi
ver do the government so much harm, as his
ing will do it good; for true subjects will n
much perverted by his libels; but the wine
rise considerably by his claret. He has often
me an atheist in print; I would believe more
ritably of him, and that he only goes the broad
because the other is too narrow for him. H
see, by this, that I do not delight to meddle
his course of life, and his immoralities; tho
have a long bead-roll of them. I have hitherto

tented myself with the ridiculous part of him, which is enough, in all conscience, to employ one man; even without the story of his late fall at the Old Devil, where he broke no ribs, because the hardness of the stairs could reach no bones; and, for my part, I do not wonder, how he came to fall, for I have always known him heavy: the miracle is, how he got up again. I have heard of a sea captain so fat as he, who, to escape arrests, would lay himself flat upon the ground, and let the bailiffs carry him to prison, if they could. If a messenger or two, nay, we may put in three or four, should come, he has friendly advertisement how to escape them. But, to leave him who is not worth any further consideration, now I have done laughing at him,—would every man knew his own talent, and that they, who are only born for drinking, would let both poetry and prose alone!'

When we said, that Dryden was peculiarly fitted for satiric composition, we had forgotten, that the Ode to St. Cecilia, gave him the undivided 'crown' of lyric poetry. He was himself sufficiently aware of its merits; and, if we can easily pardon Horace's boast of *exegi monumentum aere perennius*, we shall find no difficulty in admitting Dryden's honest egotism, in calling this a nobler ode than ever *was*, or ever *will*, be produced.* Nor were his cotemporaries deaf to its excellencies. It was first performed on the stage, the 19th of February, 1736; and, in the papers of the next day, it is said, 'there never was, upon the like occasion, so numerous and splendid an audience in any theatre in London.'† 'I am glad to hear from all hands,' says the author, in a letter to Tonson, 'that my Ode is esteemed the best of all my poetry, by all the town. I thought so myself, when I writ it; but, being old, I mis-

* Malone's Dryden, vol. i.
† Burney's History of Music, vol.

trusted my own judgment.'* The spots o
in such a production, are so completely l
general blaze of excellence, that criticis
in vain, endeavours to point them out. Dr.
thought the 'conclusion vicious;' as 'the
Timotheus, which *raised a mortal to the s*
only a metaphorical power:' while 'that o
which *drew an angel down*, had a real effe
man can draw an angel down, in any thi
metaphor, we have to unlearn our t
Alexander was made to think himself a g
the angel, to relish mortal music, must h
reduced to mortal feeling. It is not lik
music ever did, in good faith, perform eith
feats here celebrated. But, if we must h
cise the passage at all, we should perhaps
that, though the whole is metaphorical, th
absurdity in opposing the ideal action o
being to the seemingly real action of an ide
It may be, that Dr. Johnson meant no mor

Mr. Scott, again, is of opinion, 'that t
of St. Cecilia is rather abruptly introduced
clusion to the Feast of Alexander.' M
should have remembered, that the feast
ander was only subordinate to the praise
theus; that it was the power of music, w
poet sang, in every stanza; and that, if Ceci
the last, it was not because she was the lea

There is one passage, which, we think,
defective than either of the circumstanc
tioned by these two critics. We cannot un
how the 'fiery dragon,' in the second stan
'press to fair Olympia,' 'when riding sub
radiant spires;' nor does it seem to be the
of thoughts, that this same dragon should
an image of himself' upon the same fair o
deed, the whole passage is rather incongr
unintelligible:—

* Scott, vol. i. p. 411.

A dragon's firey form the god belied:
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia prest;
And, while he sought her snowy breast;
Then round her slender waist, he curl'd
And stamp'd an image of himself a [dragon] sovereign of the world!

It seems to be agreed, that Dryden gave to English literature its first specimen of legitimate translation. His predecessors had divided themselves into two opposite schools. The one,—forgetting, not only, that a Greek or Roman heroic line is more than a third longer than the English, but that, owing to its abundance of particles, our own language requires a third more syllables to express the same ideas,—rigidly insisted upon having less than word for word, by restricting the translator to line for line. The other,—ambitious to distinguish themselves from the servile herd of literal copiests, and forgetting, that to paraphrase, is not to translate,—boldly abandoned the track of their author, and were satisfied to call that translation, which only looked like the original. The first only aspired to render an author merely not Greek or Latin; the second were determined to make English, let what would become of the original. Jonson was the founder of the literal, and Cowley, of the licentious school. Dryden strove to keep clear of each extreme; and, in general, he did not strive in vain.

But it must not be concluded that he hit the medium, because he avoided the extremes. His early education was not calculated to render him a scholar: his subsequent avocations prevented him from supplying the deficiency; and when, in the course of his life, he had occasion to assist in the translation of TACITUS, he is said to have used a French copy, instead of the Latin. Mr. Scott,—who is too often disposed to extenuate, where he should condemn,—has more than hinted, that Dryden's lack of skill

in the learned languages can be a subject of little regret. Adopting the author's own dogma, that it is better to be deficient in the translated, than in the translating, language, he speaks, with something like contempt, of analyzing sentences and weighing words; and, if Dryden has only caught the general sense and spirit of the original, he thinks we ought to be satisfied. We *are* satisfied to have a translation from Dryden, upon any terms; but, when we discuss his merits as a translator, we are not upon a question of gratitude; nor is our regret for what he has not done, at all inconsistent with our thankfulness for what he has.

Nothing can be clearer, than that, when a person undertakes the task of translation, he should be able to speak, as nearly as possible, the same language as his author himself would probably have spoken, if he had used originally the language into which he is to be translated. Dryden himself gives us this wholesome rule; and yet, to excuse his own deficiency, he 'argues, (in the language of Mr. Scott, who seems to adopt the sentiment,) that, if the translator be but master of the sense of his author, he may express that sense with eloquence in his own tongue, though he understand not the nice turns of the original.' Now, that sense is completely locked up, by these nice turns; and in vain will any man think to become master of the one, without first possessing himself of the other. He may possibly steal into the meaning, by the help of a version in some other tongue; and Dryden was, indeed, occasionally detected in this surreptitious mode of translation: but, at all events, the sense must be attained, either by opening the turn with the original key, or by picking the lock with a counterfeit. How else can a man pretend to know, either what he is to translate, or into what he is to translate it?

It is not 'with eloquence' alone,—but with elo-

e and fidelity together, that we wish a trans-
o express the meaning of the original; and it
as he approaches each of these qualifications
e can make any pretensions to the name. It
lutely essential, therefore, that he should be
y adept in both of the languages, which he
akes to exchange. He who understands the
ge to be translated, better than that, into
he is to translate, may make his version lite-
it it can never be eloquent: and, when a man
er acquainted with the language into which
o translate, than with the one to be rendered,
y translate with eloquence; but he must not
d to fidelity. It is only when he is alike skil-
both, that he will be at once faithful and elo-
—and Dryden's greatest apologists have ne-
ide him an adept in any language but the
h.

have already mentioned Dryden's design of
ting the Iliad. 'Considering into what hands
was to fall, the reader cannot but rejoice
ohnson surmises) that his project went no
.' Considering the respective powers of the
anslators, we think, the reader cannot but re-
hat they could not have changed hands. Dry-
mself, in a letter* to Halifax, says, that, 'by
nslation of the first Iliad, he found Homer a
ore according to his genius than Virgil;' and,
, we think no person can doubt, that Dryden
e like Homer than Pope,—and Pope more
irgil than Dryden. It is of Homer, that Dr.
n would say, his flights are the highest; and
gil, that he continues longest on the wing. It
Iliad, that we read with 'frequent astonish-
'—the Æneid, that affords us 'perpetual de-

Scott has amplified the opinion of Dr. John-

* Scott, vol. i. p. 416.

son; and has built up a theory, to show should rejoice at the termination of Dryd ject. 'If a translator, (says he,*) has an teristic and peculiar foible, it is surely un to choose an original, who may give pecul ties to exhibit them.' And, then, by way tration, Mr. Scott adduces two instances thing like conceit, from Dryden's version 'for which,' he somewhat unfortunately a cannot plead Ovid's authority.' He has, t been betrayed into a 'peculiar foible,' in a who, it is confessed, does not afford 'pecu lities to exhibit it.' It was hardly logica clude, from such proofs, 'that the simple manners described by Homer, might have Dryden into coarseness both of ideas and sion, for which the studied, composed, and style of the Æneid gave neither opening logy.' The ingenious critic subjoins, tha scure parts of Lucretius and Ovid appe more indecent in Dryden; and that his ve men of the English Iliad is calculated to the foregoing conjecture.

It is obvious to remark, that delicate ex in the learned languages almost necessarily gross in correspondent English. As we ha heard those languages profaned and del vulgar use,—and as it is absolutely impos us to know what words and phrases were or impure, and what chaste and classic,— ways appears to be a sort of sanctity and re about whatever is said in Greek or Latin. sions, which might have made an Athen Roman blush, are read by a modern wit least consciousness of indelicacy. Even th sages, of which we know the sense to be acquire a degree of purity from the lan

* Scott, vol. i. p. 517.

h they are delivered; and, whenever a modern
r is necessitated to cite a passage of this kind,
ways shows his sense of decency, by leaving it
e original. Without supposing Dryden, there-
to have been peculiarly apt to slide into ob-
ty, we can readily see how it is, that, 'in trans-
g the most indelicate passage of Lucretius, he
rather enhanced than veiled its decency;' and
'the story of Iphis in the Metamorphoses is
more bluntly told by the English poet than
vid.'*

. Scott seems to have taken it for granted, that
e manners' must necessarily be described in
language; and, for this reason, he supposes,
in translating Homer, Dryden would have
betrayed into a 'coarseness of expression,' for
h the 'dignified style' of Virgil would have af-
d neither temptation, nor opportunity. The
nption needs only to be stated, to be refuted;
Mr. Scott himself has written too many good
es, not to know, that one of the great secrets of
ry is, to express, in delicate language, what is,
ality, gross and vulgar.† But here is a double
nption. Whoever heard, that the 'manners' of
liad were more 'simple or rude' than those of
Æneid? We have always supposed, that the two
ns recounted the actions of the same heroes,
describe the manners of the same age; nor did
er occur to us, that the language of Homer,
gh more simple, was less pure, than that of
il.

hat, we think, should have completely satisfied
Scott, is the confession, which he makes him-

cott, vol. i. p. 519.

t any rate, Dryden himself was aware of this circumstance:—

> And at immodest writings take offence,
> If clean expression cover not the sense.

L. VI.

D

self, in the very next page,—'that, after the revolution, Dryden's taste was improved in this, as in some other respects;' and that, 'in his translation of Juvenal, for example, the satire against women, coarse as it is, is considerably refined and softened from the grossness of the Latin poet.'* It was still subsequently to the version of Juvenal, that Dryden undertook to translate Homer. Let us hear no more, then, of the danger, he would have incurred, of lapsing into vulgarity by attempting to English the Iliad.

Mr. Scott has forgotten, also, that these dead masters have some rights, as well as the living. We can hardly permit Virgil to be used only as a curb to an unruly translator; nor is it doing justice to Homer, to make him the mere instrument of spurring a genius, which is naturally too slow. It is impossible, that a translation should be what the author himself would have rendered it, unless the original be put into the hands of a man, whose genius resembles his own. In our present translations, neither the Greek nor the Roman bard is faithfully represented; and there is much truth, we think, in the quaint saying of Dennis, that the English Iliad was well called *Pope's* Homer,—for it is nothing like *Homer's* Homer. Dryden would have treated him better; though even Dryden could not have done him complete justice. But, if he did not soar so high, neither would he have crept so low. Where Homer nods, Dryden would, at all events, have kept awake; and, where Homer is sublime, Dryden could, at least, have been noble.

But, instead of surmising what Dryden might have done, it is time we reverted to what he has. One of his greatest faults, in translation, was the result of carrying too far the principle of speaking such language as the author himself would probably

* Vol. i. p. 520

have chosen. He does not confine the rule to the more general parts of the English language; but applies to the events and customs of antiquity the technical words and phrases, which are applicable only to modern fashions and institutions. Thus, he not only considers himself as warranted to employ all the nautical jargon of the present day,—but gives a direction, in one place, which, Mr. Scott 'shrewdly suspects, would have been unintelligible, not only to Palinurus, but to the best pilot in the British navy:'—

Laeva tibi tellus, et longe laeva petantur
Æquora circuitu: dextrum fuge littus et undas.

Virg.

Tack to the larboard, and stand off to sea,
Veer starboard sea and land.

Dryd.

So, again, though we are apt to think that shoes and shoe-buckles are among the oldest of inventions,* it is not likely they were in vogue, in the days of Æneas. *Pulchra Sicyona* are, in Dryden,

Diamond-buckles sparkling in their shoes.

* The latter, we may step aside to observe, were considered as an abominable new fashion, when first introduced; and are thus hailed by a newspaper of the day:—

'Certaine foolish young men have lately brought aboute a new change in fashione.—They have begun to fasten their *shoes* and *knee-bands* with *buckles*, instead of *ribbons*, wherewithe their forefathers were well content, and moreover found them more easy and convenient, and surely every reasonable man will own they are more decente and modeste. than those new fangled, unseembly *clasps* or *buckles*, as they call them, which will gall and vex the bones of these vain *coxecombs*, beyonde sufferance, and make them repeate of their pride and folly.

'We hope all grave and honourable persons will withdraw their countenance from such effeminate and immodeste ornaments. It belongeth to the reverend clergy to tell these thoughtlesse youths in a solemn manner, that such things are forbidden in Scripture.'

If absurdity were not allowed to those, who think it worth while to declaim against fashion, we might ask, why it was necessary, to call in the aid of the 'reverend clergy' to put down a contrivance which was to 'gall and vex the bones of these vain coxcombs, beyond sufferance,' and, without the discountenance of Scripture, 'make them repent of their pride and folly?' But we talk of Adam and Eve.

Æolus is called 'the jailor of the wind;' the *pal coeli*, of Ovid, become 'the Louvre of the sky, Dryden; and, in short, we can hardly read a si page without being reminded of something, wl is altogether of modern origin.

Did Dryden suppose that Virgil, or his Mo would have spoken such English as this?

> Strange revolution for my farm and me!
> When the grim captain, in a surly tone,
> Cries out, 'Pack up, ye rascals, and begone.'
> Kick'd out, we set the best face on 't we could:
> And these two kids, t' appease his angry mood,
> I bear,—of which the Furies give him good.*

Pope, in a well known line, has been accuse putting the consequence before the cause:—

> Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod.

Dryden has committed a similar inversion of or by making Mercury deliver his message, befor presents his wand:—

> Soon on the Libyan shore descends the god,
> Performs his message, and presents his rod.
> *Æn. Lib. I.*

There was no need of presenting his rod at

* This is an instance adduced by Mr. Scott, p. 519; and w tended to exemplify the observation which immediately preced that 'the studied, composed, and dignified style' of Virgil ' Dryden no opening to coarseness of expression.' It should, i tice, be added, that it is called an instance of 'transgression al ther gratuitous;' but Mr. Scott had the misfortune to select a exemplifications from passages, in which there was no openin vulgarity. The original passage is:—

> Quod numquam veriti sumus, ut possessor agelli
> Diceret: Hæc mea sunt; veteres, migrate, coloni.
> Nunc victi, tristes, quoniam fors omnia versat,
> Has illi (quod nec bene vertat!) mittimus hædos.
> *Virg. Ec. IX.*

Virgil merely says, *et jam jussa facit.* 'Skimming majestically,' again, is not a Virgilian idea:—

> ———he *skims* the liquid plains,
> *Majestic* moves along, and awful peace maintains.
> *Æn. Lib. I.*

Since we are engaged in these microscopic strictures, we will finish that part of our task, by citing a few instances of failure from Dryden's original compositions. There is an awful profanity involved in the following mercantile line, in a *Te Deum* for St. John's Eve.

> The Son, adored *co-partner* of thy seat.*

In *Paradise Regained,* Milton has an allusion, which is nearly as degrading. All the choir of heaven sang,—

> Victory and triumph to the Son of God,
> Now entering his great *duel.*

Dr. Johnson has justly remarked the absurdity of supposing, that He, who could create light, by merely commanding it to be, should, to put it out, be obliged to use an *extinguisher.* Thus the Supreme Being is represented as stopping the fire of London:—

> A hollow crystal pyramid he takes,
> In firmamental waters dipp'd above,
> Of this a broad *extinguisher* he makes,
> And hoods the flames, &c. *Ann. Mirab.*

Yet Mr. Addison highly extols a thought, nearly as mechanical, in the seventh book of *Paradise Lost;* where the Supreme Being is made to take a pair of dividers, in order to 'draw the outline of creation:'—

* Scott, vol. i. p. 43.

He took the golden compasses, prepared
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
This universe, and all created things.
One foot he centred, and the other turned
Round through the vast profundity obscure,
And said, thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy just circumference, O world!

This 'is conceived (says Mr. Addison) altogether in Homer's spirit; and is a very noble incident in this wonderful description.'

In another place, Dryden has introduced the Creator in a manner, which reminds us of the clown, who, in giving an account of his hunt, began with 'the dog, and I, and dad'—

The angels, *God*, the virgin, and the saints.

DRYDEN'S PLAYS.

NAMES.	Acted by	Entered at Stationer's Hall.	Published.
1. The Wild Gallant, Com.	The King's Servants.	Aug. 7, 1667.	1669.
2. The Rival Ladies, Tr. Co.	K. S.	June 27, 1664.	1664.
3. The Indian Emperor, T.	K. S.	May 26, 1665.	1667.
4. Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen, C.	K. S.	Aug. 7, 1667.	1668.
5. Sir Martin Marrall, C.	The Duke of York's Serv.	Jun. 24, 1668	1668.
6. The Tempest, C.	D. C.	Jan. 8, 1669-70.	1670.
7. An Evening's Love, or the Mock Astrologer, C.	K. S.	Nov. 20, 1668.	1671. Q. also 1668.
8. Tyrannic Love, or the Royal Martyr. T.	K. S.	July 14, 1669.	1670.
9. 10. The Conquest of Grenada, in 2 Parts, T.	K. S.	Feb. 20, 1670-1.	1672.
11. Marriage-a-la-mode, C.	K. S.	Mar. 18, 1672-3.	1673.
12. The Assignation, or Love in a Nunnery, C.	K. S.	Mar. 18, 1672-3.	1673.
13. Amboyna, T.	K. S.	June 26, 1673.	1673.
14. The State of Innocence, O.		April 17, 1674.	1674.
15. Aurung Zebe, T.	K. S.	Nov. 29, 1675.	1676.
16. All for Love, T.	K. S.	Jan. 31, 1677-8.	1678.
17. The Hind Keeper, or Mr. Limberham, C.	D. S.		1678.
18. Œdipus, T.	D. S.		1679.
19. Troilus and Cressida, T.	D. S.	April 14, 1679.	1679.
20. The Spanish Friar, T. C.	D. S.		1681.
21. The Duke of Guise, T.	United Com.		1683.
22. Albion and Albanus, O.	U. C.		1685.
23. Don Sebastian, T.	U. C.		1690.
24. Amphytrion, C.	U. C.		1690.
25. King Arthur, O.	U. C.		1691.
26. Cleomenes, T.	U. C.		1692.
27. Love Triumphant, T. C.	U. C.		1694.

But it is not solely as a poet that Dryden is distinguished. He is 'the father of English criticism,' and, we had almost said, of English prose. Many of his predecessors could boast of opulence and strength of language; but, as he enjoys the fame of perfecting the melody of our verse, so we must give

him the praise of first introducing it into prose. His language is at once rich, powerful, and harmonious; resplendent with apt allusions and bright metaphors; bold, yet not impertinent; easy, without carelessness; and, though occasionally coarse, yet never dull or insipid. He was such a devotee of music, that, even when attempting prose, he produced a sort of dissolute poetry; and, what he has expressed in the former, he would sometimes translate to the latter. Thus, in the *Essay on Dramatic Poesy*, he says, speaking of Jonson's piracy upon the ancients, 'he must have loved their fashion, when he wore their clothes;'* and, in one of his satirical poems, he applies nearly the same language to the same author:—

> Subtle was got by our Albumazar,
> That Alchemist by this Astrologer:
> Here he was fashioned; and we may suppose,
> He liked their fashion well, who wore their clothes.

As a critic, Dryden enjoys the distinction of being the first to shake the authority of Aristotle. When the drama was instituted, it appears to have been little more than the recitation of some well-known tale in verse; and there are many parts of Homer, which, with a few transpositions and amendments, would answer to the ancient definition of tragedy. Of action, as we understand it, there could be none; for, what the actors were permitted to do, must be done upon one spot, and in one day. What took place at other times, or in other places, was given to the audience in declamatory rehearsal; and, such was the monotony of the whole performance, that, for the relief of the audience, an occasional chorus was introduced. This gave rise to the division into acts; but it does not appear, that the Greeks restricted themselves to any definite num-

* Scott's Dryd. vol. xv. p. 309.

ber. Aristotle, indeed, divides a tragedy into five parts; but this distinction refers to the turns of the story, and not to the stages of its progress; and, concerning rather the causes of revolutions, than the times of their occurrence, may have place in a drama of three acts as well as in one of five, and in one of ten as well as in one of three. There is reason to believe, says Dryden, that the choruses 'sang more than five times;' and Horace is the first critic, who delivers the precept,—

> Neve minor, neu sit quinto productior actu.
> *De Art. Poet.* v. 189.

It was among the French, that the unities were the most zealously enforced, and the most scrupulously observed. They would tolerate no play, which was not exactly fashioned upon the model of the ancients; and, so fearful were they, lest they should transgress venerable rules, that the critics long agitated a dispute,—indeed, we know not, that it is yet determined,—whether Aristotle's day means the time, during which the sun is above the horizon, or the whole number of hours, which measure the diurnal revolution. When Europe first awaked from the slumber of ignorance, precedent and authority were every thing; and, so firmly did Aristotle and Horace fasten upon the human mind, that, even as late as Dryden's day, their precepts were held inviolably sacred. The merits of an author were graduated by his subserviency to those precepts. To neglect them, was to be stupid; to violate them, was a lack of genius. Men durst not judge for themselves; and Ben Jonson enjoyed that celebrity, which Shakspeare deserved, and which he has since obtained.

Dryden was the first to begin the revolution, which, at last, bestowed the crown upon the right brow; and the merit of this service is the more

glorious, because he shook the tyrants
by the beard, at the very time, when th
tion was the most supreme. Since name
forbid mankind to examine things, it is
to find absurdities in the rules of Aris
race; and any person, who has given h
to dramatic criticism, will perhaps disco
velties in Dryden's *Essay*. But most
easy, after an example has been set; ar
of Dryden does not so much consist
profound thoughts, as in teaching us
ourselves.

The ancient laws of the drama were fo
the presumed segnity of the human mi
supposition, that the fancy is a calculat
bilities. Though the theatre be, in its
a delusion,—though, in its simplest forr
of action can never be real, the action,
represented, or the actors, what they
be,—it was thought, that spectators wo
able to deceive themselves beyond a si
single room, a single street, or a single
could only be recited in two hours, must
have happened within twenty-four: w
the first act, imagine one set of paste-
Athens; but could not, in the next, ts
for Thebes; and, though it were easy to
fellow-citizen a king through the play,
be possible to fancy one a boy in the f
a man in the last. These absurdities are
speculative; nor do the rules of Horace
cern the accommodation of authors. Few
stories can be crowded into one room,
and, by a rigorous adherence to the
endless variety of topics must necessa
cluded.

Dryden's *Essay*, from which we shall
extracts to illustrate these observations
in the form of a dialogue; and is one

mpts at this species of composition,
d us of the colloquies at Tusculum.
s are four; Crites, who is supposed to
's brother-in-law, Sir Robert Howard;
e anagram of Sir Charles Sidley; Eu-
e Earl of Dorset; and Neander, who is
elf. Crites is the champion of the an-
eander of the moderns. The latter is
describe the dramas of antiquity:—
the plot, which Aristotle called τὸ
ten τῶν πραγμάτων σύνθεσις, and from
ans *Fabula*. It has already been judi-
ved by a late writer, that, in their tra-
s only some tale derived from Thebes
at least something that happened in
es; which was worn so threadbare by
oets, and even by tradition itself of the
eklings, (as Ben Jonson calls them,)
t came upon the stage, it was already
the audience; and the people, so soon
heard the name of Œdipus, knew as
oet, that he had killed his father by
committed incest with his mother, be-
; that they were now to hear of a
, an oracle, and the ghost of Laius:
sate with a yawning kind of expecta-
as to come with his eyes pulled out,
hundred or more verses in a tragic
laint of his misfortunes. But our Œdi-
, or Medea, had been tolerable; poor
escaped not so good cheap; they had
on bouillé set before them, till their
cloyed with the same dish; and, the
gone, the pleasure vanished; so that
of dramatic poesy, in its definition,*

lively image of human nature, representing its
ours, and the changes of fortune to which it is
light and instruction of mankind.' P. 302.

which was to cause delight, was of consequence destroyed.

'In their comedies, the Romans generally borrow their plots from the Greek poets; and theirs was commonly a little girl stolen or wandered from her parents, brought back unknown to the city, there got with child by some lewd young fellow, who, by the help of his servant, cheats his father; and when her turn comes, to cry—*Juno Lucina fer opem*, one or other sees a little box or cabinet, which was carried away with her, and so discovers her to her friends, if some god do not prevent it, by coming down in a machine, and taking the thanks of it to himself.

'By the plot you may guess much of the characters of the persons. An old father, who would, willingly, before he dies, see his son well married; his debauched son, kind in his nature towards his mistress, but miserably in want of money; a servant or slave, who has so much wit to strike in with him, and help to dupe his father; a braggadocio captain, a parasite, and a lady of pleasure.

'As for the poor honest maid, on whom the story is built, and who ought to be one of the principal actors in the play, she is commonly a mute in it: she has the breeding of the old Elizabeth way, which was for maids to be seen, and not to be heard; and it is enough you know she is willing to be married, when the fifth act requires it.

'These are plots built after the Italian mode of houses,—you see through them all at once: the characters are, indeed, the imitations of nature, but so narrow, as if they had imitated an eye or a hand, and did not dare to venture upon the lines of the face, or the proportion of a body.

'But in how straight a compass soever they have bounded their plots and characters, we will pass it by, if they have regularly pursued them, and perfectly observed those three unities of time, place,

and action; the knowledge of which you (Crites) is derived to us from them. But, in the first place, give me leave to tell you, that the unity of place, however it might be practised by them, was never any of their rules: we neither find it in Aristotle, Horace, or any, who have written of it, till in our age the French poets first made it a precept of the stage. The unity of time, even Terence himself, who was the best and most regular of them, has neglected: his *Heautontimorcemenos*, or Self-Punisher, takes up visibly two days, says Scaliger; the two first acts concluding the first day; the three last the day ensuing; and Euripides, in tying himself to one day, has committed an absurdity never to be forgiven him; for in one of his tragedies he has made Theseus go from Athens to Thebes, which was about forty English miles, under the walls of it, to give battle, and appear victorious in the next act; and yet from the time of his departure to the return of the Nuntius, who gives the relation of his victory, Æthra and the Chorus have but thirty-six verses; which is not for every mile a verse.'*

Tragi-comedy is thus defended: 'As for their new way of mingling mirth with serious plot, I do not, with Lisidrius, condemn the thing, though I cannot approve their manner of doing it. He tells us, we cannot so speedily collect ourselves after a scene of great passion and concernment, as to pass to another of mirth and humour, and to enjoy it with any relish: but why should he imagine the soul of man more heavy than his senses? Does not the eye pass from an unpleasant object to a pleasant, in a much shorter time than is required to this! And does not the unpleasantness of the first commend the beauty of the latter? The old rule of logic might have convinced him, that contraries.

* Scott's Dryd. vol. xv. p. 313-315.

when placed near, set off each other. A conti gravity keeps the spirit too much bent; we refresh it sometimes, as we bait in a journey, we may go on with greater ease. A scene of n mixed with tragedy, has the same effect up which our music has betwixt the acts; whic find a relief to us from the best plots and lang of the stage, if the discourses have been lon must therefore have stronger arguments, ere convinced, that compassion and mirth, in the subject, destroy each other; and, in the mean cannot but conclude, to the honour of our n that we have invented, increased, and perfect more pleasant way of writing for the stage, was ever known to the ancients or moderns o nation, which is tragi-comedy.'*

The following passage will speak for itself for his (Licideius's) other argument, that, by suing one single theme, they gain an advanta express and work up the passions, I wish an ample he could bring from them would ma good; for I confess their verses are to me the est I have ever read. Neither, indeed, is it ble for them, in the way they take, so to ex passion, as the effects of it should appear i concernment of an audience, their speeches be many declamations, which tire us with the le so that instead of persuading us to grieve for imaginary heroes, we are concerned for ou trouble, as we are in tedious visits of bad com we are in pain till they are gone. When the F stage came to be reformed by cardinal Rich those long harangues were introduced, to co with the gravity of a churchman. Look upo *Cinna* and the *Pompey;* they are not so prope be called plays, as long discourses of reas state; and *Pollencté* in matters of religion is

* Scot. Dryd. vol. xv. p. 318.

as the long stops upon our organs. Since that
it was grown into custom, and their actors
c by the hour-glass, like our parsons: nay,
account it the grace of their parts, and think
selves disparaged by the poet, if they may not
: or thrice in a play entertain the audience with
ech of an hundred lines. I deny not that this
suit well enough with the French; for, as we,
are a more sullen people, come to be diverted
r plays, so they, who are of an airy and gay
er, come thither to make themselves more se-
: and this I conceive to be one reason, why
dies are more pleasing to us, and tragedies to
. But to speak generally: it cannot be denied,
short speeches and replies are more apt to
: the passions, and beget concernment in us,
the other; for it is unnatural for any one, in a
of passion, to speak long together; or for ano-
in the same condition, to suffer him without
ruption. Grief and passion are like floods
d in little brooks by a sudden rain; they are
dy up, and if the concernment be poured un-
ctedly in upon us, it overflows us: but a long
' shower gives them leisure to run out as they
: in, without troubling the ordinary current.
r comedy, repartee is one of its chiefest graces;
greatest pleasure of the audience is a chace of
kept up on both sides, and swiftly managed.'*
thing can surpass the acuteness of his criticism
the French drama: 'Many times they (the
ch) fall by it (the unity of action) into a greater
ıvenience; for they keep their scenes unbro-
and yet change the place; as in one of their
est plays, where the act begins in the street.
re a gentleman is to meet his friend; he sees
with his man coming out of his father's house;
talk together, and the first goes out: the se-

* Scott's Dry. vol. xv. p. 340.

cond, who is a lover, has made an appointment with his mistress; she appears at the window, and then we are to imagine the scene lies under it. This gentleman is called away, and leaves his servant with his mistress: presently her father is heard from within; the young lady is afraid the serving man should be discovered, and thrusts him into a place of safety, which is supposed to be her closet. After this, the father enters to the daughter, and now the scene is in a house: for he is seeking from one room to another for this poor Philipin, or French Diego, who is heard from within, drolling and making many a miserable concert on the subject of his sad condition. In this ridiculous manner the play goes forward, the stage being never empty all the while: so that the street, the window, the two houses, and the closet, are made to walk about, and the persons to stand still. Now, what I beseech you, is more easy than to write a regular French play, or more difficult than to write an irregular English one?*

We shall subjoin that 'account of Shakspeare,' of which Johnson says, it 'may stand as a perpetual model of encomiastic criticism; exact without minuteness, and lofty without exaggeration. The praise, lavished by Longinus, on the attestation of the heroes of Marathon, by Demosthenes, fades away before it. In a few lines is exhibited a character, so extensive in its comprehension, and so curious in its limitations, that nothing can be added, diminished, or reformed; nor can the editors or admirers of Shakspeare, in all their emulation of reverence, boast of much more than of having diffused and paraphrased this epitome of excellence, of having changed Dryden's gold for baser metal, of lower value, though of greater bulk?' This encomium is nearly as long, and quite as lofty, as that on which it is lavished. It was not usual for Dr.

* Scott's Dry. xv. p. 247.

Johnson to speak thus of any composition; and, though no person can deny, that Dryden's character of Shakspeare has pre-eminent merit, many would be disappointed to find, that such a biographer had bestowed so much praise upon so short a paragraph:—

'To begin then with Shakspeare. He was the man, who, of all modern, and perhaps all ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him; and he drew them, not laboriously, but luckily: when he describes any thing, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those, who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say, he is every where alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clinches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great, when some great occasion is presented to him: no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

Quantum lenta solent inter viberna cupressi.'

HEROIC STANZAS

ON

DEATH OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

WRITTEN AFTER HI S FUNERAL.

1658.

now 'tis time : for their officious haste
ho would before have borne him to the sky,
e eager Romans, ere all rites were past,
id let too soon the sacred eagle fly.

ough our best notes are treason to his fame,
Join'd with the loud applause of public voice ;
nce Heaven, what praise we offer to his name,
Hath render'd too authentic by its choice.

hough in his praise no Arts can liberal be,
Since they, whose Muses have the highest flown,
ld not to his immortal memory,
But do an act of friendship to their own :

et 'tis our duty and our interest too,
Such monuments as we to build can raise ;
est all the world prevent what we should do,
And claim a title in him by their praise.

ow shall I then begin, or where conclude,
To draw a fame so truly circular ?
or in a *round* what order can be show'd,
Where all the parts so equal perfect are ?

His grandeur he derived from Heaven alone;
  For he was great, ere fortune made him so:
And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
  Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

No borrow'd bays his temples did adorn,
  But to our crown he did fresh jewels bring;
Nor was his virtue poison'd, soon as born,
  With the too early thoughts of being king.

Fortune, that easy mistress to the young,
  But to her ancient servants coy and hard,
Him at that age her favourites rank'd among,
  When she her best-lov'd Pompey did discard.

He private mark'd the fault of others' sway,
  And set as sea-marks for himself to shun:
Not like rash monarchs, who their youth betray
  By acts their age too late would wish undone.

And yet dominion was not his design;
  We owe that blessing not to him, but Heaven,
Which to fair acts unsought rewards did join,
  Rewards that less to him than us were giv'n.

Our former chiefs, like sticklers of the war,
  First sought to' inflame the parties, then to poise
The quarrelled lov'd, but did the cause abhor,
  And did not strike to hurt, but make a noise.

War, our consumption, was their gainful trade;
  We inward bled whilst they prolong'd our pain.
He fought to end our fighting, and essay'd
  To staunch the blood by breathing of the vein.

Swift and resistless through the land he past,
Like that bold Greek who did the East subdue;
And made to battles such heroic haste,
As if on wings of victory he flew.

He fought, secure of fortune as of fame:
Still by new maps the island might be shown
Of conquests, which he strew'd where'er he came,
Thick as the Galaxy with stars is sown.

His palms, though under weights they did not stand,
Still thriv'd; no winter could his laurels fade;
Heaven in his portrait show'd a workman's hand,
And drew it perfect, yet without a shade.

Peace was the prize of all his toil and care,
Which War had banish'd, and did now restore:
Bologna's walls thus mounted in the air,
To seat themselves more surely than before.

Her safety, rescued Ireland to him owes;
And treacherous Scotland to no interest true,
Yet bless'd that fate which did his arms dispose
Her land to civilize, as to subdue.

Nor was he like those stars which only shine,
When to pale mariners they storms portend;
He had his calmer influence, and his mein
Did love and majesty together blend.

'Tis true, his countenance did imprint an awe,
And naturally all souls to his did bow;
As wands of divination downward draw,
And point to *beds where* sovereign gold doth
grow.

When past all offering to Feretrian Jove,
  He Mars depos'd, and arms to gowns made yield;
Successful councils did him soon approve
  As fit for close intrigues as open field.

To suppliant Holland he vouchsaf'd a peace,
  Our once bold rival of the British main,
Now tamely glad her unjust claim to cease,
  And buy our friendship with her idol, gain.

Fame of the' asserted sea through Europe blown,
  Made France and Spain ambitious of his love;
Each knew that side must conquer he would own,
  And for him fiercely, as for empire, strove.

No sooner was the Frenchman's cause embrac'd,
  Than the light Monsieur the grave Don outweigh'd;
His fortune turn'd the scale where'er 'twas cast,
  Though Indian mines were in the other laid.

When absent, yet we conquer'd in his right;
  For though some meaner artist's skill were shown
In mingling colours, or in placing light,
  Yet still the fair designment was his own.

For from all tempers he could service draw;
  The worth of each with its alloy he knew,
And, as the confident of Nature, saw
  How the complexions did divide and brew.

Or he their single virtues did survey,
  By intuition in his own large breast,
Where all the rich ideas of them lay,
  That were the rule and measure to the rest.

'hen such heroic virtue Heaven sets out,
The stars, like commons, sullenly obey;
ecause it drains them when it comes about,
And therefore is a tax they seldom pay.

rom this high spring our foreign conquests flow,
Which yet more glorious triumphs do portend;
ince their commencement to his arms they owe,
If springs as high as fountains may ascend.

e made us free-men of the Continent,
Whom nature did like captives treat before;
o nobler preys the English lion sent,
And taught him first in Belgian walks to roar.

hat old unquestion'd pirate of the land, [heard,
Proud Rome, with dread the fate of Dunkirk
nd, trembling, wish'd behind more Alps to stand,
Although an Alexander were her guard.

y his command we boldly cross'd the line,
And bravely fought where southern stars arise;
'e trac'd the far-fetch'd gold unto the mine,
And that which brib'd our fathers made our prize.

uch was our Prince; yet own'd a soul above
The highest acts it could produce to show:
'hus poor mechanic arts in public move,
Whilst the deep secrets beyond practice go.

'or died he when his ebbing fame went less,
But when fresh laurels courted him to live;
le seem'd but to prevent some new success,
As if above *what triumphs* earth could give.

His latest victories still thickest came;
  As, near the centre, motion doth increase;
Till he, press'd down by his own weighty name,
  Did, like the Vestal, under spoils decrease.

But first, the Ocean as a tribute sent
  That giant-prince of all her wat'ry herd:
And the' isle, when her protecting genius went,
  Upon his obsequies loud sighs conferr'd.

No civil broils have since his death arose,
  But faction now by habit does obey;
And wars have that respect for his repose,
  As winds for halcyons, when they breed at sea.

His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest,
  His name a great example stands, to show
How strangely high endeavours may be blest,
  Where piety and valour jointly go.

ASTRÆA REDUX.

THE HAPPY RESTORATION AND RETURN OF HIS SACRED MAJESTY, CHARLES II.

1660.

Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.

VIRG.

The last great age, foretold by sacred rhymes,
Renews its finish'd course; Saturnian times
Roll round again.

---

v with a general peace the world was bless'd,
ile ours, a world divided from the rest,
readful quiet felt, and (worser far
n arms) a sullen interval of war:
is when black clouds draw down the labouring [skies,
yet abroad the winged thunder flies,
horrid stillness first invades the ear,
l in that silence we the tempest fear.
' ambitious Swede, like restless billows toss'd,
this hand gaining, what on that he lost,
ugh in his life he blood and ruin breath'd,
his now guidcless kingdom peace bequeath'd:
l Heaven, that seem'd regardless of our fate,
France and Spain did miracles create;
h mortal quarrels to compose in peace,
Nature *bred, and Interest* did increase.

We sigh'd to hear the fair Iberian bride
Must grow a lily to the lily's side,
While our cross stars denied us Charles's bed,
Whom our first flames and virgin love did wed.
For his long absence Church and State did groan
Madness the pulpit, Faction seiz'd the throne;
Experienc'd Age in deep despair was lost,
To see the rebel thrive, the loyal cross'd;
Youth, that with joys had unacquainted been,
Envied grey hairs that once good days had seen:
We thought our sires, not with their own content,
Had, ere we came to age, our portion spent.
Nor could our nobles hope their bold attempt
Who ruin'd crowns, would coronets exempt:
For when, by their designing leaders taught
To strike at power, which for themselves they [sought
The vulgar, gull'd into rebellion, arm'd,
Their blood to action by their prize was warm'd.
The sacred purple then, and scarlet gown,
Like sanguine dye, to elephants was shown.
Thus, when the bold Typhœus scal'd the sky,
And forc'd great Jove from his own heaven to fly
(What king, what crown, from Treason's reach
If Jove and heaven can violated be!) [fr
The lesser gods, that shar'd his prosperous state
All suffer'd in the exil'd Thunderer's fate.
The rabble now such freedom did enjoy,
As winds at sea, that use it to destroy:
Blind as the Cyclop, and as wild as he,
They own'd a lawless savage liberty,
Like that our painted ancestors so priz'd,
Ere Empire's arts their breasts had civiliz'd.
How great were then our Charles's woes, wh
Was forc'd to suffer for himself and us!

s'd by Fate, and hurried up and down,
his father's sorrows with his crown,
aste no sweets of youth's desired age,
nd his life too true a pilgrimage.
uer'd yet in that forlorn estate,
ly courage overcame his fate.
nds he took, like Romans, on his breast,
by his virtue, were with laurels dress'd.
s reach Heaven while yet in bodies pent,
he live above his banishment.
n, which we beheld with cozen'd eyes
the water, mov'd along the skies.
sy 'tis, when destiny proves kind,
ill-spread sails to run before the wind!
se that 'gainst stiff gales laveering go,
: at once resolv'd and skilful too.
ld not, like soft Otho, hope prevent,
r'd and suffer'd Fortune to repent.
irtues Galba in a stranger sought,
o to adopted empire brought.
all I then my doubtful thoughts express,
ust his sufferings both regret and bless!
en his early valour Heaven had cross'd,
at Worc'ster, but the honour, lost;
nto exile from his rightful throne,
e all countries, where he came, his own;
wing monarchs' secret arts of sway,
factor for his kingdoms lay.
nish'd David spent abroad his time,
o be God's anointed was his crime;
hen restor'd, made his proud neighbours rue
choice remarks he from his travels drew.
ie only by afflictions shown
quer others' realms, but rule his own:

Recovering hardly what he lost before,
His right endears it much, his purchase more.
Inur'd to suffer, ere he came to reign,
No rash procedure will his actions stain:
To business ripen'd by digestive thought,
His future rule is into method brought:
As they, who first proportion understand,
With easy practice reach a master's hand.
Well might the ancient poets then confer
On Night, the honour'd name of Counsellor,
Since, struck with rays of prosperous fortune bl
We light alone in dark afflictions find.
In such adversities to sceptres train'd,
The name of Great his famous grandsire gain'd
Who yet a king alone in name and right,
With hunger, cold, and angry Jove did fight;
Shock'd by a covenanting league's vast pow'rs,
As holy and as catholic as ours:
Till Fortune's fruitless spite had made it known
Her blows not shook, but riveted his throne.
  Some lazy ages, lost in sleep and ease,
No action leave to busy chronicles:
Such, whose supine felicity but makes
In story chasms, in epochas mistakes;
O'er whom Time gently shakes his wings of do
Till with his silent sickle they are mown.
Such is not Charles's too, too active age,
Which, govern'd by the wild distemper'd rage
Of some black star infecting all the skies,
Made him at his own cost, like Adam, wise.
Tremble, ye nations, who, secure before, [bo
Laugh'd at those arms that 'gainst ourselves
Rous'd by the lash of his own stubborn tail,
Our lion now will foreign foes assail.

:h Alga who the sacred altar strows?
all the sea-gods Charles an offering owes:
ull to thee, Portunus, shall be slain,
ımb to you, ye Tempests of the main:
those loud storms, that did against him roar,
e cast his shipwreck'd vessel on the shore.
, as wise artists mix their colours so,
t by degrees they from each other go;
:k steals unheeded from the neighbouring white,
hout offending the well-cozen'd sight;
ɔn us stole our blessed change, while we
:' effect did feel, but scarce the manner see.
ɜts that constrain the ground, and birth deny
flowers that in its womb expecting lie,
ɜeldom their usurping power withdraw,
raging floods pursue their hasty thaw.
thaw was mild, the cold not chas'd away,
lost in kindly heat of lengthen'd day.
ven would no bargain for its blessings drive,
, what we could not pay for, freely give.
Prince of Peace would, like himself, confer
ift unhop'd without the price of war:
, as he knew his blessings worth, took care
t we should know it by repeated pray'r;
ich storm'd the skies, and ravish'd Charles from thence,
Heaven itself is took by violence.
th's forward valour only serv'd to show—
durst that duty pay we all did owe:
' attempt was fair; but Heaven's prefixed hour
come: so, like the watchful traveller,
t by the moon's mistaken light did rise,
down again, and clos'd his weary eyes,
as *Monk, whom Providence* design'd to loose
e real bonds false freedom did impose.

The blessed saints, that watch'd this turning scene
Did from their stars with joyful wonder lean,
To see small clues draw vastest weights along;
Not in their bulk, but in their order strong.
Thus, pencils can by one slight touch restore
Smiles to that changed face that wept before.
With ease such fond chimeras we pursue,
As fancy frames for fancy to subdue:
But when ourselves to action we betake,
It shuns the mint, like gold that chemists make.
How hard was then his task, at once to be
What in the body natural we see?
Man's Architect distinctly did ordain
The charge of muscles, nerves, and of the brain,
Through viewless conduits spirits to dispense,
The springs of motion from the seat of sense.
'Twas not the hasty product of a day,
But the well-ripen'd fruit of wise delay.
He, like a patient angler, ere he strook,
Would let him play a while upon the hook.
Our healthful food the stomach labours thus,
At first embracing what it straight doth crush.
Wise leaches will not vain receipts obtrude,
While growing pains pronounce the humours crude;
Deaf to complaints they wait upon the ill,
Till some safe crisis authorise their skill.
Nor could his acts too close a vizard wear,
To 'scape their eyes whom guilt had taught to fear,
And guard with caution that polluted nest,
Whence Legion twice before was dispossess'd:
Once sacred house; which when they enter'd in,
They thought the place could sanctify a sin;
Like those that vainly hop'd kind Heaven would wink,
While to excess on martyrs' tombs they drink.

ı devouter Turks first warn their souls
·t, before they taste forbidden bowls;
se, when their black crimes they went about,
imely charm'd their useless conscience out.
ın's name against itself was made;
ıadow serv'd the substance to invade;
ealous missions, they did care pretend
ls in show, but made their gold their end.
ıcensed Powers beheld with scorn from high
ıven so far distant from the sky,
durst, with horses' hoofs that beat the ground,
artial brass, bely the thunder's sound:
hence, at length, just Vengeance thought it fit
:ed their ruin by their impious wit.
ʒforza, curs'd with a too fertile brain,
y his wiles the power his wit did gain.
forth their *fougue* must spend at lesser rate
n its flames to wrap a nation's fate.
'd to live, they are like Helots set,
ıous shame within us to beget.
· example most we sinn'd before,
lass-like clearness mix'd with frailty bore.
ıce reform'd by what we did amiss,
· our sufferings learn to prize our bliss.
arly lovers, whose unpractis'd hearts
long the May-game of malicious arts,
once they find their jealousies were vain,
louble heat renew their fires again.
this produc'd the joy that hurried o'er
swarms of English to the neighbouring shore,
ch the prize by which Batavia made
h amends for our impoverish'd trade.
d you seen from Scheveline's barren shore,
ded with troops, and barren now no more)

Afflicted Holland to his farewell bring
True sorrow, Holland to regret a king!
While waiting him his royal fleet did ride,
And willing winds to their lower'd sails denied.
The wavering streamers, flags, and standards out,
The merry seamen's rude but cheerful shout;
And last the cannon's voice that shook the skies,
And as it fares in sudden ecstasies,
And once bereft us both of ears and eyes.
The Naseby, now no longer England's shame,
But better to be lost in Charles's name,
(Like some unequal bride in nobler sheets)
Receives her lord: the joyful London meets
The princely York, himself alone a freight;
The Swiftsure groans beneath great Gloster weight,
Secure as when the halcyon breeds, with these
He that was born to drown might cross the seas.
Heaven could not own a Providence, and take
The wealth three nations ventur'd at a stake.
The same indulgence Charles's voyage bless'd,
Which in his right had miracles confess'd.
The winds, that never moderation knew,
Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew;
Or out of breath with joy could not enlarge
Their straiten'd lungs, or conscious of their charge
The British Amphytrité, smooth and clear,
In richer azure never did appear;
Proud her returning Prince to entertain
With the submitted fasces of the main.

And welcome now, Great Monarch! to your own
Behold the approaching cliffs of Albion:
It is no longer motion cheats your view,
As you meet it, the land approacheth you.

nd returns, and, in the white it wears,
arks of penitence and sorrow bears.
u, whose goodness your descent doth shew,
eavenly parentage and earthly too;
t same mildness which your father's crown
did ravish, shall secure your own.
d to rules of policy, you find
ge less sweet than a forgiving mind.
when the' Almighty would to Moses give
t of all he could behold and live;
e before his entry did proclaim
uffering, Goodness, Mercy, in his name.
ower to justice doth submit your cause,
oodness only is above the laws;
rigid letter, while pronounc'd by you,
r made: so winds that tempests brew,
through Arabian groves they take their flight,
vanton with rich odours, lose their spite:
those lees, that trouble it, refine
itated soul of generous wine;
s of joy, for your returning spilt,
out, and expiate our former guilt.
ks I see those crowds on Dover's strand,
n their haste to welcome you to land,
l up the beach with their still-growing store,
ade a wider torrent on the shore;
spurr'd with eager thoughts of past delight,
who had seen you, court a second sight;
ting still your steps, and making haste
et you often wheresoe'er you past.
all I speak of that triumphant day,
you renew'd the' expiring pomp of May!

(A month that owns an interest in your nam
You and the flowers are its peculiar claim.)
That star that at your birth shone out so brig
It stain'd the duller sun's meridian light,
Did once again its potent fires renew,
Guiding our eyes to find and worship you.
And now time's whiter series is begun,
Which in soft centuries shall smoothly run:
Those clouds, that overcast your morn, shall
Dispell'd to farthest corners of the sky.
Our nation with united interest bless'd,
Not now content to poise, shall sway the rest
Abroad, your empire shall no limits know,
But, like the sea, in boundless circles flow.
Your much-lov'd fleet shall, with a wide com
Besiege the petty monarchs of the land:
And as old Time his offspring swallow'd dow
Our ocean in its depths all seas shall drown.
Their wealthy trade from pirates' rapine free
Our merchants shall no more adventurers be;
Nor in the farthest east those dangers fear,
Which humble Holland must dissemble here.
Spain to your gift alone her Indies owes;
For what the powerful takes not, he bestows
And France, that did an exile's presence fear
May justly apprehend you still too near.
At home the hateful names of party cease,
And factious souls are wearied into peace.
The discontented now are only they
Whose crimes before did your just cause bet
Of those your edicts some reclaim from sin,
But most your life and bless'd example win.

ıppy prince, whom Heaven hath taught the way,
ıying vows, to have more vows to pay!
ıppy age! oh times like those alone,
te reserv'd for great Augustus' throne!
ı the joint growth of arms and arts foreshew
vorld a monarch, and that monarch—You.

TO

HIS SACRED MAJESTY.

A PANEGYRIC ON HIS CORONATION.

1660.

ıt wild deluge where the world was drown'd,
ı life and sin one common tomb had found,
irst small prospect of a rising hill
various notes of joy the ark did fill;
'hen that flood in its own depths was drown'd,
behind it false and slippery ground;
he more solemn pomp was still defer'd,
ew-born Nature in fresh looks appear'd.
royal Sir, to see you landed here,
ause enough of triumph for a year:
'ould your care those glorious joys repeat,
ıey at once might be secure and great;
ɔur kind beams, by their continued stay,
varm'd the ground, and call'd the damps away.
vapours, while your powerful influence dries,
soonest vanish when they highest rise.
reater haste these sacred rites prepar'd,
guilty months had in your triumphs shar'd:

But this untainted year is all your own;
Your glories may without our crimes be shown.
We had not yet exhausted all our store,
When you refresh'd our joys by adding more:
As Heaven, of old, dispens'd celestial dew,
You gave us manna, and still give us new.
  Now our sad ruins are remov'd from sight,
The season, too, comes fraught with new delight:
Time seems not now beneath his years to stoop,
Nor do his wings with sickly feathers droop:
Soft western winds waft o'er the gaudy Spring,
And open'd scenes of flowers and blossoms bring
To grace this happy day, while you appear
Not king of us alone, but of the year.
All eyes you draw, and with the eyes the heart;
Of your own pomp yourself the greatest part.
Loud shouts the nation's happiness proclaim,
And Heaven this day is feasted with your name.
Your cavalcade the fair spectators view
From their high standings, yet look up to you.
From your brave train each singles out a prey,
And longs to date a conquest from your day.
Now charg'd with blessings, while you seek repose,
Officious Slumbers haste your eyes to close;
And glorious Dreams stand ready to restore
The pleasing shapes of all you saw before.
Next, to the sacred temple you are led,
Where waits a crown for your more sacred head:
How justly from the Church that crown is due,
Preserv'd from ruin, and restor'd by you!
The grateful choir their harmony employ,
Not to make greater, but more solemn joy.
Wrapt soft and warm, your name is sent on high,
As flames do on the wings of incense fly:

Music herself is lost; in vain she brings
Her choicest notes to praise the best of kings:
Her melting strains in you a tomb have found,
And lie, like bees, in their own sweetness drown'd.
He that brought peace, all discord could atone;
His name is music of itself alone.
Now while the sacred oil anoints your head,
And fragrant scents, begun from you, are spread
Through the large dome, the people's joyful sound,
Sent back, is still preserv'd in hallow'd ground;
Which, in one blessing mix'd, descends on you,
As heighten'd spirits fall in richer dew.
Not that our wishes do increase your store;
Full of yourself, you can admit no more:
We add not to your glory, but employ
Our time, like angels, in expressing joy,
Nor is it duty, or our hopes, alone
Create that joy, but full fruition:
We know those blessings which we must possess,
And judge of future by past happiness.
No promise can oblige a prince so much
Still to be good, as long to have been such.
A noble emulation heats your breast,
And your own fame now robs you of your rest.
Good actions still must be maintain'd with good,
As bodies nourish'd with resembling food.
You have already quench'd Sedition's brand;
And Zeal, which burnt it, only warms the land.
The jealous sects, that dare not trust their cause
So far from their own will as to the laws,
You for their umpire and their synod take,
And their appeal alone to Cæsar make.
And Heaven so rare a temper did provide,
That Guilt, repenting, might in it confide.

Among our crimes oblivion may be set;
But 'tis our King's perfection to forget.
Virtues, unknown to these rough northern climes,
From milder heavens you bring, without their crimes.
Your calmness does no after-storms provide,
Nor seeming patience mortal anger hide
When empire first from families did spring,
Then every father govern'd as a king;
But you, that are a sovereign prince, allay
Imperial power with your paternal sway.
From those great cares when ease your soul unbends,
Your pleasures are design'd to noble ends:
Born to command the mistress of the seas,
Your thoughts themselves in that blue empire please.
Hither in summer evenings you repair
To take the *fraicheur* of the purer air:
Undaunted here you ride, when Winter raves,
With Cæsar's heart, that rose above the waves.
More I could sing, but fear my numbers stays;
No loyal subject dares that courage praise.
In stately frigates most delight you find,
Where well-drawn battles fire your martial mind.
What to your cares we owe is learn'd from hence,
When ev'n your pleasures serve for our defence.
Beyond your court flows in the' admitted tide,
Where in new depths the wondering fishes glide:
Here in a royal bed the waters sleep;
When tir'd at sea, within this bay they creep:
Here the mistrustful fowl no harm suspects,
So safe are all things which our King protects.
From your lov'd Thames a blessing yet is due,
Second alone to that it brought in you;
A queen, near whose chaste womb, ordain'd by Fate,
The souls of kings unborn for bodies wait.

as your love before made discord cease;
r love is destin'd to your country's peace.
h Indies, rivals in your bed, provide
h gold or jewels to adorn your bride.
s to a mighty King presents rich ore,
ile that with incense does a god implore.
o kingdoms wait your doom, and, as you choose,
s must receive a crown, or that must lose.
is from your royal oak, like Jove's of old,
answers sought, and destinies foretold;
pitious oracles are begg'd with vows,
l crowns that grew upon the sacred boughs.
r subjects, while you weigh the nation's fate,
pend to both their doubtful love or hate;
ose only, Sir, that so they may possess,
h their own peace, their children's happiness.

SATIRE ON THE DUTCH.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR M.DC.LXII.

needy gallants, in the scrivener's hands,
rt the rich knaves that gripe their mortgag'd lands,
e first fat buck of all the season's sent,
l keeper takes no fee in compliment;
e dotage of some Englishmen is such,
fawn on those who ruin them, the Dutch!
ey shall have all, rather than make a war
th those who of the same religion are.
e Straits, the Guinea-trade, the herrings too;
r, to keep *friendship, they* shall pickle you.

Some are resolv'd not to find out the cheat,
But, cuckold-like, love them that do the feat.
What injuries soe'er upon us fall,
Yet still the same religion answers all.
Religion wheedled us to Civil war, [spare.
Drew English blood, and Dutchmen's now would
Be gull'd no longer; for you'll find it true,
They have no more religion, faith! than you.
Interest's the god they worship in their State,
And we, I take it, have not much of that.
Well monarchies may own religion's name,
But states are atheists in their very frame.
They share a sin; and such proportions fall,
That, like a stink, 'tis nothing to them all.
Think on their rapine, falsehood, cruelty,
And that what once they were, they still would be.
To one well-born the' affront is worse and more,
When he's abus'd and baffled by a boor.
With an ill grace the Dutch their mischiefs do;
They've both ill nature and ill manners too.
Well may they boast themselves an ancient nation,
For they were bred ere manners were in fashion;
And their new Commonwealth has set them free
Only from honour and civility.
Venetians do not more uncouthly ride,
Than did their lumber State mankind bestride.
Their sway became 'em with as ill a mien,
As their own paunches swell above their chin.
Yet is their empire no true growth but humour,
And only two kings' touch can cure the tumour.
As Cato did in Afric fruits display,
Let us before our eyes their Indies lay;
All loyal English will like him conclude,
Let Cæsar live, and Carthage be subdued.

ANNUS MIRABILIS:

THE YEAR OF WONDERS, M.DC.LXVI.

AN HISTORICAL POEM.

AN ACCOUNT OF

THE ENSUING POEM.

IN A

LETTER TO THE HON. SIR ROBERT HOWARD.

SIR,

I AM so many ways obliged to you, and so little ble to return your favours, that, like those who we too much, I can only live by getting farther nto your debt. You have not only been careful of ny fortune, which was the effect of your nobleness, ut you have been solicitous of my reputation, which is that of your kindness. It is not long since gave you the trouble of perusing a play for me,* nd now, instead of an acknowledgment, I have iven you a greater, in the correction of a Poem. ut since you are to bear this persecution, I will at t least give you the encouragement of a martyr; —you could never suffer in a nobler cause. For I

* Conjectured to be "The Indian Queen."

have chosen the most heroic subject which any Poet could desire: I have taken upon me to describe the motives, the beginning, progress, and successes, of a most just and necessary war; in it, the care, management, and prudence of our King; the conduct and valour of a royal admiral,* and of two incomparable generals;† the invincible courage of our captains and seamen; and three glorious victories, the result of all. After this, I have in the fire‡ the most deplorable, but, withal, the greatest argument that can be imagined; the destruction being so swift, so sudden, so vast and miserable, as nothing can parallel in story. The former part of this Poem, relating to the war, is but a due expiation for my not serving my king and country in it. All gentlemen are almost obliged to it; and I know no reason we should give that advantage to the commonalty of England, to be foremost in brave actions, which the nobles of France would never suffer in their peasants. I should not have written this, but to a person who has been ever forward to appear in all employments whither his honour and generosity have called him. The latter part of my Poem, which describes the fire, I owe first to the piety and fatherly affection of our Monarch to his suffering subjects; and, in the second place, to the courage, loyalty, and magnanimity of the City: both which were so conspicuous, that I have wanted words to celebrate them as they deserve.

* James, Duke of York.
† Prince Rupert. and the Duke of Albemarle.
‡ The fire of London, which destroyed more than 13,000 houses.

'e called my Poem Historical, not epic; both the actions and actors are as much as any poem can contain. But, since the ı not properly one, nor that accomplished ast successes, I have judged it too bold a · a few stanzas, which are little more in than a single Iliad, or the longest of the For this reason (I mean not of length, ten action, tied too severely to the laws of) I am apt to agree with those who rank ather among Historians in verse, than epic n whose room, if I am not deceived, Silius though a worse writer, may more justly be l.

: chosen to write my Poem in quatrains, or of four in alternate rhyme, because I have lged them more noble, and of greater dig- th for the sound and number, than any rse in use amongst us; in which I am sure our approbation. The learned languages rtainly, a great advantage of us, in not be- to the slavery of any rhyme, and were less ıed in the quantity of every syllable, which ght vary with spondees or dactyls, besides other helps of grammatical figures, for the ıing or abbreviation of them, than the mo- : in the close of that one syllable, which nfines and more often corrupts the sense of est. But in this necessity of our rhymes, I vays found the couplet-verse most easy, not so proper for this occasion) for there ε is sooner at an end, every two lines con- the labour of the poet; but in quatrains he

is to carry it farther on; and not only so, but to bear along in his head the troublesome sense of four lines together. For those who write correctly in this kind must needs acknowledge, that the last line of the stanza is to be considered in the composition of the first. Neither can we give ourselves the liberty of making any part of a verse for the sake of rhyme, or concluding with a word which is not current English, or using the variety of female rhymes,* all which our fathers practised: and for the female rhymes, they are still in use amongst other nations; with the Italian in every line, with the Spaniard promiscuously, with the French alternately; as those who have read the Alarique, the Pucelle, or any of their later poems, will agree with me. And besides this, they write in Alexandrines, or verses of six feet; such as amongst us is the old translation of Homer by Chapman; all which, by lengthening of their chain, makes the sphere of their activity the larger.

I have dwelt too long upon the choice of my stanza, which, you may remember, is much better defended in the preface to Gondibert; and therefore I will hasten to acquaint you with my endeavours in the writing. In general, I will only say, I have never yet seen the description of any naval fight in the proper terms which are used at sea: and if there be any such, in another language, as that of Lucan in the Third of his Pharsalia, yet I could not avail myself of it in the English; the terms of art in every tongue bearing more of the idiom of it than any other words. We hear, in-

* By 'female rhymes,' says Mr. Malone, Dryden means *double rhymes*. See his edition of Prose Works, vol. ii.

l, among our poets, of the thundering of guns, smoke, the disorder, and the slaughter; but all e are common notions. And, certainly, as those , in a logical dispute, keep in general terms, ld hide a fallacy; so those, who do it in any po- ıl description, would veil their ignorance.

> Descriptas servare vices, operumque colores,
> Cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque, Poeta salutor?

my own part, if I had little knowledge of the yet I have thought it no shame to learn; and ıave made some few mistakes, 'tis only, as you bear me witness, because I have wanted oppor- y to correct them; the whole Poem being first ten, and now sent you from a place, where I not so much as the converse of any seamen. though the trouble I had in writing it was t, it was more than recompensed by the plea- . I found myself so warm in celebrating the ıes of military men, two such especially as the ce and General, that it is no wonder if they in- d me with thoughts above my ordinary level. I am well satisfied that, as they are incompa- the best subject I ever had, excepting only Royal Family; so also, that this I have written em is much better than what I have performed ıy other. I have been forced to help out other ments; but this has been bountiful to me; they been low and barren of praise, and I have ex- . them, and made them fruitful; but here— nia sponte suâ reddit justissima tellus.' I have ı large, a fair, and a pleasant field; so fertile, without my cultivating, it has given me two ests in a summer, and in both oppressed the

reaper. All other greatness in subjects is only counterfeit: it will not endure the test of danger; the greatness of arms is only real: other greatness burdens a nation with its weight; this supports it with its strength. And as it is the happiness of the age, so it is the peculiar goodness of the best of Kings, that we may praise his subjects without offending him. Doubtless it proceeds from a just confidence of his own virtue, which the lustre of no other can be so great as to darken in him; for the good or the valiant are never safely praised under a bad or a degenerate prince.

But to return from this digression to a farther account of my Poem. I must crave leave to tell you, that as I have endeavoured to adorn it with noble thoughts, so much more to express those thoughts with elocution. The composition of all poems is, or ought to be, of wit; and wit in the poet, or wit-writing (if you will give me leave to use a school-distinction) is no other than the faculty of imagination in the writer, which, like a nimble spaniel, beats over and ranges through the field of memory, till it springs the quarry it hunted after; or, without metaphor, which searches over all the memory for the species or ideas of those things which it designs to represent. Wit written is that which is well defined, the happy result of thought, or product of imagination. But to proceed from wit, in the general notion of it, to the proper wit of an heroic or historical poem, I judge it chiefly to consist in the delightful imaging of persons, actions, passions, or things. 'Tis not the jerk or sting of an epigram, nor the seeming contradiction of a poor antithesis;

ght of an ill-judging audience in a play of
ıor the gingle of a more poor paranoma-
ıer is it so much the morality of a grave
affected by Lucan, but more sparingly
Virgil; but it is some lively and apt de-
dressed in such colours of speech, that it
e your eyes the absent object as perfectly
: delightfully than nature. So then, the
ɔiness of the poet's imagination is pro-
ention, or finding of the thought; the
fancy, or the variation, deriving or mould-
at thought, as the judgment represents
to the subject; the third is elocution, or
' clothing and adorning that thought, so
l varied, in apt, significant, and sounding
ıe quickness of the imagination is seen in
ıtion, the fertility in the fancy, and the
in the expression. For the two first of
id is famous amongst the poets; for the
:gil. Ovid images more often the move-
d affections of the mind, either combat-
:een two contrary passions, or extremely
sed by one: His words, therefore, are
part of his care; for he pictures Nature
er, with which the study and choice of
inconsistent. This is the proper wit of
or discourse, and consequently of the
here all that is said is to be supposed the
sudden thought; which, though it ex-
ıt the quickness of wit in repartees, yet
t a too curious election of words, too fre-
ıusions, or use of tropes, or, in fine, any
: shows remoteness of thought or labour
ter. On the other side, Virgil speaks not

so often to us in the person of another, like Ovid; but in his own: he relates almost all things as from himself, and thereby gains more liberty than the other, to express his thoughts with all the graces of elocution, to write more figuratively, and to confess as well the labour as the force of his imagination. Though he describes his Dido well and naturally in the violence of her passions, yet he must yield in that to the Myrrha, the Biblis, the Althæa, of Ovid; for, as great an admirer of him as I am, I must acknowledge, that if I see not more of their souls than I see of Dido's; at least, I have a greater concernment for them: and that convinces me that Ovid has touched those tender strokes more delicately than Virgil could. But when action or persons are to be described, when any such image is to be set before us; how bold, how masterly, are the strokes of Virgil! We see the objects he presents us with, in their native figures, in their proper motions; but so we see them, as our own eyes could never have beheld them so beautiful in themselves. We see the soul of the poet, like that universal one of which he speaks, informing and moving through all his pictures:

> ——Totamque infusa per artus
> Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet.

We behold him embellishing his images, as he makes Venus breathing beauty upon her son Æneas:

> ——Lumenque juventæ
> Purpureum, et lætos oculis afflarat honores:
> Quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo
> *Argentum*, Pariusve lapis, circundatur auro.

See his Tempest, his Funeral Sports, his Combat f Turnus and Æneas; and in his Georgics, (which esteem the divinest part of all his writings,) he Plague, the Country, the Battle of the Bulls, ie Labour of the Bees; and those many other xcellent images of Nature, most of which are either great in themselves, nor have any natural rnament to bear them up; but the words where-ith he describes them are so excellent, that it ight be well applied to him which was said by vid, 'Materiam superabat opus.' The very ound of his words has often somewhat that is onnatural to the subject; and while we read him, 'e sit, as in a play, beholding the scenes of what e represents. To perform this, he made frequent se of tropes, which, you know, change the nature f a known word by applying it to some other gnification; and this is it which Horace means in is Epistle to the Pisos:

> Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum
> Reddiderit junctura novum.——

But I am sensible I have presumed too far, to ntertain you with a rude discourse of that art hich you both know so well, and put into prac-ice with so much happiness. Yet before I leave irgil, I must own the vanity to tell you, and by ou the world, that he has been my master in this oem: I have followed him every where; I know ot with what success, but I am sure with diligence nough: my images are many of them copied rom him, and the rest are imitations of him. ly expressions also are as near as the idioms of

the two languages would admit of in translation. And this, Sir, I have done with that boldness for which I will stand accountable to any of our little critics, who, perhaps, are no better acquainted with him than I am. Upon your first perusal of this Poem, you have taken notice of some words which I have innovated (if it be too bold for me to say, refined) upon his Latin; which, as I offer not to introduce into English prose, so I hope they are neither improper, nor altogether unelegant in verse; and in this, Horace will again defend me.

> Et nova, fictaque nuper, habebunt verba fidem, si
> Græco fonte cadunt, parce detorta.——

The inference is exceeding plain: for, if a Roman poet might have liberty to coin a word, supposing only that is was derived from the Greek, was put into a Latin termination, and that he used this liberty but seldom and with modesty; how much more justly may I challenge that privilege to do it, with the same prerequisites, from the best and most judicious of Latin writers? In some places, where either the fancy or the words were his, or any other's, I have noted it in the margin, that I might not seem a plagiary; in others I have neglected it, to avoid as well tediousness as the affectation of doing it too often. Such descriptions or images, well wrought, (which I promise not for mine,) are, as I have said, the adequate delight of heroic poesy; for they beget admiration, which is its proper object; as the images of the burlesque, which is contrary to this, by the same

on, beget laughter: for the one shows Nature
tified, as in the picture of a fair woman,
h we all admire; the other shows her de-
ed, as in that of a lazar, or of a fool with
rted face, and antic gestures, at which we
ot forbear to laugh, because it is a deviation
nature. But though the same images serve
lly for the epic poesy, and for the historic
panegyric, which are branches of it, yet a
ral sort of sculpture is to be used in them.
me of them are to be like those of Juvenal,
ntes in curribus Æmiliani,' heroes drawn in
triumphal chariots, and in their full propor-
; others are to be like that of Virgil, 'spi-
a mollius æra:' there is somewhat more of
ness and tenderness to be shown in them.
ou will soon find I write not this without con-
. Some, who have seen a paper of verses
h I wrote last year to her Highness the
ness, have accused them of that only thing I
d defend in them. They said, I did, 'humi
ere;' that I wanted not only height of fancy,
dignity of words to set it off. I might well
er with that of Horace, 'nunc non erat his
s;' I knew I addressed them to a lady, and
rdingly I affected the softness of expression,
the smoothness of measure, rather than the
ht of thought; and in what I did endeavour,
no vanity to say I have succeeded. I detest
gance; but there is some difference betwixt
and a just defence. But I will not farther
e your candour, or the reader's. I leave them
peak for me; and, if they can, to make out

that character, not pretending to a greater, whic I have given them.*

And now, Sir, it is time I should relieve yo from the tedious length of this account. You hav better and more profitable employment for you hours, and I wrong the public to detain yo longer. In conclusion, I must leave my Poem t you with all its faults, which I hope to find fewe in the printing by your emendations. I know you are not of the number of those of whom th younger Pliny speaks; 'Nec sunt parum multi qui carpere amicos suos judicium vocant;' I am rather too secure of you on that side. Your candour in pardoning my errors may make you more remiss in correcting them; if you will not witha consider that they come into the world with you approbation, and through your hands. I beg from you the greatest favour you can confer upon a absent person, since I repose upon your management what is dearest to me, my fame and reputation; and therefore I hope it will stir you up t make my Poem fairer by many of your blots; i not, you know the story of the gamester, wh married the rich man's daughter, and, when he father denied the portion, christened all the children by his surname, that if, in conclusion, they must beg, they should do so by one name as wel as by the other. But since the reproach of my faults will light on you, it is but reason I shoul do you that justice to the readers, to let them

* A copy of verses, here introduced, to Anne Hyde, Duchess o York, will be found in vol. iii. of Dryden's poems.

w,—that if there be any thing tolerable in this m, they owe the argument to your choice, the ing to your encouragement, the correction to r judgment, and the care of it to your friend-, to which he must ever acknowledge himself we all things, who is,

SIR,

The most obedient, and most

faithful of your servants,

JOHN DRYDEN.

om Charlton, in Wiltshire,
Nov. 10, 1666.

TO THE METROPOLIS OF GREAT BRITAIN,

THE MOST RENOWNED AND

LATE FLOURISHING CITY OF LONDO

IN ITS REPRESENTATIVES

The Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, the Shen and Council of it.

As perhaps I am the first who ever presénte work of this nature to the metropolis of any tion, so it is likewise consonant to justice, that who was to give the first example of such a D cation, should begin it with that City which has a pattern to all others of true loyalty, invinc courage, and unshaken constancy. Other ci have been praised for the same virtues, but I much deceived if any have so dearly purch their reputation; their fame has been won them cheaper trials than an expensive, though neces war, a consuming pestilence, and a more consum fire. To submit yourselves with that humilit the judgments of Heaven, and at the same tim raise yourselves with that vigour above all hu enemies; to be combated at once from above from below; to be struck down and to triumpl know not whether such trials have been ever ralleled in any nation; the resolution and succe of them never can be. Never had Prince or Pe more mutual reason to love each other, if suffe for each other can endear affection. You have c together a pair of matchless lovers, through m difficulties; he through a long exile, various *verses of* fortune, and the interposition of m

s, who violently ravished and withheld you
ı him; and certainly you have had your share
ıfferings. But Providence has cast upon you
t of trade, that you might appear bountiful to
· country's necessities; and the rest of your
:tions are not more the effects of God's dis-
sure (frequent examples of them having been
ıe reign of the most excellent princes) than
sions for the manifesting of your Christian and
virtues. To you, therefore, this 'Year of
ıders' is justly dedicated, because you have
e it so. You, who are to stand a wonder to all
s and ages, and who have built yourselves an
ortal monument on your own ruins. You are
a phœnix in her ashes, and, as far as humanity
approach, a great emblem of the suffering
y: but Heaven never made so much piety and
ıe to leave it miserable. I have heard, indeed,
ɔme virtuous persons who have ended unfortu-
ly, but never of any virtuous nation: Provi-
:e is engaged too deeply, when the cause be-
es so general; and I cannot imagine it has re-
:d the ruin of that people at home, which it
ɔlessed abroad with such successes. I am there-
to conclude that your sufferings are at an end;
that one part of my Poem has not been more
istory of your destruction, than the other a
ıhecy of your restoration. The accomplishment
hich happiness, as it is the wish of all true Eng-
nen, so is it by none more passionately desired,
by

The greatest of your admirers,
and most humble of your servants,

JOHN DRYDEN.

ANNUS MIRABILIS:

THE YEAR OF WONDERS, M.DC.LXVI.

In thriving arts long time had Holland grown,
  Crouching at home, and cruel when abroad,
Scarce leaving us the means to claim our own;
  Our King they courted, and our merchants aw'd.

Trade, which, like blood, should circularly flow,
  Stopp'd in their channels, found its freedom lost:
Thither the wealth of all the world did go,
  And seem'd but shipwreck'd on so base a coast.

For them alone the heavens had kindly heat,
  In eastern quarries ripening precious dew:
For them the Idumæan balm did sweat,
  And in hot Ceylon spicy forests grew.

The sun but seem'd the labourer of the year;
  Each waxing moon supplied her watry store,
To swell those tides, which from the Line did bear
  Their brim-full vessels to the Belgian shore.

Thus, mighty in her ships, stood Carthage long,
  And swept the riches of the world from far;
Yet stoop'd to Rome, less wealthy, but more strong;
  And this may prove our second Punic war.

peace can be where both to one pretend?
ıt they more diligent, and we more strong)
a peace, it soon must have an end;
· they would grow too powerful were it long.

d two nations then, engag'd so far,
ıt each seven years the fit must shake each land;
e France will side to weaken us by war,
o only can his vast designs withstand.

ow he feeds the' Iberian with delays,
render us his timely friendship vain;
while his secret soul on Flanders preys,
rocks the cradle of the Babe of Spain.

deep designs of empire does he lay
r them whose cause he seems to take in hand;
prudently, would make them lords at sea,
whom with ease he can give laws by land.

aw our King; and long within his breast
pensive counsels balanc'd to and fro:
iev'd the land he freed should be opprest,
l he less for it than usurpers do.

:nerous mind the fair ideas drew
fame and honour, which in dangers lay;
ɔ wealth, like fruit on precipices, grew,
to be gather'd but by birds of prey.

ɔss and gain each fatally were great;
l still his subjects call'd aloud for war.
:aceful kings, o'er martial people set,
h *other's poise and* counterbalance are.

He first survey'd the charge with careful eyes,
  Which none but mighty monarchs could maintain
Yet judg'd, like vapours that from limbecs rise,
  It would in richer showers descend again.

At length resolv'd to' assert the watry ball,
  He in himself did whole armados bring;
Him aged seamen might their master call,
  And choose for general, were he not their king

It seems as every ship their sovereign knows,
  His awful summons they so soon obey;
So hear the scaly herd when Proteus blows,
  And so to pasture follow through the sea.

To see this fleet upon the ocean move,
  Angels drew wide the curtains of the skies;
And Heaven, as if they wanted lights above,
  For tapers made two gläring comets rise.

Whether they unctuous exhalations are
  Fir'd by the sun, or seeming so alone;
Or each some more remote and slippery star,
  Which loses footing when to mortals shown:

Or one, that bright companion of the sun,
  Whose glorious aspect seal'd our new-born King
And now a round of greater years begun,
  New influence from his walks of light did bring

Victorious York did, first, with fam'd success,
  To his known valour make the Dutch give place
Thus Heaven our Monarch's fortune did confess,
  Beginning conquest from his royal race.

nce it was decreed, auspicious King!
ritain's right that thou should'st wed the main,
n, as a gage, would cast some precious thing,
l therefore doom'd that Lawson should be
slain.

n amongst the foremost met his fate,
om sea-green sirens from the rocks lament:
s an offering for the Grecian state,
first was kill'd who first to battle went.

chief blown up, in air, not waves, expir'd,
which his pride presum'd to give the law:
Dutch confess'd Heaven present, and retir'd,
l all was Britain the wide Ocean saw.

arest ports their shatter'd ships repair,
ere by our dreadful cannon they lay aw'd:
verently men quit the open air,
en thunder speaks the angry gods abroad.

ow approach'd their fleet from India, fraught
h all the riches of the rising sun;
recious sand from southern climates brought,
fatal regions where the war begun.

unted castors, conscious of their store,
ir way-laid wealth to Norway's coast they
bring:
first the North's cold bosom spices bore,
l Winter brooded on the Eastern Spring.

e rich scent we found our perfum'd prey,
ich, flank'd with rocks, did close in covert lie;
ound about their murdering cannon lay,
once to threaten and invite the eye.

Fiercer than cannon, and than rocks more hard,
  The English undertake the' unequal war:
Seven ships alone, by which the port is barr'd,
  Besiege the Indies, and all Denmark dare.

These fight like husbands, but like lovers those;
  These fain would keep, and those more fain enjoy
And to such height their frantic passion grows,
  That what both love, both hazard to destroy.

Amidst whole heaps of spices lights a ball,
  And now their odours arm'd against them fly:
Some preciously by shatter'd porcelain fall,
  And some by aromatic splinters die.

And though by tempests of the prize bereft,
  In Heaven's inclemency some ease we find:
Our foes we vanquish'd by our valour left,
  And only yielded to the seas and wind.

Nor wholly lost we so deserv'd a prey;
  For storms, repenting, part of it restor'd:
Which, as a tribute from the Baltic sea,
  The British Ocean sent her mighty Lord.

Go, mortals, now, and vex yourselves in vain
  For wealth, which so uncertainly must come;
When what was brought so far, and with such pain,
  Was only kept, to lose it nearer home.

The son who, twice three months on the' ocean tost,
  Prepar'd to tell what he had pass'd before,
Now sees in English ships the Holland coast,
  And parents' arms, in vain, stretch'd from the shore.

This careful husband had been long away,
Whom his chaste wife and little children mourn;
Who on their fingers learn'd to tell the day
On which their father promis'd to return.

Such are the proud designs of human kind,
And so we suffer shipwreck every where!
Alas! what port can such a pilot find,
Who in the night of fate must blindly steer?

The undistinguish'd seeds of good and ill
Heaven in his bosom from our knowledge hides;
And draws them in contempt of human skill,
Which oft, for friends, mistaken foes provides.

Let Munster's prelate ever be accurst,
In whom we seek the German faith in vain:
Alas! that he should teach the English first,
That fraud and avarice in the church could reign!

Happy, who never trust a stranger's will,
Whose friendship's in his interest understood!
Since money given, but tempts him to be ill,
When power is too remote to make him good.

Till now, alone the mighty nations strove;
The rest, at gaze, without the lists did stand:
And threatening France, plac'd by a painted Jove,
Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.

That eunuch-guardian of rich Holland's trade,
Who envies us what he wants power to enjoy;
Whose noiseful valour does no foe invade,
And weak assistance will his friends destroy.

Offended that we fought without his leave,
  He takes his time his secret hate to show:
Which Charles does with a mind so calm receive,
  As one that neither seeks nor shuns his foe.

With France, to aid the Dutch, the Danes unite;
  France as their tyrant, Denmark as their slave:
But when with one three nations join to fight,
  They silently confess that one more brave.

Lewis had chas'd the English from his shore;
  But Charles the French, as subjects, does invite:
Would Heaven for each some Solomon restore,
  Who, by their mercy, may decide their right.

Were subjects so but only by their choice,
  And not from birth did forc'd dominion take;
Our prince alone would have the public voice,
  And all his neighbours' realms would deserts make.

He, without fear, a dangerous war pursues,
  Which without rashness he began before.
As honour made him first the danger choose:
  So still he makes it good on virtue's score.

The doubled charge, his subjects' love supplies,
  Who in that bounty to themselves are kind:
So glad Egyptians see their Nilus rise,
  And in his plenty their abundance find.

With equal power he does two chiefs create,
  Two such, as each seem'd worthiest when alone;
Each able to sustain a nation's fate,
  Since both had found a greater in their own.

eat in courage, conduct, and in fame,
either envious of the other's praise;
ity, faith, and interest to the same,
mighty partners equally they raise.

nce long time had courted Fortune's love,
nce possess'd did absolutely reign:
th their Amazons the heroes strove, [gain.
conquer'd first those beauties they would

ke beheld, like Scipio, with disdain,
Carthage, which he ruin'd, rise once more
ok aloft the fasces of the main,
ght those slaves with what they felt before.

r to the watery camp they haste,
matrons passing, to their children show:
first vows for them to Heaven are cast,
ture people bless them as they go.

em no riotous pomp, nor Asian train,
fect a navy with their gaudy fears;
slow fights, and victories but vain;
ar, severely, like itself, appears.

of themselves, where'er they pass,
make that warmth in others they expect:
lour works like bodies on a glass,
oes its image on their main project.

t divides, and straight the Dutch appear,
nber, and a fam'd commander, bold;
row seas can scarce their navy bear,
wded vessels can their soldiers hold.

The Duke, less numerous, but in courage more,
  On wings of all the winds to combat flies:
His murdering guns a loud defiance roar,
  And bloody crosses on his flag-staffs rise.

Both furl their sails, and strip them for the fight;
  Their folded sheets dismiss the useless air:
The' Elean plains could boast no nobler sight,
  When struggling champions did their bodies bare.

Borne each by other in a distant line,
  The sea-built forts in dreadful order move:
So vast the noise, as if not fleets did join,
  But lands unfix'd, and floating nations strove.

Now pass'd, on either side they nimbly tack;
  Both strive to intercept and guide the wind:
And in its eye more closely they come back,
  To finish all the deaths they left behind.

On high-rais'd decks the haughty Belgians ride,
  Beneath whose shade our humble frigates go:
Such port the elephant bears, and so defied
  By the rhinoceros, her unequal foe.

And as the built, so different is the fight;
  Their mounting shot is on our sails design'd:
Deep in their hulls our deadly bullets light,
  And through the yielding planks a passage find.

Our dreaded admiral from far they threat,
  Whose batter'd rigging their whole war receives:
All bare, like some old oak which tempests beat,
  He stands, and sees below his scatter'd leaves.

Heroes of old, when wounded, shelter sought;
  But he, who meets all danger with disdain,
E'en in their face his ship to anchor brought,
  And, steeple-high, stood prop'd upon the main.

At this excess of courage, all amaz'd,
  The foremost of his foes awhile withdraw:
With such respect in enter'd Rome they gaz'd,
  Who on high chairs the god-like fathers saw.

And now, as where Patroclus' body lay, [Greeks;
  Here Trojan chiefs advanc'd, and there the
Ours o'er the Duke their pious wings display,
  And theirs the noblest spoils of Britain seek.

Mean time his busy mariners he hastes,
  His shatter'd sails with rigging to restore;
And willing pines ascend his broken masts,
  Whose lofty heads rise higher than before.

Straight to the Dutch he turns his dreadful prow,
  More fierce the' important quarrel to decide:
Like swans, in long array his vessels show,
  Whose crests, advancing, do the waves divide.

They charge, re-charge, and all along the sea
  They drive, and squander the huge Belgian fleet:
Berkeley* alone, who nearest danger lay,
  Did a like fate with lost Creüsa meet.

The night comes on; we eager to pursue
  The combat still, and they asham'd to leave;
Till the last streaks of dying day withdrew,
  And doubtful moonlight did our rage deceive.

* *Sir Charles Berkeley*, Earl of Falmouth.

In the' English fleet each ship resounds v
  And loud applause of their great leade:
In fiery dreams the Dutch they still destr
  And, slumbering, smile at the imagin'd

Not so the Holland-fleet, who, tir'd and d
  Stretch'd on their decks, like weary ox
Faint sweats all down their mighty memb
  (Vast bulks, which little souls but ill su

In dreams they fearful precipices tread,
  Or, shipwreck'd, labour to some distant
Or in dark churches walk among the dead
  They wake with horror, and dare sleep

The morn they look on with unwilling ey
  Till, from their main-top, joyful news tl
Of ships, which by their mould bring new
  And in their colours Belgian lions bear.

Our watchful General had discern'd from
  This mighty succour, which made glad
He sigh'd, but like a father of the war,
  His face spake hope, while deep his sorr

His wounded men he first sends off to sho
  Never, till now, unwilling to obey:
They not their wounds, but want of stre
  And think them happy who with him ca

Then, to the rest, "Rejoice, (said he) to-
  In you the fortune of Great Britain lies
Among so brave a people you are they
  Whom Heaven has chose to fight for suc

ımber English courages could quell,
should at first have shunn'd, not met, our foes;
e numerous sails the fearful only tell:
rage from hearts, and not from numbers,
grows."

d; nor needed more to say: with haste
their known stations cheerfully they go;
ll at once, disdaining to be last,
cit every gale to meet the foe.

id the' encourag'd Belgians long delay,
, bold in others, not themselves, they stood;
ck, our navy scarce could steer their way,
seem'd to wander in a moving wood.

ttle fleet was now engag'd so far,
ıt, like the swordfish in the whale they fought;
ombat only seem'd a civil war,
through their bowels we our passage wrought.

had valour, no not ours, before
ıe aught like this upon the land or main,
e not to be o'ercome was to do more
ın all the conquests former kings did gain.

ıighty ghosts of our great Harries rose,
l armed Edwards look'd, with anxious eyes,
e this fleet among unequal foes, [rise.
which fate promis'd them their Charles should

time the Belgians tack upon our rear, [send;
l raking chase-guns through our sterns they
by, *their fire-ships*, like jackals, appear,
› *on their lions* for the prey attend.

Silent, in smoke of cannon they came on:
  (Such vapours once did fiery Cacus hide:)
In these the height of pleas'd revenge is shown,
  Who burn contented by another's side.

Sometimes, from fighting squadrons of each flee
  Deceiv'd themselves, or to preserve some fai
Two grappling Ætnas on the ocean meet,
  And English fires with Belgian flames conten

Now, at each tack, our little fleet grows less,
  And, like maim'd fowl, swim lagging on the sea
Their greater loss their numbers scarce confess,
  While they lose cheaper than the English gai

Have you not seen, when, whistled from the fist,
  Some falcon stoops at what her eye design'd,
And with her eagerness the quarry miss'd,
  Straight flies at check, and clips it down the wi

The dastard crow, that to the wood made wing,
  And sees the groves no shelter can afford,
With her loud caws her craven kind does bring,
  Who, safe in numbers, cuff the noble bird.

Among the Dutch thus Albemarle did fare:
  He could not conquer, and disdain'd to fly:
Past hope of safety, 'twas his latest care,
  Like falling Cæsar, decently to die.

Yet pity did his manly spirit move,
  To see those perish who so well had fought;
And, generously, with his despair he strove,
  Resolv'd to live, till he their safety wrought.

Let other Muses write his prosperous fate,
  Of conquer'd nations tell, and kings restor'd;
But mine shall sing of his eclips'd estate,
  Which, like the sun's, more wonders does afford.

He drew his mighty frigates all before,
  On which the foe his fruitless force employs:
His weak ones deep into his rear he bore,
  Remote from guns, as sick men from the noise.

His fiery cannon did their passage guide,
  And following smoke obscur'd them from the foe:
Thus Israel, safe from the Egyptians' pride,
  By flaming pillars and by clouds did go.

Elsewhere the Belgian force we did defeat,
  But here our courages did theirs subdue:
So Xenophon once led that fam'd retreat,
  Which first the Asian empire overthrew.

The foe approach'd; and one, for his bold sin,
  Was sunk; as he that touch'd the ark was slain:
The wild waves master'd him, and suck'd him in,
  And smiling eddies dimpled on the main.

This seen, the rest at awful distance stood,
  As if they had been there as servants set,
To stay, or to go on, as he thought good,
  And not pursue, but wait on his retreat.

So Libyan huntsmen, on some sandy plain,
  From shady coverts rous'd, the lion chase;
The kingly beast roars out with loud disdain,
  And slowly moves, unknowing to give place.

But if some one approach to dare his force,
  He swings his tail, and swiftly turns him round
With one paw seizes on his trembling horse,
  And with the other tears him to the ground.

Amidst these toils succeeds the balmy night;
  Now hissing waters the quench'd guns restore
And weary waves, withdrawing from the fight,
  Lie hull'd and panting on the silent shore.

The moon shone clear on the becalmed flood,
  Where, while her beams like glittering silver pla
Upon the deck our careful General stood,
  And deeply mus'd on the succeeding day.

"That happy sun, (said he) will rise again,
  Who twice victorious did our navy see:
And I alone must view him rise in vain,
  Without one ray of all his star for me.

"Yet, like an English General will I die,
  And all the ocean make my spacious grave;
Women and cowards on the land may lie:
  The sea's a tomb that's proper for the brave."

Restless he pass'd the remnant of the night,
  Till the fresh air proclaim'd the morning nigh:
And burning ships, the martyrs of the fight,
  With paler fires beheld the eastern sky.

But now, his stores of ammunition spent,
  His naked valour is his only guard;
Rare thunders are from his dumb cannon sent,
  And solitary guns are scarcely heard.

Thus far had Fortune power, he forc'd to stay,
Nor longer durst with virtue be at strife:
This as a ransom, Albemarle did pay,
For all the glories of so great a life.

'or now brave Rupert from afar appears,
Whose waving streamers the glad General knows:
'ith full-spread sails his eager navy steers,
And every ship in swift proportion grows.

he anxious Prince had heard the cannon long,
And from that length of time dire omens drew
'English overmatch'd, and Dutch too strong,
Who never fought three days, but to pursue.

ıen, as an eagle, who with pious care
Was beating widely on the wing for prey,
) her now silent eiry does repair,
And finds her callow infants forc'd away:

ıng with her love, she stoops upon the plain,
The broken air loud whistling as she flies;
e stops, and listens, and shoots forth again,
And guides her pinions by her young ones' cries.

ith such kind passion hastes the prince to fight,
And spreads his flying canvass to the sound:
m, whom no danger, were he there, could fright.
Now, absent, every little noise can wound.

: in a drought the thirsty creatures cry,
And gape upon the gather'd clouds for rain;
ıd first the martlet meets it in the sky,
And *with wet wings* joys all the feather'd train.

With such glad hearts did our despairing men
  Salute the' appearance of the Prince's fleet:
And each ambitiously would claim the ken,
  That with first eyes did distant safety meet.

The Dutch, who came like greedy hinds before,
  To reap the harvest their ripe ears did yield,
Now look like those, when rolling thunders roar,
  And sheets of lightning blast the standing field.

Full in the Prince's passage, hills of sand
  And dangerous flats in secret ambush lay,
Where the false tides skim o'er the cover'd land,
  And seamen with dissembled depths betray.

The wily Dutch, who, like fall'n angels, fear'd
  This new Messiah's coming, there did wait;
And round the verge their braving vessels steer'd,
  To tempt his courage with so fair a bait.

But he, unmov'd, contemns their idle threat,
  Secure of fame whene'er he pleas'd to fight:
His cold experience tempers all his heat,
  And inbred worth doth boasting valour slight.

Heroic virtue did his actions guide,
  And he the substance, not the' appearance chose:
To rescue one such friend he took more pride,
  Than to destroy whole thousands of such foes.

But when approach'd, in strict embraces bound,
  Rupert and Albemarle together grow:
He joys to have his friend in safety found,
  Which he to none but to that friend would owe.

The cheerful soldiers, with new stores supplied,
  Now long to execute their spleenful will;
And, in revenge for those three days they tried,
  Wish one, like Joshua's, when the sun stood still.

Thus re-inforc'd against the adverse fleet,
  Still doubling ours, Brave Rupert leads the way:
With the first blushes of the morn they meet,
  And bring night back upon the new-born day.

His presence soon blows up the kindling fight,
  And his loud guns speak thick like angry men:
It seem'd as slaughter had been breath'd all night,
  And death new pointed his dull dart again.

The Dutch too well his mighty conduct knew,
  And matchless courage, since the former fight:
Whose navy still a stiff-stretch'd cord did shew,
  Till he bore in, and bent them into flight.

The wind he shares, while half their fleet offends
  His open side, and high above him shows:
Upon the rest at pleasure he descends,
  And, doubly harm'd, he double harms bestows.

Behind, the General mends his weary pace,
  And sullenly to his revenge he sails:
So glides some trodden serpent on the grass,
  And long behind his wounded volume trails.

The' increasing sound is borne to either shore,
  And for their stakes the throwing nations fear:
Their passions double with the cannons' roar,
  And with *warm wishes* each man combats there.

Plied thick and close as when the fight begun,
  Their huge unwieldy navy wastes away:
So sicken weaning moons too near the sun,
  And blunt their crescents on the edge of day.

And now reduc'd on equal terms to fight,
  Their ships like wasted patrimonies show;
Where the thin scattering trees admit the light,
  And shun each other's shadows as they grow.

The warlike prince had sever'd from the rest
  Two giant ships, the pride of all the main,
Which with his one so vigorously he press'd,
  And flew so home, they could not rise again.

Already batter'd, by his lee they lay,
  In vain upon the passing winds they call;
The passing winds through their torn canvass play,
  And flagging sails on heartless sailors fall.

Their open'd sides receive a gloomy light,
  Dreadful as day let into shades below:
Without grim Death rides barefac'd in their sight,
  And urges entering billows as they flow.

When one dire shot, the last they could supply,
  Close by the board the Prince's mainmast bore;
All three, now helpless, by each other lie,
  And this offends not, and those fear no more.

So have I seen some fearful hare maintain
  A course, till tir'd before the dog she lay;
Who, stretch'd behind her, pants upon the plain,
  Past power to kill, as she to get away.

:h his loll'd tongue he faintly licks his prey;
Iis warm breath blows her flix up as she lies;
:, trembling, creeps upon the ground away,
ınd looks back to him with beseeching eyes.

: Prince unjustly does his stars accuse,
Vhich hinder'd him to push his fortune on;
· what they to his courage did refuse,
ly mortal valour never must be done.

s lucky hour the wise Batavian takes,
ınd warns his tatter'd fleet to follow home:
ıud to have so got off with equal stakes,
Vhere 'twas a triumph not to be o'ercome.

: General's force, as kept alive by flight,
Iow, not oppos'd, no longer can pursue:
ting till Heaven had done his courage right;
Vhen he had conquer'd, he his weakness knew.

cast a frown on the departing foe,
ınd sighs to see him quit the watery field:
stern fix'd eyes no satisfaction show,
'or all the glories which the fight did yield.

ɔugh as when fiends did miracles avow,
Ie stands confess'd even by the boastful Dutch;
only does his conquest disavow,
ınd thinks too little what they found too much.

urn'd, he with the fleet resolv'd to stay;
Io tender thoughts of home his heart divide;
nestic joys and cares he puts away; [guide.
'or realms are households which the great must

As those who unripe veins in mines explore,
  On the rich bed again the warm turf lay,
Till time digests the yet imperfect ore,
  And know it will be gold another day:

So looks our Monarch on this early fight,
  The' essay and rudiments of great success,
Which all-maturing Time must bring to light,
  While he, like Heaven, does each day's labour bless.

Heaven ended not the first or second day,
  Yet each was perfect to the work design'd;
God and kings' work, when they their works survey,
  A passive aptness in all subjects find.

In burden'd vessels, first, with speedy care.
  His plenteous stores do season'd timber send:
Thither the brawny carpenters repair,
  And, as the surgeons of maim'd ships, attend.

With cord and canvass from rich Hamburgh sent,
  His navies molted wings he imps once more;
Tall Norway fir their masts in battle spent,
  And English oaks sprung leaks and planks restore.

All hands employ'd, the royal work grows warm:
  Like labouring bees on a long summer's day,
Some sound the trumpet for the rest to swarm,
  And some on bells of tasted lillies play.

With glewy wax some new foundations lay
  Of virgin-combs, which from the roof are hung;
Some arm'd within doors upon duty stay,
  Or tend the sick, or educate the young.

So here, some pick out bullets from the sides,
Some drive old oakum through each seam and rift:
Their left hand does the calking iron guide,
The rattling mallet with the right they lift.

With boiling pitch another near at hand
(From friendly Sweden brought) the seams in-stops;
Which, well laid o'er, the salt sea waves withstand,
And shakes them from the rising beak in drops.

Some the gall'd ropes with dawby marline bind,
Or sear-cloth masts with strong tarpawling coats:
To try new shrouds one mounts into the wind,
And one, below, their ease or stiffness notes.

Our careful Monarch stands in person by,
His new-cast cannons' firmness to explore:
The strength of big-corn'd powder loves to try,
And ball and cartridge sorts for every bore.

Each day brings fresh supplies of arms and men,
And ships which all last winter were abroad;
And such as fitted since the fight had been,
Or new from stocks were fall'n into the road.

The goodly London in her gallant trim,
The phœnix-daughter of the vanish'd old,
Like a rich bride does to the ocean swim,
And on her shadow rides in floating gold.

Her flag aloft spread ruffling to the wind,
And sanguine streamers seem the flood to fire:
The weaver, charm'd with what his loom design'd,
Goes on to sea, and knows not to retire.

With roomy decks; her guns of mighty strength,
  Whose low-laid mouths each mounting billow laves:
Deep in her draught, and warlike in her length,
  She seems a sea-wasp flying on the waves.

This martial present, piously design'd,
  The loyal City give their best-lov'd King;
And with a bounty ample as the wind,
  Built, fitted, and maintain'd, to aid him bring.

By viewing Nature, Nature's hand-maid, Art,
  Makes mighty things from small beginnings grow:
Thus fishes first to shipping did impart
  Their tail the rudder, and their head the prow.

Some log, perhaps, upon the waters swam,
  An useless drift, which rudely cut within,
And hollow'd, first a floating trough became,
  And cross some rivulet passage did begin.

In shipping such as this, the Irish kern
  And untaught Indian on the stream did glide,
Ere sharp-keel'd boats to stem the flood did learn,
  Or fin-like oars did spread from either side.

Add but a sail, and Saturn so appear'd,
  When, from lost empire, he to exile went,
And with the golden age to Tyber steer'd,
  Where coin and commerce first he did invent.

Rude as their ship was navigation then;
  No useful compass or meridian known;
Coasting, they kept the land within their ken,
  And knew no north but when the pole-star shone.

Of all who since have us'd the open sea,
  Than the bold English none more fame have won
Beyond the year, and out of Heaven's high way,
  They make discoveries where they see no sun.

But what so long in vain, and yet unknown
  By poor mankind's benighted wit is sought,
Shall in this age to Britain first be shown,
  And hence be to admiring nations taught.

The ebbs of tides, and their mysterious flow,
  We, as Art's element, shall understand,
And as by line upon the ocean go,
  Whose path shall be familiar as the land.

Instructed ships shall sail to quick commerce,
  By which remotest regions are allied;
Which makes one city of the universe,
  Where some may gain, and all may be supplied.

Then we upon our globe's last verge shall go,
  And view the ocean leaning on the sky;
From thence our rolling neighbours we shall know,
  And on the lunar world securely pry.

This I foretel, from your auspicious care,
  Who great in search of God and Nature grow;
Who best your wise Creator's praise declare,
  Since best to praise his works is best to know.

O truly royal! who behold the law
  And rule of beings in your Maker's mind;
And thence, like limbecs, rich ideas draw,
  To fit the levell'd use of humankind.

But first the toils of war we must endure,
  And from the' injurious Dutch redeem t
War makes the valiant of his right secure,
  And gives up Fraud to be chastis'd with

Already were the Belgians on our coast,
  Whose fleet more mighty every day bec
By late success, which they did falsely boa
  And now, by first appearing, seem'd to

Designing, subtle, diligent, and close,
  They knew to manage war with wise de
Yet all those arts their vanity did cross,
  And by their pride their prudence did b

Nor staid the English long; but, well supp
  Appear as numerous as the' insulting fo
The combat now by courage must be tried
  And the success the braver nation show.

There was the Plymouth squadron now co
  Which in the Straits last winter was abr
Which twice on Biscay's working bay had
  And on the Mid-land sea the French had

Old expert Allen, loyal all along,
  Fam'd for his action on the Smyrna fleet
And Holmes, whose name shall live in epic
  While music numbers, or while verse ha

Holmes, the Achates of the General's fight
  Who first bewitch'd our eyes with guine
As once old Cato in the Roman's sight
  The tempting fruits of Afric did unfold.

n went Sprag, as bountiful as brave,
i his high courage to command had brought:
who did the twice-fir'd Harry save,
n his burning ship undaunted fought.

Iollis, on a Muse by Mars begot,
Cæsar-like, to write and act great deeds:
it to revenge his fatal shot,
ght hand doubly to his left succeeds.

ds were there, in darker fame that dwell,
e deeds some nobler poem shall adorn;
ugh to me unknown, they, sure, fought well,
i Rupert led, and who were British born.

size an hundred fighting sail:
it the navy now at anchor rides,
derneath it the press'd waters fail,
rith its weight it shoulders off the tides.

hors weigh'd, the seamen shout so shrill,
Heaven and earth and the wide ocean rings;
e from westward waits their sails to fill,
ests in those high beds his downy wings.

y Dutch this gathering storm foresaw,
lurst not bide it on the English coast;
their treacherous shallows they withdraw,
here lay snares to catch the British host.

alse spider, when her nets are spread,
ambush'd in her silent den does lie;
ls far off the trembling of her thread,
e filmy cord *should* bind the struggling fly.

Then if, at last, she find him fast beset,
  She issues forth, and runs along her loom;
She joys to touch the captive in her net,
  And drag the little wretch in triumph home.

The Belgians hop'd that, with disorder'd haste,
  Our deep-cut keels upon the sands might run;
Or, if with caution leisurely were past, [one.
  Their numerous gross* might charge us one by

But, with a fore-wind pushing them above,
  And swelling tide that heav'd them from below,
O'er the blind flats our warlike squadrons move,
  And with spread sails to welcome battle go.

It seem'd as there the British Neptune stood,
  With all his hosts of waters at command,
Beneath them to submit the' officious flood;
  And with his trident shov'd them off the sand.

To the pale foes they suddenly draw near,
  And summon them to unexpected fight:
They start like murderers when ghosts appear,
  And draw their curtains in the dead of night.

Now van to van the foremost squadrons meet,
  The midmost battles hastening up behind;
Who view, far off, the storm of falling sleet,
  And hear their thunder rattling in the wind.

At length the adverse admirals appear;
  The two bold champions of each country's right:
Their eyes describe the lists as they come near,
  And draw the lines of death before they fight.

* The bulk of their army, or main body.

The distance judg'd for shot of every size,
  The linstocks touch, the pondrous ball expires;
The vigorous seaman every port-hole plies,
  And adds his heart to every gun he fires.

Fierce was the fight on the proud Belgians' side,
  For honour, which they seldom sought before:
But now they by their own vain boasts were tried,
  And forc'd, at least in show, to prize it more.

But sharp remembrance on the English part,
  And shame of being match'd by such a foe,
Rouse conscious virtue up in every heart,
  And seeming to be stronger, makes them so.

Nor long the Belgians could that fleet sustain,
  Which did two generals' fates and Cæsar's bear;
Each several ship a victory did gain,
  As Rupert or as Albemarle were there.

Their batter'd admiral too soon withdrew,
  Unthank'd by ours for his unfinish'd fight:
But he the minds of his Dutch masters knew,
  Who call'd that Providence, which we call'd
    Flight.

Never did men more joyfully obey,
  Or sooner understood the sign to fly:
With such alacrity they bore away,
  As if, to praise them, all the States stood by.

O famous Leader of the Belgian fleet!
  Thy monument inscrib'd such praise shall wear,
As Varro, *timely flying*, once did meet,
  Because he did not of his Rome despair.

Behold that navy which, a while before,
  Provok'd the tardy English close to fi
Now draw their beaten vessels close to s
  As larks lie dar'd, to shun the hobbies

Whoe'er would English monuments surv
  In other records may our courage kno
But let them hide the story of this day,
  Whose fame was blemish'd by too bas

Or if too busily they will inquire
  Into a victory which we disdain,
Then let them know the Belgians did re
  Before the patron saint* of injur'd Sp

Repenting England this revengeful day
  To Philip's† manes did an offering bri
England, which first, by leading them as
  Hatch'd up rebellion to destroy her Ki

Our fathers bent their baneful industry,
  To check a monarchy that slowly grev
But did not France or Holland's fate fore
  Whose rising power to swift dominion

In Fortune's empire blindly thus we go,
  And wander after pathless Destiny;
Whose dark resorts since Prudence cann
  In vain it would provide for what shall

But whate'er English to the bless'd shall
  And the fourth Harry or first Orange r
Find him disowning of a Bourbon foe,
  And him detesting a Batavian fleet.

* St. James: on whose day this victory was gained
† Philip II. of Spain.

Now on their coasts our conquering navy rides,
  Waylays their merchants, and their land besets;
Each day new wealth without their care provides;
They lie asleep with prizes in their nets.

So close behind some promontory lie
  The huge leviathans to attend their prey,
And give no chase, but swallow in the fry,
  Which through their gaping jaws mistake the way.

Nor was this all; in ports and roads remote
  Destructive fires among whole fleets we send;*
Triumphant flames upon the waters float,
And out-bound ships at home their voyage end.

Those various squadrons variously design'd,
  Each vessel freighted with a several load,
Each squadron waiting for a several wind,
  All find but one, to burn them in the road.

Some bound for Guinea, golden sand to find,
  Bore all the gauds the simple natives wear;
Some for the pride of Turkish courts design'd,
  For folded turbans finest holland bear.

Some English wool, vex'd in a Belgian loom,
  And into cloth of spungy softness made,
Did into France or colder Denmark doom,
  To ruin with worse ware our staple trade.

Our greedy seamen rummage every hold,
  Smile on the booty of each wealthier chest;
And as the priests, who with their gods make bold,
  Take what they like, and sacrifice the rest.

* Burning of the fleet in the Uly, by Sir Robert Holmes.

But, ah! how unsincere are all our joys! [stay;
  Which, sent from Heaven, like lightning make no
Their palling taste the journey's length destroys,
  Or Grief, sent post, o'ertakes them on the way.

Swell'd with our late successes on the foe,
  Which France and Holland wanted power to
We urge an unseen fate to lay us low, [cross,
  And feed their envious eyes with English loss.*

Each element his dread command obeys,
  Who makes or ruins with a smile or frown;
Who, as by one he did our nation raise,
  So now he with another pulls us down.

Yet London, empress of the Northern clime,
  By an high fate thou greatly didst expire;
Great as the world's, which, at the death of Time,
  Must fall, and rise a nobler frame—by fire.

As when some dire usurper Heaven provides,
  To scourge his country with a lawless sway,
His birth, perhaps, some petty village hides,
  And sets his cradle out of Fortune's way:

Till fully ripe, his swelling fate breaks out,
  And hurries him to mighty mischiefs on;
His prince, surpris'd at first, no ill could doubt,
  And wants the power to meet it when 'tis known.

Such was the rise of this prodigious fire,
  Which, in mean buildings first obscurely bred,
From thence did soon to open streets aspire,
  And straight to palaces and temples spread.

* Transition to the Fire of London.

The diligence of Trade, and noiseful Gain,
  And Luxury, more late, asleep were laid:
All was the Night's, and, in her silent reign,
  No sound the rest of Nature did invade.

In this deep quiet, from what source unknown,
  Those seeds of fire their fatal birth disclose;
And, first, few scattering sparks about were blown,
  Big with the flames that to our ruin rose.

Then in some close-pent room it crept along,
  And, smouldering as it went, in silence fed:
Till the' infant monster, with devouring strong,
  Walk'd boldly upright with exalted head.

Now, like some rich or mighty murderer,
  Too great for prison, which he breaks with gold;
Who fresher for new mischiefs does appear,
  And dares the world to tax him with the old:

So 'scapes the' insulting fire his narrow jail,
  And makes small outlets into open air;
There the fierce winds his tender force assail,
  And beat him downward to his first repair.

The winds, like crafty courtezans, withheld
  His flames from burning, but to blow them more;
At every fresh attempt he is repell'd
  With faint denials, weaker than before.

And now, no longer letted of his prey,
  He leaps up at it with enrag'd desire;
O'erlooks the neighbours with a wide survey,
  And nods at every house his threat'ning fire.

The ghosts of traitors from the bridge descend,
  With bold fanatic spectres to rejoice;
About the fire into a dance they bend,
  And sing their sabbath-notes with feeble voice

Our guardian angel saw them where they sate,
  Above the palace of our slumbering King:
He sigh'd, abandoning his charge to Fate,
  And, drooping, oft look'd back upon the wing

At length the crackling noise and dreadful blaze
  Call'd up some waking lover to the sight;
And long it was ere he the rest could raise,
  Whose heavy eyelids yet were full of night.

The next to danger, hot pursued by Fate,
  Half-cloth'd, half-naked, hastily retire;
And frighted mothers strike their breasts, too la
  For helpless infants left amidst the fire.

Their cries soon waken all the dwellers near;
  Now murmuring noises rise in every street:
The more remote run stumbling with their fear,
  And, in the dark, men justle as they meet.

So weary bees in little cells repose;
  But if night-robbers lift the well-stor'd hive,
An humming through their waxen city grows,
  And out upon each other's wings they drive.

Now streets grow throng'd and busy as by day:
  Some run for buckets to the hallow'd quire;
Some cut the pipes, and some the engines play,
  And some, more bold, mount ladders to the fir

In vain: for from the east a Belgian wind
  His hostile breath through the dry rafters sent;
The flames, impell'd, soon left their foes behind,
  And forward, with a wanton fury, went.

A key of fire ran all along the shore,
  And lighten'd all the river with a blaze;
The waken'd tides began again to roar,
  And wondering fish in shining waters gaze.

Old Father Thames rais'd up his reverend head,
  But fear'd the fate of Simois would return;
Deep in his ooze he sought his sedgy bed,
  And shrunk his waters back into his urn.

The fire, meantime, walks in a broader gross;
  To either hand his wings he opens wide;
He wades the streets, and straight he reaches cross,
  And plays his longing flames on t'other side.

At first they warm, then scorch, and then they take;
  Now with long necks from side to side they feed;
At length, grown strong, their mother-fire forsake,
  And a new colony of flames succeed.

To every nobler portion of the Town
  The curling billows roll their restless tide:
In parties now they straggle up and down,
  As armies, unoppos'd, for prey divide.

One mighty squadron, with a side-wind sped,
  Through narrow lanes his cumber'd fire does haste,
By powerful charms of gold and silver led,
  The *Lombard bankers* and the 'Change to waste.

Another backward to the Tower wouk
  And slowly eats his way against the
But the main body of the marching foe
  Against the' imperial palace is desig

Now day appears, and with the day th
  Whose early care had robb'd him of
Far off the cracks of falling houses rin
  And shrieks of subjects pierce his te

Near as he draws, thick harbingers of
  With gloomy pillars, cover all the pl
Whose little intervals of night are brol
  By sparks that drive against his sacr

More than his guards his sorrows made
  And pious tears which down his cheek
The wretched in his grief forgot their
  So much the pity of a king has pow'

He wept the flames of what he lov'd s
  And what so well had merited his lo
For never prince in grace did more ex
  Or royal city more in duty strove.

Nor with an idle care did he behold;
  (Subjects may grieve, but monarchs n
He cheers the fearful and commends t
  And makes despairers hope for good

Himself directs what first is to be done
  And orders all the succours which t
The helpful and the good about him r
  And form an army worthy such a ki

He sees the dire contagion spread so fast,
  That, where it seizes, all relief is vain;
And therefore must unwillingly lay waste
  That country, which would else the foe maintain.

The powder blows up all before the fire:
  The' amazed flames stand gather'd on a heap:
And from the precipice's brink retire,
  Afraid to venture on so large a leap.

Thus fighting fires a while themselves consume,
  But straight, like Turks, forc'd on to win or die,
They first lay tender bridges of their fume,
  And o'er the breach in unctuous vapours fly.

Part stay for passage, till a gust of wind
  Ships o'er their forces in a shining sheet;
Part creeping under ground, their journey blind,
  And climbing from below, their fellows meet.

Thus to some desert plain, or old wood-side,
  Dire night-hags come from far to dance their round;
And o'er broad rivers on their fiends they ride,
  Or sweep in clouds above the blasted ground.

No help avails; for, hydra-like, the fire
  Lifts up his hundred heads to aim his way;
And scarce the wealthy can one half retire
  Before he rushes in to share the prey.

The rich grow suppliant, and the poor grow proud;
  Those offer mighty gain, and these ask more;
So void of pity is the' ignoble crowd,
  When others' ruin may increase their store.

As those who live by shores with joy behold
  Some wealthy vessel split or stranded nigh,
And from the rocks leap down for shipwreck'd gol
  And seek the tempests which the others fly:

So these but wait the owners' last despair,
  And what's permitted to the flames invade;
E'en from their jaws the hungry morsels tear,
  And on their backs the spoils of Vulcan lade.

The days were all in this lost labour spent;
  And when the weary King gave place to night
His beams he to his royal brother lent,
  And so shone still in his reflective light.

Night came, but without darkness or repose,
  A dismal picture of the general doom;
Where souls distracted, when the trumpet blows
  And half unready, with their bodies come.

Those who have homes, when home they do repa
  To a last lodging call their wandering friends:
Their short uneasy sleeps are broke with care,
  To look how near their own destruction tends.

Those who have none, sit round where once it ws
  And with full eyes each wonted room require;
Haunting the yet warm ashes of the place,
  As murder'd men walk where they did expire.

Some stir up coals, and watch the vestal fire,
  Others in vain from sight of ruin run;
And, while through burning labyrinths they retir
  With loathing eyes repeat what they would shu

The most in fields, like herded beasts, lie down,
  To dews obnoxious, on the grassy floor;
And, while their babes in sleep their sorrows drown,
  Sad parents watch the remnants of their store.

While by the motion of the flames they guess
  What streets are burning now, and what are near,
An infant, waking, to the paps would press,
  And meets, instead of milk, a falling tear.

No thought can ease them but their Sovereign's care,
  Whose praise the' afflicted as their comfort sing:
E'en those, whom want might drive to just despair,
  Think life's a blessing under such a King.

Mean time he sadly suffers in their grief,
  Outweeps an hermit, and outprays a saint;
All the long night he studies their relief,
  How they may be supplied, and he may want.

'O God! (said he) thou patron of my days,
  Guide of my youth in exile and distress!
Who me unfriended brought'st, by wondrous ways,
  The kingdom of my fathers to possess:

'Be thou my judge, with what unwearied care
  I since have labour'd for my people's good:
To bind the bruises of a Civil war,
  And stop the issues of their wasting blood!

'Thou, who hast taught me to forgive the ill,
  And recompense, as friends, the good misled;
If mercy be a precept of thy will,
  Return *that mercy* on thy servant's head.

'Or, if my heedless youth has stepp'd astray,
  Too soon forgetful of thy gracious hand;
On me alone thy just displeasure lay,
  But take thy judgments from this mourning l

'We all have sinn'd, and thou hast laid us low
  As humble earth, from whence at first we can
Like flying shades before the clouds we show,
  And shrink like parchment in consuming flan

'O let it be enough what thou hast done: [str
  When spotted deaths ran arm'd through ev
With poison'd darts, which not the good could sh
  The speedy could outfly, or valiant meet.

'The living few, and frequent funerals then,
  Proclaim'd thy wrath on this forsaken place;
And now those few, who are return'd again,
  Thy searching judgments to their dwellings tr

'O pass not, Lord, an absolute decree,
  Or bind thy sentence unconditional;
But in thy sentence our remorse foresee,
  And, in that foresight, this thy doom recal.

'Thy threatenings, Lord, as thine, thou may's
  But if immutable and fix'd they stand, [vc
Continue still thyself to give the stroke,
  And let not foreign foes oppress thy land.'

The' Eternal heard, and from the heavenly cho
  Chose out the cherub with the flaming swor
And bade him swiftly drive the' approaching fi
  From where our naval magazines were stor'c

The blessed minister his wings display'd,
And, like a shooting star, he cleft the night:
He charg'd the flames, and those that disobey'd
He lash'd to duty with his sword of light.

The fugitive flames, chastis'd, went forth to pray
On pious structures, by our fathers rear'd;
By which to Heaven they did affect the way,
Ere faith in churchmen without works was heard.

The wanting orphans saw, with watery eyes,
Their founders' charity in dust laid low;
And sent to God their ever-answer'd cries;
For he protects the poor, who made them so.

Nor could thy fabric, Paul, defend thee long,
Though thou wert sacred to thy Maker's praise:
Though made immortal by a poet's song;
And poets' songs the Theban walls could raise.

The daring flames peep'd in, and saw from far
The awful beauties of the sacred quire;
But since it was profan'd by civil war,
Heaven thought it fit to have it purg'd by fire.

Now down the narrow streets it swiftly came,
And, widely opening, did on both sides prey;
This benefit we sadly owe the flame,
If only ruin must enlarge our way.

And now four days the sun had seen our woes,
Four nights the moon beheld the' incessant fire;
It seem'd as if the stars more sickly rose,
And farther from the feverish North retire.

In the' empyrean Heaven, the bless'd a
  The Thrones and the Dominions pro
Not daring to behold their angry God;
  And an hush'd silence damps the tun

At length the' Almighty cast a pitying
  And mercy softly touch'd his melting
He saw the Town's one-half in rubbish
  And eager flames drive on to storm t

An hollow crystal pyramid he takes,
  In firmamental waters dipt above;
Of it a broad extinguisher he makes,
  And hoods the flames that to their qua

The vanquish'd fires withdraw from ev
  Or, full with feeding, sink into a slee
Each household Genius shows again his
  And from the hearths the little Lares

Our King this more than natural chang
  With sober joy his heart and eyes ab
To the All-good his lifted hands he fold
  And thanks him low on his redeemed

As when sharp frosts had long constrain
  A kindly thaw unlocks it with cold r
And first the tender blade peeps up to l
  And straight the green fields laugh wi
    grain.

By such degrees the spreading gladnes
  In every heart which fear had froze b
The standing streets with so much joy t
  That with less grief the perish'd they

The Father of the people open'd wide
His stores, and all the poor with plenty fed:
Thus God's anointed God's own place supplied,
And fill'd the empty with his daily bread.

This royal bounty brought its own reward,
And in their minds so deep did print the sense,
That if their ruins sadly they regard, [thence.
'Tis but with fear the sight might drive him

But so may he live long that Town to sway,
Which by his auspice they will nobler make,
As he will hatch their ashes by his stay,
And not their humble ruins now forsake.

They have not lost their loyalty by fire;
Nor is their courage or their wealth so low,
That from his wars they poorly would retire,
Or beg the pity of a vanquish'd foe.

Not with more constancy the Jews of old,
By Cyrus from rewarded exile sent,
Their royal city did in dust behold,
Or with more vigour to rebuild it went.

The utmost malice of the stars is past, [Town,
And two dire comets, which have scourg'd the
In their own plague and fire have breath'd their last,
Or, dimly, in their sinking sockets frown.

Now frequent trines the happier lights among,
And high-rais'd Jove from his dark prison freed,
(Those weights took off that on his planet hung)
Will gloriously the new-laid works succeed.

Methinks already, from this chemic flame,
  I see a city of more precious mould:
Rich as the town,* which gives the Indies name,
  With silver pav'd, and all divine with gold.

Already, labouring with a mighty fate,
  She shakes the rubbish from her mounting brow
And seems to have renew'd her charter's date,
  Which Heaven will to the death of Time allow.

More great than human, now, and more august,†
  New deified she from her fires does rise;
Her widening streets on new foundations trust,
  And, opening, into larger parts she flies.

Before, she like some shepherdess did show,
  Who sat to bathe her by a river's side;
Not answering to her fame, but rude and low,
  Nor taught the beauteous arts of modern pride.

Now, like a maiden queen, she will behold,
  From her high turrets, hourly suitors come;
The East with incense, and the West with gold,
  Will stand, like suppliants, to receive her doom.

The silent Thames, her own domestic flood,
  Shall bear her vessels, like a sweeping train;
And often wind, as of his mistress proud,
  With longing eyes to meet her face again.

* Mexico.
† Augusta was one of the names of London.

SALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

A POEM.

IN TWO PARTS.

TO THE READER.

not my intention to make an apology for my m: some will think it needs no excuse, and ers will receive none. The design, I am sure, onest; but he who draws his pen for one party st expect to make enemies of the other: for wit d fools are consequents of Whig and Tory; and ery man is a knave or an ass to the contrary side. ere is a treasury of merits in the Fanatic church, well as in the Popish, and a penny-worth to be d of saintship, honesty, and poetry, for the lewd, factious, and the blockheads: but the longest apter in Deuteronomy has not curses enough for Anti-Bromingham. My comfort is, their mani- t prejudice to my cause will render their judg- nt of less authority against me. Yet, if a poem re a genius, it will force its own reception in the rld: for there is a sweetness in good verse which kles even while it hurts; and no man can be rtily angry with him who pleases him against will. The commendation of adversaries is the

ıe violent whom I desire to please. The
the other hand, is to extenuate, palliate,
lge; and, to confess freely, I have endea-
commit it. Besides the respect which I
irth, I have a greater for his heroic vir-
David* himself could not be more tender
ıng man's life, than I would be of his re-
But since the most excellent natures are
e most easy, and, as being such, are the
erverted by ill counsels, especially when
th fame and glory; it is no more a won-
he withstood not the temptations of Achi-
han it was for Adam not to have resisted
levils, the serpent and the woman. The
n of the story I purposely forebore to pro-
ecause I could not obtain from myself to
alom unfortunate. The frame of it was
ut for a picture to the waist; and if the
e so far true, it is as much as I designed.
the inventor, who am only the historian,
certainly conclude the piece with the re-
nt of Absalom to David; and who knows
ay come to pass? Things were not brought
emity where I left the story; there seems
room left for a composure; hereafter,
be only for pity. I have not so much as
ritable wish against Achitophel, but am
be accused of a good-natured error, and
with Origen, that the devil himself may at
ed: for which reason, in this Poem, he is
ought to set his house in order, nor to dis-
s person afterwards as he in wisdom shall

greatest triumph of a writer, because it never co
unless extorted. But I can be satisfied on more e
terms; if I happen to please the more moder
sort, I shall be sure of an honest party, and, in
probability, of the best judges; for the least c
cerned are commonly the least corrupt. An
confess I have laid in for these, by rebating the
tire (where justice would allow it) from carry
too sharp an edge. They who can criticise
weakly as to imagine I have done my worst, may
convinced, at their own cost, that I can write
verely with more ease than I can gently. I h
but laughed at some men's follies, when I co
have declaimed against their vices; and other me
virtues I have commended as freely as I have ta
their crimes.

And now, if you are a malicious reader, I exp
you should return upon me, that I affect to
thought more impartial than I am. But if men
not to be judged by their professions, God forgi
you Commonwealths-men for professing so pla
bly for the government! You cannot be so unc
cionable as to charge me for not subscribing
name; for that would reflect too grossly upon ye
own party, who never dare, though they have t
advantage of a jury to secure them. If you like
my Poem, the fault may possibly be in my writi
though it is hard for an author to judge against hi
self; but more probably, it is in your morals, wh
cannot bear the truth of it. The violent on bo
sides will condemn the character of Absalom,*
either too favourably or too hardly drawn: but th

* The Duke of Monmouth.

are not the violent whom I desire to please. The fault, on the other hand, is to extenuate, palliate, and indulge; and, to confess freely, I have endeavoured to commit it. Besides the respect which I owe his birth, I have a greater for his heroic virtues; and David* himself could not be more tender of the young man's life, than I would be of his reputation. But since the most excellent natures are always the most easy, and, as being such, are the soonest perverted by ill counsels, especially when baited with fame and glory; it is no more a wonder, that he withstood not the temptations of Achitophel,† than it was for Adam not to have resisted the two devils, the serpent and the woman. The conclusion of the story I purposely forebore to prosecute, because I could not obtain from myself to show Absalom unfortunate. The frame of it was cut out, but for a picture to the waist; and if the draught be so far true, it is as much as I designed.

Were I the inventor, who am only the historian, I should certainly conclude the piece with the reconcilement of Absalom to David; and who knows but this may come to pass? Things were not brought to an extremity where I left the story; there seems yet to be room left for a composure; hereafter, there may be only for pity. I have not so much as an uncharitable wish against Achitophel, but am content to be accused of a good-natured error, and to hope, with Origen, that the devil himself may at last be saved: for which reason, in this Poem, he is neither brought to set his house in order, nor to dispose of his person afterwards as he in wisdom shall

* *Charles the Second.* † Earl of Shaftesbury.

think fit. God is merciful, and his vice-
gerent is only not so, because he is not infinite.

The true end of the amendment of vices
by correction; and he writes honestly is no
more an enemy to the offender, than the physician
to the patient, when he prescribes harsh remedies
to an inveterate disease; for those are only in order
to prevent the chirurgeon's work of an *ense
rescindendum*, which I wish not to my very enemies.
To conclude all: if the body politic have any analogy
to the natural, in my weak judgment an act of
oblivion were as necessary in a hot distempered
state, as an opiate would be in a raging fever.

salem	London.
. . . . .	English.
s	Sir Wm. Jones, a great Lawyer.
an	Dover.
am	Saville, Marquis of Halifax.
ran	Lord Dartmouth.
osheth	Richard Cromwell.
l	England.
har	Thomas Thynne, Esq. who was shot in his coach.
s	Mr. Ferguson, a canting Teacher.
an	Sir Robert Clayton, Alderman, and one of the City Members.
hibosheth . . .	Pordage.
al	Catharine, Queen of Charles II.
ab	Lord Howard of Escriek.
. . . . .	Shadwell.
niel	Henry D. of Grafton, natural Son of King Charles II. by the Duchess of Cleveland.
leg	Forbes.
raoh	King of France.
sheka	Sir Thomas Player, one of the City Members.
an of Jerusalem	Dr. Compton, Bishop of London, youngest Son to the Earl of Northampton.
nedrim	Parliament.
. . . . .	Oliver Cromwell.
nei	Slingsby Bethel, Sheriff of London in 1680.
ra	Sir Roger L'Estrange.
. . . . .	England.

Annabel	Anne, Duchess of Monm the daughter and sole of Francis, Earl of cleugh.
Arod	Sir William Waller.
Asaph	A character drawn by Tat Dryden, in the Second of this Poem.
Balaam	Earl of Huntingdon.
Balak	Barnet.
Barzillai	Duke of Ormond.
Bathsheba	Duchess of Portsmouth.
Benaiah	General Sackville.
Ben Jochanan . . .	Rev. Samuel Johnson.
Bezaliel	Duke of Beaufort.
Caleb	Ford, Lord Grey of Werk.
Corah	Dr. Titus Oates.
David	King Charles II.
Doeg	Elkanah Settle, the City p
Egypt	France.
Eliab	Sir Henry Bennet, Earl o lington.
Ethnic-plot	The Popish-plot.
Gath	The Land of Exile, more p cularly Brussels, where Charles II. long resided.
Hebron	Scotland.
Hebrew Priests . .	The Church of England Cle
Helon	Earl of Feversham, a Fre man by birth, and nephe Marshall Turenne.
Hushai	Hyde, Earl of Rochester.
Jebusites	Papists.

n . . . . . London.
. . . . . English.
. . . . . Sir Wm. Jones, a great Lawyer.
. . . . . Dover.
. . . . . Saville, Marquis of Halifax.
. . . . . Lord Dartmouth.
:h . . . . . Richard Cromwell.
. . . . . England.
. . . . . Thomas Thynne, Esq. who was shot in his coach.
. . . . . Mr. Ferguson, a canting Teacher.
. . . . . Sir Robert Clayton, Alderman, and one of the City Members.
ıheth . . . Pordage.
. . . . . Catharine, Queen of Charles II.
. . . . . Lord Howard of Escriek.
. . . . . Shadwell.
. . . . . Henry D. of Grafton, natural Son of King Charles II. by the Duchess of Cleveland.
. . . . . Forbes.
. . . . . King of France.
ı . . . . . Sir Thomas Player, one of the City Members.
Jerusalem Dr. Compton, Bishop of London, youngest Son to the Earl of Northampton.
m . . . . Parliament.
. . . . . Oliver Cromwell.
. . . . . Slingsby Bethel, Sheriff of London in 1680.
. . . . . Sir Roger L'Estrange.
. . . . . England.

Solymean Rout . .	London Rebels.
Tyre	Holland.
Uzza	Jack Hall.
Zadoc	Sancroft, Archbishop of C terbury.
Zaken	A Member of the House Commons.
Zimri	Villiers, Duke of Buckingh
Ziloah	Sir John Moore, Lord Mayo 1682.

ıBSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

PART I.

—Si propius stes,
Te capiet magis— HOR.

ous times, ere priestcraft did begin,
re polygamy was made a sin;
n man on many multiplied his kind,
one to one was cursedly confin'd,
n Nature prompted, and no law denied
niscuous use of concubine and bride;
ı Israel's monarch, after Heaven's own heart,
vigorous warmth did variously impart
rives and slaves; and, wide as his command,
ter'd his Maker's image through the land.
ıal, of royal blood, the crown did wear,
il ungrateful to the tiller's care:
so the rest; for several mothers bore
godlike David several sons before:
since like slaves his bed they did ascend,
rue succession could their seed attend.
ll the numerous progeny was none
eautiful, so brave, as Absalom:
ther, inspir'd by some diviner lust,
father got him with a greater gust,

Or that his conscious destiny made way,
By manly beauty, to imperial sway;
Early in foreign fields he won renown,
With kings and states allied to Israel's crown
In peace the thoughts of war he could remov
And seem'd as he were only born for love.
Whate'er he did, was done with so much ease
In him alone 'twas natural to please;
His motions all accompanied with grace,
And Paradise was open'd in his face.
With secret joy indulgent David view'd
His youthful image in his son renew'd;
To all his wishes nothing he denied,
And made the charming Annabel his bride.
What faults he had (for who from faults is fre
His father could not, or he would not see.
Some warm excesses, which the law forebore,
Were construed youth, that purg'd by boiling
And Amnon's murder, by a specious name,
Was call'd a just revenge for injur'd fame.
Thus prais'd, and lov'd, the noble youth rem
While David undisturb'd in Sion reign'd:
But life can never be sincerely blest,
Heaven punishes the bad, and proves the best
The Jews, a headstrong, moody, murmuring r
As ever tried the' extent and stretch of grace
God's pamper'd people, whom, debauch'd with
No king could govern, nor no God could plea
(Gods they had tried of every shape and size
That god-smiths could produce, or priests dev
These Adam-wits, too fortunately free,
Began to dream they wanted liberty;
And when no rule, no precedent was found
Of men by laws less circumscrib'd and bound,

They led their wild desires to woods and caves,
And thought that all but savages were slaves.
They who, when Saul was dead, without a blow
Made foolish Ishbosheth the crown forego;
Who banish'd David did from Hebron bring,
And, with a general shout, proclaim'd him king:
Those very Jews, who, at their very best,
Their humour more than loyalty express'd,
Now wonder'd why so long they had obey'd
An idol-monarch which their hands had made;
Thought they might ruin him they could create,
Or melt him to that golden calf, a state.
But these were random bolts; no form'd design,
Nor interest, made the factious crowd to join:
The sober part of Israel, free from stain,
Well knew the value of a peaceful reign;
And looking backward, with a wise affright,
Saw seams of wounds, dishonest to the sight;
In contemplation of whose ugly scars,
They curs'd the memory of civil wars.
The moderate sort of men, thus qualified,
Inclin'd the balance to the better side;
And David's mildness manag'd it so well,
The bad found no occasion to rebel.
But when to sin our bias'd nature leans,
The careful devil is still at hand with means,
And providently pimps for ill desires;
The good old cause reviv'd a plot requires.
Plots, true or false, are necessary things
To raise up commonwealths, and ruin kings.
The' inhabitants of old Jerusalem
Were Jebusites; the town so call'd from them;
And theirs the native right——

But when the chosen people grew more strong,
The rightful cause at length became the wrong;
And every loss the men of Jebus bore,
They still were thought God's enemies the more.
Thus worst to weakest fell, or ill to well,
Salomon they made, as David's government
Improved and depraved of all command.
Their taxes doubled as they lost their land;
And what was tribute paid to heaven and God,
Their gods disgraced and burnt like common wood.
This set the beardless prophets in a flame;
For priests of all religions are the same:
Of whatsoever descent their godhead be,
Stock, stone, or other homely pedigree,
In his defence his servants are as bold
As if he had been born of beaten gold.
The Jewish Rabbins though their enemies,
In this conclude them honest men and wise;
For 'twas their duty, all the attempt unless,
To expose the cause by which they eat and dress.
From hence began that plot, the nation's curse,
Bless'd work! that ripened apace to worse.
Plots, true or false, are necessary things,
To state affairs as wind to spring or wings.
Note, we get a vast advantage by the mistake,
Forsaken when the times begin to wake and shake.
Some think there was, but these I know will lie
Not
To raise the fears and praise the wise.
Suppositions, times and ends fully plan
Forming problems, to believing all
The Egyptian wise the Israelites enslaved
Where gods were recommended by their staff:

:h savoury deities must needs be good,
serv'd at once for worship and for food.
force they could not introduce these gods;
r ten to one, in former days, was odds.
fraud was us'd, (the sacrificer's trade)
ols are more hard to conquer than persuade.
eir busy teachers mingled with the Jews,
d rak'd for converts ev'n the court and stews;
nich Hebrew priests the more unkindly took,
cause the fleece accompanies the flock.
ne thought they God's Anointed meant to slay
guns, invented since full many a day:
r author swears it not; but who can know
w far the devil and Jebusites may go;
is plot, which fail'd for want of common sense,
d yet a deep and dangerous consequence:
r as, when raging fevers boil the blood,
e standing lake soon floats into a flood,
d every hostile humour, which before
pt quiet in its channels, bubbles o'er;
several factions, from this first ferment,
rk up to foam, and threat the government.
ne by their friends, more by themselves thought wise,
pos'd the power to which they could not rise:
ne had in courts been great, and thrown from thence,
:e fiends, were harden'd in impenitence:
ne, by their monarch's fatal mercy, grown
m pardon'd rebels kinsmen to the throne,
re rais'd in power and public office high;
ong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.
f these the false Achitophel was first,
ame to all succeeding ages curs'd;

For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfix'd in principles and place,
In power unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace;
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleas'd with the danger, when the waves went high
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeather'd, two-legg'd thing, a son;
Got while his soul did huddled notions try,
And born a shapeless lump, like Anarchy.
In friendship false, implacable in hate,
Resolv'd to ruin or to rule the state.
To compass this, the triple bond he broke,
The pillars of the public safety shook,
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke;
Then seiz'd with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name:
So easy still it proves, in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will?
Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own?

Yet fame deserv'd, no enemy can grudge;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean;
Unbrib'd, unsought, the wretched to redress,
Swift of dispatch, and easy of access.
Oh! had he been content to serve the Crown
With virtues only proper to the gown;
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle, that oppress'd the noble seed;
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And Heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,
Disdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.
Now manifest of crimes contriv'd long since,
He stood at bold defiance with his prince;
Held up the buckler of the people's cause
Against the Crown, and sculk'd behind the laws.
The wish'd occasion of the plot he takes,
Some circumstances finds, but more he makes;
By buzzing emissaries fills the ears
Of listening crowds with jealousies and fears,
Or arbitrary counsels brought to light,
And proves the King himself a Jebusite.
Weak arguments! which yet he knew full well
Were strong with people easy to rebel:
For govern'd by the moon, the giddy Jews
Tread the same track when she the prime renews;
And once in twenty years, their scribes record,
By natural instinct they change their lord.

Achitophel still wants a chief, and none
Was found so fit as warlike Absalom:
Not that he wish'd his greatness to create,
(For politicians neither love nor hate)
But, for he knew his title not allow'd
Would keep him still depending on the crowd;
That kingly power, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.
Him he attempts, with studied arts, to please,
And sheds his venom in such words as these;
"Auspicious Prince, at whose nativity
Some royal planet rul'd the southern sky,
Thy longing country's darling and desire,
Their cloudy pillar, and their guardian fire;
Their second Moses, whose extended wand
Divides the seas, and shows the Promis'd land;
Whose dawning day, in every distant age,
Has exercis'd the sacred prophet's rage:
The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's vision, and the old men's dreams
Thee, Saviour, thee the nation's vows confess,
And never satisfied with seeing, bless:
Swift, unbespoken pomps, thy steps proclaim,
And stammering babes are taught to lisp thy name
How long wilt thou the general joy detain,
Starve, and defraud the people of thy reign;
Content ingloriously to pass thy days
Like one of Virtue's fools, that feed on praise;
Till thy fresh glories, which now shine so bright
Grow stale, and tarnish with our daily sight?
Believe me, royal youth, thy fruit must be
Or gather'd ripe, or rot upon the tree:
Heaven has to all allotted, soon or late,
Some lucky revolution of their fate;

motions, if we watch and guide with skill,
man good depends on human will,)
une rolls as from a smooth descent,
m the first impression takes the bent;
nseiz'd, she glides away like wind,
ves repenting folly far behind.
ow she meets you with a glorious prize,
eads her locks before you as she flies.
s old David, from whose loins you spring,
'd, when Fortune call'd him to be king,
an exile he might still remain,
aven's anointing oil had been in vain.
successful youth your hopes engage,
n the' example of declining age;
him setting in his western skies,
dows lengthening as the vapours rise.
t now as when, on Jordan's sand,
ful people throng'd to see him land,
g the beach, and blackening all the strand;
e the prince of angels, from his height,
umbling downward with diminish'd light;
l by one poor plot to public scorn,
ly blessing since his curs'd return,)
eaps of people which one sheaff did bind,
off and scatter'd by a puff of wind.
rength can he to your designs oppose,
of friends, and round beset with foes?
aoh's doubtful succour he should use,
rn aid would more incense the Jews:
Egypt would dissembled friendship bring,
the war, but not support the King:
uld the royal party e'er unite
haraoh's arms to assist the Jebusite;

Or if they should, their interest soon would break,
And, with such odious aid, make David weak.
All sorts of men, by my successful arts,
Abhorring kings, estrange their alter'd hearts
From David's rule: and 'tis their general cry,
Religion, Commonwealth, and Liberty;
If you, as champion of the public good,
Add to their arms a chief of royal blood,
What may not Israel hope, and what applause
Might such a general gain by such a cause?
Not barren praise alone, that gaudy flow'r,
Fair only to the sight, but solid pow'r;
And nobler is a limited command,
Giv'n by the love of all your native land,
Than a successive title, long and dark,
Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark."
What cannot praise effect in mighty minds,
When Flattery soothes, and when Ambition blinds;
Desire of power, on earth a vicious weed,
Yet, sprung from high, is of celestial seed:
In God 'tis glory; and when men aspire,
'Tis but a spark too much of heavenly fire.
The' ambitious youth, too covetous of fame,
Too full of angels' metal in his frame,
Unwarily was led from Virtue's ways,
Made drunk with honour, and debauch'd with praise:
Half loth and half consenting to the ill,
(For royal blood within him struggled still)
He thus replied:—"And what pretence have I
To take up arms for public liberty?
My father governs with unquestion'd right,
The Faith's defender, and mankind's delight;
Good, gracious, just, observant of the laws,
And Heaven by wonders has espous'd his cause.

Whom has he wrong'd in all his peaceful reign?
Who sues for justice to his throne, in vain?
What millions has he pardon'd of his foes,
Whom just revenge did to his wrath expose?
Mild, easy, humble, studious of our good,
Inclin'd to mercy, and averse from blood.
If mildness ill with stubborn Israel suit,
His crime is God's beloved attribute,
What could he gain his people to betray,
Or change his right for arbitrary sway?
Let haughty Pharaoh curse with such a reign
His fruitful Nile, and yoke a servile train.
If David's rule Jerusalem displease,
The dog-star heats their brain to this disease.
Why then should I, encouraging the bad,
Turn rebel, and run popularly mad?
Were he a tyrant who, by lawless might,
Oppress'd the Jews, and rais'd the Jebusite,
Well might I mourn; but Nature's holy bands
Would curb my spirits, and restrain my hands;
The people might assert their liberty;
But what was right in them, were crime in me.
His favour leaves me nothing to require,
Prevents my wishes, and outruns desire:
What more can I expect while David lives?
All but his kingly diadem he gives:
And that (but here he paused; then, sighing, said)
Is justly destin'd for a worthier head.
For when my father from his toils shall rest,
And late augment the number of the blest,
His lawful issue shall the throne ascend,
Or the collateral line, where that shall end.
His brother, though oppress'd with vulgar spite,
Yet dauntless, and secure of native right,

Of every royal virtue stands possest,
Still dear to all the bravest and the best:
His courage foes, his friends his truth proclaim,
His loyalty the King, the world his fame:
His mercy e'en the' offending crowd will find;
For sure he comes of a forgiving kind.
Why should I then repine at Heaven's decree,
Which gives me no pretence to royalty?
Yet, oh that Fate, propitiously inclin'd,
Had rais'd my birth, or had debas'd my mind;
To my large soul not all her treasure lent,
And then betray'd it to a mean descent!
I find, I find my mounting spirits bold,
And David's part disdains my mother's mould.
Why am I scanted by a niggard birth?
My soul disclaims the kindred of her earth,
And, made for empire, whispers me within,
Desire of greatness is a godlike sin."

Him staggering so when Hell's dire agent foun
While fainting Virtue scarce maintain'd her groun
He pours fresh forces in, and thus replies:

"The' eternal God, supremely good and wise,
Imparts not these prodigious gifts in vain;
What wonders are reserv'd to bless your reign;
Against your will, your arguments have shown
Such virtue's only given to guide a throne.
Not that your father's mildness I condemn,
But manly force becomes the diadem.
'Tis true, he grants the people all they crave,
And more, perhaps, than subjects ought to have;
For lavish grants suppose a monarch tame,
And more his goodness than his wit proclaim;
But when should people strive their bonds to brea
If not when kings are negligent or weak?

Let him give on, till he can give no more,
The thrifty Sanhedrim shall keep him poor;
And every shekel which he can receive
Shall cost a limb of his prerogative.
To ply him with new plots shall be my care,
Or plunge him deep in some expensive war;
Which when his treasure can no more supply,
He must, with the remains of kingship, buy
His faithful friends, our jealousies and fears,
Call Jebusites and Pharaoh's pensioners,
Whom when our fury from his aid has torn,
He shall be naked left to public scorn.
The next successor, whom I fear and hate,
My arts have made obnoxious to the state,
Turn'd all his virtues to his overthrow,
And gain'd our elders to pronounce a foe.
His right, for sums of necessary gold,
Shall first be pawn'd, and afterwards be sold,
Till time shall ever-wanting David draw
To pass your doubtful title into law;
If not, the people have a right supreme
To make their kings, for kings are made for them.
All empire is no more than power in trust,
Which, when resum'd, can be no longer just.
Succession, for the general good design'd,
In its own wrong a nation cannot bind;
If altering that the people can relieve,
Better one suffer than a million grieve.
The Jews well know their power; ere Saul they [chose,
God was their king, and God they durst depose.
Urge now your piety, your filial name,
A father's right, and fear of future fame;
The public good, that universal call,
To which e'*en Heaven* submitted, answers all.

Nor let his love enchant your generous mind;
'Tis Nature's trick to propagate her kind.
Our fond begetters, who would never die,
Love but themselves in their posterity.
Or let his kindness by the' effects be tried,
Or let him lay his vain pretence aside.
God said he lov'd your father; could he bring
A better proof than to anoint him King?
It surely show'd he lov'd the shepherd well,
Who gave so fair a flock as Israel.
Would David have you thought his darling son?
What means he then to alienate the crown?
The name of godly he may blush to bear;
Is't after God's own heart to cheat his heir?
He to his brother gives supreme command,
To you a legacy of barren land;
Perhaps the' old harp, on which he thrums his lay
Or some dull Hebrew ballad in your praise.
Then the next heir, a prince severe and wise,
Already looks on you with jealous eyes;
Sees through the thin disguises of your arts,
And marks your progress in the people's hearts;
Though now his mighty soul its grief contains,
He meditates revenge who least complains;
And like a lion slumbering in the way,
Or sleep dissembling while he waits his prey,
His fearless foes within his distance draws,
Constrains his roaring, and contracts his paws;
Till, at the last, his time for fury found,
He shoots with sudden vengeance from the groun
The prostrate vulgar passes o'er, and spares,
But with a lordly rage his hunters tears.
Your case no tame expedients will afford;
Resolve on death, or conquest by the sword,

Which for no less a stake than life you draw,
And self-defence is Nature's eldest law.
Leave the warm people no considering time,
For then rebellion may be thought a crime.
Avail yourself of what occasion gives,
But try your title while your father lives;
And, that your arms may have a fair pretence,
Proclaim you take them in the King's defence,
Whose sacred life each minute would expose
To plots, from seeming friends and secret foes.
And who can sound the depth of David's soul?
Perhaps his fear his kindness may control:
He fears his brother, though he loves his son,
For plighted vows too late to be undone.
So, by force he wishes to be gain'd,
Like women's lechery to seem constrain'd.
Doubt not; but, when he most affects the frown,
Commit a pleasing rape upon the Crown.
Secure his person to secure your cause;
They who possess the prince possess the laws."
He said; and this advice above the rest,
With Absalom's mild nature suited best;
Unblam'd of life, ambition set aside,
Not stain'd with cruelty nor puff'd with pride.
How happy had he been if destiny
Had higher plac'd his birth, or not so high!
His kingly virtues might have claim'd a throne,
And blest all other countries but his own:
But charming greatness since so few refuse,
'Tis juster to lament him than accuse.
Strong were his hopes a rival to remove,
With blandishments to gain the public love;
To head the faction while their zeal was hot,
And popularly prosecute the plot.

To further this, Achitophel unites
The malcontents of all the Israelites;
Whose differing parties he could wisely join,
For several ends to serve the same design.
The best, and of the princes some were such,
Who thought the power of monarchy too much
Mistaken men, and patriots in their hearts,
Not wicked, but seduc'd by impious arts.
By these the springs of property were bent,
And wound so high, they crack'd the governm
The next for interest sought to' embroil the st
To sell their duty at a dearer rate,
And make their Jewish markets of the throne,
Pretending public good, to serve their own.
Others thought kings an useless heavy load,
Who cost too much, and did too little good:
These were for laying honest David by,
On principles of pure good husbandry.
With them join'd all the' haranguers of the thro
That thought to get preferment by the tongue.
Who follow next a double danger bring,
Not only hating David, but the King;
The Solymean Rout, well vers'd of old,
In godly faction, and in treason bold;
Cowering and quaking at a conqueror's sword,
But lofty to a lawful prince restor'd;
Saw with disdain an Ethnic-plot begun,
And scorn'd by Jebusites to be outdone.
Hot Levites headed these, who pull'd before
From the' ark, which in the Judges' days they b
Resum'd their cant, and with a zealous cry
Pursued their old belov'd Theocracy;
Where Sanhedrim and priest enslav'd the natio
And justified their spoils by inspiration:

'ho so fit to reign as Aaron's race,
e dominion they could found in grace?
: led the pack; though not of surest scent,
eepest mouth'd against the government.
nerous host of dreaming saints succeed,
: true old enthusiastic breed:
t form and order they their power employ,
ıg to build, and all things to destroy.
r more numerous was the herd of such,
:hink too little, and who talk too much:
out of mere instinct, they knew not why,
l their fathers' God and property;
ıy the same blind benefit of fate,
evil and the Jebusite did hate:
:o be sav'd, e'en in their own despite,
se they could not help believing right.
were the tools; but a whole hydra more
ns, of sprouting heads too long to score.
of their chiefs were princes of the land:
first rank of these did Zimri stand;
so various, that he seem'd to be
ıe, but all mankind's epitome;
ı opinions, always in the wrong;
very thing by starts, and nothing long;
ı the course of one revolving moon,
ıemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon:
ıll for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
s ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
nadman! who could every hour employ
omething new to wish or to enjoy!
: and praising were his usual themes,
ıth (to show his judgment) in extremes;
r violent, or over civil,
very man with him was god or devil.

In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unre[illegible]ded, but desert:
Beggar'd by fools, [illegible] still he found too lit
He had his j[illegible] [illegible]uney had his estate.
He laugh'd [illegible] Court; then sought
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
For, spite of him, the we[illegible]ght of business fell
On Absalom, and wise A[illegible]hitophel:
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

Titles and names 'twere tedious to rehearse
Of lords below the dignity of verse:
Wits, warriors, commonwealths-men, were the
Kind husbands, and mere nobles all the rest.
And, therefore, in the name of dulness, be
The well-hung Balaam and cold Caleb free;
And canting Nadab let oblivion damn,
Who made new porridge for the paschal lamb
Let friendship's holy band some names assure
Some their own worth, and some let scorn se
Nor shall the rascal rabble here have place,
Whom kings no titles gave, and God no grac
Not bull-fac'd Jonas, who could statutes draw
To mean rebellion, and make treason law.
But he, though bad, is follow'd by a worse,
The wretch who Heaven's Anointed dar'd to c
Shimei, whose youth did early promise bring
Of zeal to God, and hatred to his king:
Did wisely from expensive sins refrain,
And never broke the Sabbath but for gain;
Nor ever was he known an oath to vent,
Or curse, unless against the government.
Thus heaping wealth, by the most ready way
Among the Jews, which was to cheat and pr

The City, to reward his pious hate
Against his master, chose him magistrate.
His hand a vase of justice did uphold:
His neck was loaded with a chain of gold.
During his office treason was no crime;
The sons of Belial had a glorious time:
For Shimei, though not prodigal of pelf,
Yet lov'd his wicked neighbour as himself.
When two or three were gather'd to declaim
Against the Monarch of Jerusalem,
Shimei was always in the midst of them;
And if they curs'd the king when he was by,
Would rather curse than break good company.
If any durst his factious friends accuse,
He pack'd a jury of dissenting Jews,
Whose fellow-feeling in the godly cause
Would free the suffering saint from human laws:
For laws are only made to punish those
Who serve the king, and to protect his foes.
If any leisure time he had from pow'r,
(Because 'tis sin to misemploy an hour)
His business was, by writing to persuade
That kings were useless, and a clog to trade;
And, that his noble style he might refine,
No Rechabite more shunn'd the fumes of wine.
Chaste were his cellars, and his shrieval board
The grossness of a City-feast abhorr'd:
His cooks, with long disuse, their trade forgot,
Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were hot
Such frugal virtue malice may accuse,
But sure 'twas necessary to the Jews:
For towns, once burnt, such magistrates require
As dare not tempt God's providence by fire.

With spiritual food he fed his servants well,
But free from flesh that made the jews rebel;
And Moses' laws he held in more account,
For forty days of fasting in the Mount.
To speak the rest, who better are forgot,
Would tire a well-breath'd witness of the plot:
Yet Corah, thou shalt from oblivion pass;
Erect thyself, thou monumental brass,
High as the serpent of thy metal made,
While nations stand secure beneath thy shade.
What though his birth were base, yet comets rise
From earthly vapours ere they shine in skies.
Prodigious actions may as well be done
By weaver's issue as by prince's son.
This arch-attester for the public good
By that one deed ennobles all his blood.
Who ever ask'd the witnesses' high race,
Whose oath with martyrdom did Stephen grace?
Ours was a Levite, and, as times went then,
His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.
Sunk were his eyes, his voice was harsh and loud,
Sure signs he neither choleric was, nor proud;
His long chin prov'd his wit; his saint-like grace
A church-vermilion, and a Moses' face.
His memory, miraculously great,
Could plots exceeding man's belief repeat,
Which therefore cannot be accounted lies,
For human wit could never such devise.
Some future truths are mingled in his book,
But where the witness fail'd, the prophet spoke:
Some things like visionary flight appear,
The Spirit caught him up, the Lord knows where,

And gave him his Rabbinical degree,
Unknown to foreign university:
His judgment yet his mem'ry did excel,
Which piec'd his wondrous evidence so well;
And suited to the temper of the times,
Then groaning under Jebusitic crimes.
Let Israel's foes suspect his heavenly call,
And rashly judge his writ apocryphal;
Our laws for such affronts have forfeits made;
He takes his life who takes away his trade.
Were I myself in witness Corah's place,
The wretch who did me such a dire disgrace
Should wet my memory, though once forgot,
To make him an appendix of my plot.
His zeal to Heaven made him his Prince despise,
And load his person with indignities:
But zeal peculiar privilege affords,
Indulging latitude to deeds and words;
And Corah might for Agag's murder call,
In terms as coarse as Samuel us'd to Saul.
What others in his evidence did join,
(The best that could be had for love or coin)
In Corah's own predicament will fall,
For witness is a common name to all.
Surrounded thus with friends of every sort,
Deluded Absalom forsakes the Court,
Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with renown,
And fir'd with near possession of a crown.
The' admiring crowd are dazzled with surprise,
And on his goodly person feed their eyes,
His joy conceal'd, he sets himself to show,
On each side bowing popularly low:
His looks, his gestures, and his words he frames,
And *with familiar ease* repeats their names.

Thus form'd by nature, furnish'd out with arts,
He glides unfelt into their secret hearts:
Then with a kind compassionating look,
And sighs, bespeaking pity ere he spoke,
Few words he said; but easy those and fit,
More slow than Hybla drops, and far more sweet.
"I mourn, my Countrymen, your lost estate,
Though far unable to prevent your fate:
Behold a banish'd man, for your dear cause
Expos'd a prey to arbitrary laws!
Yet, oh! that I alone could be undone,
Cut off from empire, and no more a son!
Now all your liberties a spoil are made,
Egypt and Tyrus intercept your trade,
And Jebusites your sacred rites invade.
My father, whom with reverence yet I name,
Charm'd into ease, is careless of his fame,
And, brib'd with petty sums of foreign gold,
Is grown in Bathsheba's embraces old;
Exalts his enemies, his friends destroys,
And all his power against himself employs.
He gives, and let him give, my right away;
But why should he his own and yours betray?
He, only he, can make the nation bleed,
And he alone from my revenge is freed.
Take then my tears, (with that he wip'd his eyes)
'Tis all the aid my present power supplies:
No court informer can these arms accuse;
These arms may sons against their fathers use;
And 'tis my wish, the next successor's reign
May make no other Israelite complain."
Youth, beauty, graceful action, seldom fail;
But common interest always will prevail:

And pity never ceases to be shown
To him who makes the people's wrongs his own.
The crowd, that still believe their kings oppress,
With lifted hands their young Messiah bless;
Who now begins his progress to ordain
With chariots, horsemen, and a numerous train:
From east to west his glories he displays,
And, like the sun, the Promis'd Land surveys.
Fame runs before him as the morning-star,
And shouts of joy salute him from afar:
Each house receives him as a guardian-god,
And consecrates the place of his abode.
But hospitable treats did most commend
Wise Issachar, his wealthy western friend.
This moving court, that caught the people's eyes,
And seem'd but pomp, did other ends disguise:
Achitophel had form'd it, with intent
To sound the depths, and fathom where it went,
The people's hearts; distinguish friends from foes:
And try their strength before they came to blows.
Yet all was colour'd with a smooth pretence
Of specious love, and duty to their prince.
Religion and redress of grievances,
Two names that always cheat and always please,
Are often urg'd; and good King David's life
Endanger'd by a brother and a wife.
Thus in a pageant-show a plot is made,
And peace itself is war in masquerade.
Oh foolish Israel! never warn'd by ill!
Still the same bait, and circumvented still!
Did ever men forsake their present ease,
In midst of health imagine a disease;
Take pains contingent mischiefs to forsee,
Make heirs *for monarchs*, and for God decree?

What shall we think? can people give away,
Both for themselves and sons, their native sway?
Then they are left defenceless to the sword
Of each unbounded arbitrary lord;
And laws are vain, by which we right enjoy,
If kings unquestion'd can those laws destroy.
Yet if the crowd be judge of fit and just,
And kings are only officers in trust,
Then this resuming covenant was declar'd
When kings were made; or is for ever barr'd.
If those who gave the sceptre, could not tie
By their own deed their own posterity,
How then could Adam bind his future race?
How could his forfeit on mankind take place?
Or how could heavenly justice damn us all,
Who ne'er consented to our father's fall?
Then kings are slaves to those whom they command,
And tenants to their people's pleasure stand:
Add, that the power for property allow'd,
Is mischievously seated in the crowd;
For who can be secure of private right,
If sovereign sway may be dissolv'd by might?
Nor is the people's judgment always true;
The most may err as grossly as the few;
And faultless kings run down by common cry,
For vice, oppression, and for tyranny.
What standard is there in a fickle rout,
Which, flowing to the mark, runs faster out?
Not only crowds, but Sandhedrims may be
Infected with this public lunacy,
And share the madness of rebellious times,
To murder monarchs for imagin'd crimes.
If they may give and take whene'er they please,
Not kings alone, the Godhead's images;

: government itself at length must fall
Nature's state, where all have right to all.
, grant our lords, the people, kings can make,
at prudent men a settled throne would shake?
· whatsoe'er their sufferings were before,
it change they covet makes them suffer more.
other errors but disturb a state,
. Innovation is the blow of Fate.
ncient fabrics nod, and threat to fall,
patch their flaws, and buttress up the wall,
is far 'tis duty: but here fix the mark;
all beyond it, is to touch the ark.
change foundations, cast the frame anew,
'ork for rebels, who base ends pursue;
once divine and human laws control,
l mend the parts by ruin of the whole.
: tampering world is subject to this curse,
physic their disease into a worse.
'ow what relief can righteous David bring?
v fatal 'tis to be too good a king!
:nds he has few, so high the madness grows;
o dare be such must be the people's foes.
some there were, e'en in the worst of days:
ie let me name, and naming is to praise.
i this short file Barzillai first appears,
zillai! crown'd with honour and with years.
g since, the rising rebels he withstood
egions waste beyond the Jordan's flood;
'ortunately brave, to buoy the state,
sinking underneath his master's fate:
:xile with his godlike prince he mourn'd,
him he suffer'd, and with him return'd.
: court he practis'd, not the courtier's art,
ge *was his wealth*, but larger was his heart,

Which well the noblest objects knew to choo
The fighting warrior, and recording muse.
His bed could once a fruitful issue boast;
Now more than half a father's name is lost.
His eldest hope, with every grace adorn'd,
By me (so Heaven will have it) always mourn'
And always honour'd; snatch'd in manhood's p
By' unequal fates, and Providence's crime;
Yet not before the goal of honour won,
All parts fulfill'd of subject and of son;
Swift was the race, but short the time to run.
Oh, narrow circle, but of power divine,
Scanted in space, but perfect in thy line!
By sea, by land, thy matchless worth was kno
Arms thy delight, and war was all thy own:
Thy force infus'd, the fainting Tyrians prop'd
And haughty Pharaoh found his fortune stop'd
Oh, ancient honour! oh, unconquer'd hand!
Whom foes unpunish'd never could withstand!
But Israel was unworthy of his name;
Short is the date of all immoderate fame.
It looks as Heaven our ruin had design'd,
And durst not trust thy fortune and thy mind.
Now, free from earth, thy disencumber'd soul
Mounts up, and leaves behind the clouds and s
pole;
From thence thy kindred legions may'st thou b
To aid the guardian-angel of thy king.
Here stop, my Muse, here cease thy painful fli
No pinions can pursue immortal height:
Tell good Barzillai thou canst sing no more,
And tell thy soul she should have fled before:
Or fled she with his life, and left this verse
To hang on her departed patron's hearse.

Now take thy steepy flight from Heaven, and see
If thou canst find on earth another he:
Another, he would be too hard to find;
See then whom thou can'st see not far behind.
Zadoc the priest, whom, shunning power and place,
His lowly mind advanc'd to David's grace;
With him the Sagan of Jerusalem,
Of hospitable soul and noble stem;
Him of the western dome, whose weighty sense
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.
The Prophets' sons, by such example led,
To learning and to loyalty were bred;
For colleges on bounteous kings depend,
And never rebel was to arts a friend.
To these succeed the pillars of the laws,
Who best could plead, and best can judge a cause.
Next them a train of loyal peers ascend;
Sharp-judging Adriel, the Muses' friend,
Himself a muse; in Sanhedrims' debate
True to his prince, but not a slave of state;
Whom David's love with honours did adorn,
That from his disobedient son were torn:
Jotham, of piercing wit and pregnant thought,
Indued by Nature, and by Learning taught,
To move assemblies, who but only tried
The worse awhile, then chose the better side:
Nor chose alone, but turn'd the balance too;
So much the weight of one brave man can do.
Hushai, the friend of David in distress,
In public storms of manly stedfastness;
By foreign treaties he inform'd his youth,
And join'd experience to his native truth:

His frugal care supplied the wanting throne,
Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own;
'Tis easy conduct when Exchequers flow,
But hard the task to manage well the low;
For sovereign power is too depress'd or high,
When kings are forc'd to sell, or crowds to buy.
Indulge one labour more, my weary Muse,
For Amiel; who can Amiel's praise refuse?
Of ancient race by birth, but nobler yet
In his own worth, and without title great.
The Sanhedrim long time as chief he rul'd,
Their reason guided, and their passion cool'd:
So dextrous was he in the Crown's defence,
So form'd to speak a loyal nation's sense,
That, as their band was Israel's tribes in small,
So fit was he to represent them all.
Now rasher charioteers the seat ascend,
Whose loose careers his steady skill commend:
They, like the' unequal ruler of the day,
Misguide the seasons, and mistake the way;
While he, withdrawn, at their mad labour smiles,
And safe enjoys the Sabbath of his toils.
These were the chief; a small but faithful band
Of worthies, in the breach who dar'd to stand,
And tempt the' united fury of the land.
With grief they view'd such powerful engines bent
To batter down the lawful government.
A numerous faction, with pretended frights,
In Sanhedrims to plume the regal rights;
The true successor from the Court remov'd.
The plot, by hireling witnesses, improv'd.
These ills they saw, and, as their duty bound,
They show'd the King the danger of the wound;

That no concessions from the throne would please,
But lenitives fomented the disease:
That Absalom, ambitious of the crown,
Was made the lure to draw the people down:
That false Achitophel's pernicious hate
Had turn'd the plot to ruin church and state:
The council violent, the rabble worse;
That Shimei taught Jerusalem to curse.

With all these loads of injuries oppprest,
And long revolving in his careful breast
The' event of things; at last, his patience tir'd,
Thus, from his royal throne, by Heaven inspir'd,
The godlike David spoke; with awful fear
His train their Maker in their master hear.

"Thus long have I, by native mercy sway'd,
My wrongs dissembled, my revenge delay'd:
So willing to forgive the' offending age,
So much the father did the king assuage.
But now so far my clemency they slight,
The' offenders question my forgiving right.
That one was made for many they contend;
But 'tis to rule; for that's a monarch's end.
They call my tenderness of blood my fear;
Though manly tempers can the longest bear.
Yet, since they will divert my native course,
'Tis time to show I am not good by force.
Those heap'd affronts that haughty subjects bring,
Are burdens for a camel, not a king.
Kings are the public pillars of the state,
Born to sustain and prop the nation's weight;
If my young Samson will pretend a call
To shake the column, let him share the fall:
But, oh, that yet he would repent and live!
How easy 'tis for parents to forgive!

With how few tears a pardon might be won
From Nature, pleading for a darling son!
Poor, pitied youth, by my paternal care
Rais'd up to all the height his frame could bea
Had God ordain'd his fate for empire born,
He would have given his soul another turn:
Gull'd with a patriot's name, whose modern s
Is one that would by law supplant his prince;
The people's brave, the politician's tool;
Never was patriot yet, but was a fool.
Whence comes it that religion and the laws
Should more be Absalom's than David's cause
His old instructor, ere he lost his place,
Was never thought endued with so much grac
Good heavens, how faction can a patriot paint!
My rebel ever proves my people's saint.
Would they impose an heir upon the throne,
Let Sanhedrims be taught to give their own.
A king's at least a part of government,
And mine as requisite as their consent:
Without my leave a future king to choose,
Infers a right the present to depose.
True, they petition me to' approve their choic
But Esau's hands suit ill with Jacob's voice.
My pious subjects for my safety pray,
Which to secure they take my power away:
From plots and treasons Heaven preserve my yo
But save me most from my petitioners.
Unsatiate as the barren womb or grave,
God cannot grant so much, as they can crave.
What then is left, but with a jealous eye
To guard the small remains of royalty?
The law shall still direct my peaceful sway,
And the same law teach rebels to obey;

Votes shall no more establish'd power control,
Such votes as make a part exceed the whole.
No groundless clamours shall my friends remove,
Nor crowds have power to punish ere they prove;
For gods and godlike kings their care express,
Still to defend their servants in distress.
Oh, that my power to saving were confin'd!
Why am I forc'd, like Heaven, against my mind,
To make examples of another kind?
Must I at length the sword of justice draw?
Oh, curs'd effects of necessary law!
How ill my fear they by my mercy scan!
Beware the fury of a patient man.
Law they require, let Law then show her face;
They could not be content to look on Grace
Her hinder parts, but with a daring eye
To tempt the terror of her front, and die.
By their own arts, 'tis righteously decreed,
Those dire artificers of death shall bleed,
Against themselves their witnesses will swear,
Till, viper-like, their mother-plot they tear,
And such for nutriment that bloody gore,
Which was their principle of life before:
Their Belial with their Beelzebub will fight;
Thus on my foes my foes shall do me right.
Nor doubt the' event; for factious crowds engage,
In their first onset, all their brutal rage.
Then let 'em take an unresisted course:
Retire, and traverse, and delude their force:
But when they stand all breathless, urge the fight,
And rise upon 'em with redoubled might:
For lawful power is still superior found;
When long driv'n back, at length it stands the *ground.*"

Once more the godlike David was restor'd,
And willing nations knew their lawful lord.

*PART II.**

——Si quis tamen hæc quoque, si quis
Captus amore leget.

Since men like beasts each other's prey were
Since trade began, and priesthood grew a tra
Since realms were form'd, none sure so cu
those
That madly their own happiness oppose;
There Heaven itself, and godlike kings, in va
Shower down the manna of a gentle reign,

* In the year 1680 Mr. Dryden undertook the Poem of A
and Achitophel, upon the desire of King Charles II. The p
ance was applauded by every one; and several persons p

While pamper'd crowds to mad ambition run,
And monarchs by indulgence are undone:
Thus David's clemency was fatal grown,
While wealthy Faction aw'd the wanting Throne.
For now their Sovereign's orders to contemn
Was held the charter of Jerusalem;
His rights to' invade, his tribute to refuse,
A privilege peculiar to the Jews;
As if from heavenly call this licence fell,
And Jacob's seed were chosen to rebel!
Achitophel with triumph sees his crimes
Thus suited to the madness of the times;
And Absalom, to make his hope succeed,
Of flattering charms no longer stands in need;
While fond of change, though ne'er so dearly bought,
Our tribes outstrip the youth's ambitious thought;
His swiftest hopes with swifter homage meet,
And crowd their servile necks beneath his feet.
Thus to his aid, while pressing tides repair,
He mounts and spreads his streamers in the air.
The charms of empire might his youth mislead,
But what can our besotted Israel plead?
Sway'd by a monarch whose serene command
Seems half the blessing of our Promis'd Land;
Whose only grievance is excess of ease,
Freedom our pain, and plenty our disease!
Yet as all folly would lay claim to sense,
And wickedness ne'er wanted a pretence,
With arguments they'd make their treason good,
And righteous David's self with slanders load:
What arts of foreign sway he did affect,
And guilty Jebusites from law protect,
Whose very chiefs, convict, were never freed,
Nay we have seen their sacrificers bleed.

Accusers' infamy is urg'd in vain,
While in the bounds [illegible]se they did contain,
But soon they launch'd into the unfathom'd tide
And in the depths they knew, disdain'd to ride
For probable discoveries to dispense
Was thought below a pension'd evidence;
Mere truth was dull, nor suited with the port
Of pamper'd Corah when advanc'd to court.
No less than wonders now they will impose,
And projects void of grace or sense disclose.
Such was the change on pious Michal brought,
Michal, that ne'er was cruel e'en in thought,
The best of queens, and most obedient wife,
Impeach'd of curs'd designs on David's life!
His life, the theme of her eternal prayer,
'Tis scarce so much his guardian-angel's care.
Not summer-morns such mildness can disclose,
The Hermon lily, nor the Sharon rose.
Neglecting each vain pomp of majesty,
Transported Michal feeds her thoughts on high
She lives with angels, and, as angels do,
Quits Heaven sometimes to bless the world below
Where, cherish'd by her bounty's plenteous spring
Reviving widows smile, and orphans sing.
Oh! when rebellious Israel's crimes at height,
Are threaten'd with her Lord's approaching fight
The pieties of Michal then remain
In Heaven's remembrance, and prolong his reign
Less desolation did the pest pursue,
That from Dan's limits to Beersheba slew;
Less fatal the repeated wars of Tyre,
And less Jerusalem's avenging fire:
With gentler terror these our state o'er-ran,
Than since our Evidencing days began!

ery cheek a pale confusion sate,
ued fear beyond the worst of fate!
was no more; art, science, useless made;
cupations lost, but Corah's trade.
'hile a guard on modest Corah wait;
for safety, needful yet for state.
night he deem each peer and prince his slave,
rd it o'er the tribes which he could save:
ice in him was virtue—what sad fate,
r his honesty, had seiz'd our state?
ith what tyranny had we been curst,
orah never prov'd a villain first?
ve told his knowledge of the intrigue in gross
een, alas! to our deponent's loss:
avell'd Levite had the experience got
band well, and make the best of's plot;
nerefore, like an evidence of skill,
wise reserves secur'd his pension still;
nite of future power himself bereft,
nbos large for unbelievers left.
ow his writ such reverence had got,
worse than plotting to suspect his plot.
were so well convinc'd, they made no doubt
elves to help the founder'd swearers out;
had their sense imposed on by their fear,
ore, for interest's sake, believe and swear:
o that height with some the frenzy grew,
ag'd to find their danger not prove true.
than all these a viler crew remain,
rith Achitophel the cry maintain;
g'd by fear, nor through misguided sense;
zeal and starving need had some pretence;
r the good old cause, that did excite
iginal rebels' wiles, revenge and spite.

These raise the plot, to have the sc
Upon the bright successor of the cr
Whose virtue with such wrongs the
As seem'd all hope of pardon to exc
Thus, while on private ends their ze
The cheated crowd applaud and sha

Such practices as these, too gross
Long unobserv'd by each discerning
The more judicious Israelites unspe
Though still the charm the giddy ra
E'en Absalom, amidst the dazzling
Of empire and ambition's flattering
Perceives the plot, too foul to be ex
To aid designs no less pernicious us
And filial sense yet striving in his b
Thus to Achitophel his doubts expr

"Why are my thoughts upon a cr
Which once obtain'd, can be but ha
Not so when virtue did my arms req
And to my father's wars I flew entir
My regal power how will my foes re
When I myself have scarce my own
Give me a son's unblemish'd truth a
Or quench the sparks of duty that r
How slight to force a throne that le
The task to me to prove unjust, how
And if the' imagin'd guilt thus woun
What will it, when the tragic scene
Dire War must first be conjur'd fro
The realm we'd rule we first must o
And when the civil Furies are on wi
That blind and undistinguish'd slaug
Who knows what impious chance m

King?

Oh! rather let me perish in the strife,
Than have my crown the price of David's life!
Or if the tempest of the war he stand,
In peace some vile officious villain's hand
His soul's anointed temple may invade,
Or, press'd by clamorous crowds, myself be made
His murderer; rebellious crowds, whose guilt
Shall dread his vengeance till his blood be spilt;
Which if my filial tenderness oppose,
Since to the empire by their arms I rose,
Those very arms on me shall be employ'd,
A new usurper crown'd, and I destroy'd:
The same pretence of public good will hold,
And new Achitophels he found as bold
To urge the needful change, perhaps the old."
He said. The statesman, with a smile, replies,
A smile that did his rising spleen disguise;
"My thoughts presum'd our labours at an end,
And are we still with conscience to contend!
Whose want in kings as needful is allow'd,
As 'tis for them to find it in the crowd.
Far in the doubtful passage you are gone,
And only can be safe, by pressing on.
The Crown's true heir, a prince severe and wise,
Has view'd your motions long with jealous eyes,
Your person's charms, your more prevailing arts,
And mark'd your progress in the people's hearts,
Whose patience is the' effect of stinted pow'r,
But treasures vengeance for the fatal hour;
And if remote the peril he can bring,
Your present danger's greater from the King.
Let not a parent's name deceive your sense.
Nor trust the father in a jealous prince!

our trivial [illegible] could so resent,
To you [illegible] than banishment,
[illegible] y[illegible] presumption since inspire,
A[illegible] has orders your return from Tyre?
[illegible] only so, but with a pomp more high,
And open court of popularity, [thee
The factious tribes"—"And this reproof from
(The prince replies) O statesman's winding skil
They first condemn that first advis'd the ill!"
"Illustrious youth, (return'd Achitophel)
Misconstrue not the words that mean you well.
The course you steer, I worthy blame conclude,
But 'tis because you leave it unpursued.
A monarch's crown with fate surrounded lies,
Who reach, lay hold on death, that miss the pris
Did you for this expose yourself to show,
And to the crowd bow popularly low?
For this your glorious progress next ordain,
With chariots, horsemen, and a numerous train
With Fame before you, like the morning-star,
And shouts of joy saluting from afar?
Oh, from the heights you've reach'd but take a
Scarce leading Lucifer could fall like you!
And must I here my shipwreck'd arts bemoa
Have I for this so oft made Israel groan?
Your single int'rest with the nation weigh'd,
And turn'd the scale where your desires we
E'en when at helm a course so dangerous n
To land your hopes, as my removal prov'd.
"I not dispute (the royal youth replies)
The known perfection of your policies;
Nor in Achitophel yet grudge or blame
The privilege that statesmen ever claim,

rivate interest never yet pursued,
l pretended 'twas for other's good:
olitician yet e'er scap'd his fate,
aving his own neck, not sav'd the state?
ence on every humorous wind that veer'd,
ifted sails a several course you steer'd.
orm of sway did David e'er pursue,
em'd like absolute, but sprung from you?
t your instance, quash'd each penal law,
pt dissenting factious Jews in awe;
o suspends fix'd laws, may abrogate;
ne, form new, and so enslave the state.
operty, whose champion now you stand,
m for this the idol of the land,
er sustain such violence before,
n your counsel shut the royal store;
that ruin to whole tribes procur'd,
ret kept, till your own banks secur'd.
t, with this, the triple covenant broke,
ael fitted for a foreign yoke;
e your counsels' fatal progress staid,
t our levied powers to Pharoah's aid.
Tyre and Israel low in ruins laid,
ypt, once their scorn, their common terror
t of such a season can we dream, [made.
oyal rights you made your darling theme;
er unlimited could reasons draw,
ce prerogative above the law;
on your fall from office grew unjust,
s made king, the king a slave in trust;
with state-craft, to interest only true,
v accuse of ills contriv'd by you."
is Hell's agent—"Royal Youth, fix here,
rest be the star by which you steer.

Hence to repose your trust in me was wise,
Whose interest most in your advancement lies;
A tie so firm as always will avail,
When friendship, nature, and religion fail.
On our's the safety of the crowd depends;
Secure the crowd, and we obtain our ends,
Whom I will cause so far our guilt to share,
Till they are made our champions by their fear.
What opposition can your rival bring,
While Sanhedrims are jealous of the king?
His strength as yet in David's friendship lies,
And what can David's self—without supplies?
Who with exclusive bills must now dispense,
Debar the heir, or starve in his defence:
Conditions which our elders ne'er will quit,
And David's justice never can admit.
Or forc'd by wants his brother to betray,
To your ambition next he clears the way;
For if succession once to nought they bring,
Their next advance removes the present king;
Persisting else his senates to dissolve,
In equal hazard shall his reign involve.
Our Tribes, whom Pharaoh's power so much alarm
Shall rise, without their prince, to' oppose his arm
Nor boots it on what cause at first they join,
Their troops, once up, are tools for our design:
At least such subtle covenants shall be made,
Till peace itself is war in masquerade:
Associations of mysterious sense,
Against, but seeming for, the King's defence;
E'en on their courts of justice fetters draw,
And from our agents muzzle up their law;
By which a conquest if we fail to make, [stake
'Tis a drawn game at worst, and we secure

id; and for the dire success depends
ıus sects, by common guilt made friends;
ıeads, though ne'er so differing in their creed,
int of treason yet were well agreed.
these extorting Ishban first appears,
by' a meagre troop of bankrupt-heirs.
ıes! when Ishban, he whose occupation
has been to cheat, reforms the nation!
ıf conscience suited to his trade,
a saint as usurer ever made:
ımon has not so engross'd him quite,
al lays as large a claim of spite;
: those pardons from his prince he draws,
reproaches, and cries up the cause.
ır in which the City he did sway,
ebellion in a hopeful way;
mbition once was found so bold,
talents of extorted gold;
avid's wants have so been brib'd, to shame
ıdalize our peerage with his name;
h, his dear sedition he'd forswear,
ı turn loyal to be made a peer.
ı, let railing Rabsheka have place,
' zeal, he has no need of grace;
ıat can both flesh and spirit use,
ınt conventicles and the stews;
ı the question difficult appears,
th' preachers' or the bawds' arrears.
ıtion could appear too much in him
ps the treasure of Jerusalem!
d's brother but approach the Town,
our guards, (he cries) we are undone;"
ş, *that he* dares not sleep in's bed,
ould rise next morn without his head.

[Next these a troop of busy spirits press,
Of little fortunes, and of conscience less;
With them the tribe whose luxury had drain'd
Their banks, in former sequestrations gain'd;
Who rich and great by past rebellions grew,
And long to fish the troubled streams anew.
Some future hopes, some present payment draws,
To sell their conscience and espouse the cause;
Such stipends those vile hirelings best befit,
Priests without grace, and poets without wit.
Shall that false Hebronite escape our curse;
Judas, that keeps the rebels' pension-purse;
Judas, that pays the treason-writer's fee;
Judas, that well deserves his namesake's tree;
Who at Jerusalem's own gates erects
His college for a nursery of sects;
Young prophets with an early care secures,
And with the dung of his own arts manures?
What have the men of Hebron here to do?
What part in Israel's Promis'd Land have you?
Here Phaleg, the Lay-Hebronite, is come,
'Cause, like the rest, he could not live at home;
Who from his own possessions could not drain
An omer e'en of Hebronitish grain;
Here struts it like a patriot, and talks high
Of injur'd subjects' alter'd property;
An emblem of that buzzing insect just,
That mounts the wheel, and thinks she raises dus
Can dry bones live? or skeletons produce
The vital warmth of cuckoldizing juice?
Slim Phaleg could, and, at the table fed,
Return'd the grateful product to the bed.
A waiting-man to travelling nobles chose,
He his own laws would saucily impose,

inado'd, back again he went,
ı those manners he to teach was sent.
l, he ought to have retreated home,
eads politics to Absalom;
:r Hebronite, though kick'd and scorn'd,
wn country willingly return'd.
ing famish'd Phaleg to be fed,
alk treason for his daily bread,
ron, nay let Hell, produce a man
for mischief as Ben Jochanan.
f humble parentage was he,
a Levite, though of low degree;
e no higher than the desk aspir'd,
he drudgery of priests was hir'd
and pray in linen ephod brave,
c up single shekels from the grave.
at last, but finding charge come faster,
l not live by God, but chang'd his master;
by want, was made a factious tool;
t a villain, and we lost a fool.
ent, whatever cause he took,
: against the party he forsook:
gadoes, who ne'er turn by halves,
ıd in conscience to be double knaves.
rose-prophet took most monstrous pains
s masters see he earn'd his gains;
ıe devil owes all his imps a shame,
: the' apostate for his proper theme;
le pains he made the picture true,
ı reflection took the rogue he drew:
ous work, to prove the Jewish nation
age a murmuring generation;
'em from their infancy of sinning,
r *'em factious* from their first beginning;

To prove they could rebel, and rail, and mock,
Much to the credit of the chosen flock;
A strong authority, which must convince
That saints own no allegiance to their prince;
As 'tis a leading card to make a whore,
To prove her mother had turn'd up before.
But, tell me, did the drunken patriarch bless
The son that show'd his father's nakedness?
Such thanks the present church thy pen will give
Which proves Rebellion was so primitive.
Must ancient failings be examples made?
Then murderers from Cain may learn their trade.
As thou the heathen and the saint hast drawn,
Methinks the' apostate was the better man;
And thy hot father, waving my respect,
Not of a mother-church, but of a sect:
And such he needs must be, of thy inditing,
This comes of drinking asses' milk, and writing.
If Balak should be call'd to leave his place,
As profit is the loudest call of grace,
His temple, dispossess'd of one, would be
Replenish'd with seven devils more by thee.
  Levi, thou art a load, I'll lay thee down,
And show Rebellion bare, without a gown;
Poor slaves in metre, dull and addle-pated,
Who rhyme below e'en David's Psalms translated
Some in my speedy pace I must outrun,
As lame Mephibosheth, the wizard's son:
To make quick way I'll leap o'er heavy blocks,
Shun rotten Uzza as I would the p—x;
And hasten Og and Doeg to rehearse,
To fools that crutch their feeble sense on verse;
Who, by my Muse, to all succeeding times
Shall live, in spite of their own doggrel rhy

ɔugh without knowing how or why,
l a blundering kind of melody,
ɔoldly on, and dash'd through thick and
n,
sense and nonsense, never out nor in;
ı all meaning, whether good or bad,
ne word, heroically mad:
ɔo warm on picking-work to dwell,
ɔtted his notions as they fell,
ey rhym'd and rattled, all was well:
ıe is not, though he wrote a satire,
here goes some thinking to ill-nature;
ı no more than birds and beasts to think,
ɔcasions are—to eat and drink:
rogue and rascal from a garret,
s you no more mischief than a parrot:
ls for friend and foe alike were made,
'em in verse is all his trade.
nds he'll cry 'Whore' to his own mother,
young Absalom King David's brother.
be gallows-free by my consent,
ıing suffer, since he nothing meant:
supposes human soul and reason,
nal's below committing treason:
be hang'd who never could rebel?
preferment for Achitophel.
ıan that committed b——y,
ıtly sentenc'd by the law to die;
s hard fate that to the gallows led
, that never heard the statute read.
n other men may be a crime,
ıt to pass for mere instinct in him;
he *follows*, and no farther knows,
ite verse with him is to transpose:

'Twere pity, treason at his door to lay,
Who makes Heaven's gate a lock to its own key.
Let him rail on: let his invective muse
Have four-and-twenty letters to abuse,
Which if he jumbles to one line of sense,
Indict him of a capital offence.
In fireworks give him leave to vent his spite,
Those are the only serpents he can write;
The height of his ambition is, we know,
But to be master of a puppet-show;
On that one stage his works may yet appear,
And a month's harvest keeps him all the year.
Now stop your noses, readers, all and some,
For here's a tun of midnight-work to come,
Og from a treason-tavern rolling home.
Round as a globe, and liquor'd every chink,
Goodly and great, he sails behind his link;
With all this bulk, there's nothing lost in Og,
For every inch that is not fool, is rogue:
A monstrous mass of foul corrupted matter,
As all the devils had spew'd to make the batter.
When wine has given him courage to blaspheme,
He curses God; but God before curs'd him:
And if man could have reason, none has more,
That made his paunch so rich and him so poor.
With wealth he was not trusted, for Heaven knew
What 'twas of old to pamper up a Jew;
To what would he on quail and pheasant swell,
That e'en on tripe and carrion could rebel?
But though Heav'n made him poor, with reverence speaking
He never was a poet of God's making;
The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull,
With this prophetic blessing—"Be thou dull;

ık, swear, and roar, forbear no lewd delight
'or thy bulk; do any thing but write:
u art of lasting make, like thoughtless men;
rong nativity—but for the pen!
opium, mingle arsenic in thy drink,
thou may'st live, avoiding pen and ink."
, I see, 'tis counsel given in vain,
reason botch'd in rhyme will be thy bane;
ne is the rock on which thou art to wreck;
ıtal to thy fame, and to thy neck.
should thy metre good King David blast?
ılm of his will surely be thy last.
t thou presume in verse to meet thy foes,
, whom the penny-pamphlet foil'd in prose?
; whom God for mankind's mirth has made,
ops thy talent in thy very trade:
to thee, thy paintings are so coarse,
:t is, though he's the poet's horse.
ıble noose thou on thy neck dost pull,
riting treason, and for writing dull:
e for faction is a common evil,
ı be hang'd for nonsense, is the devil.
thou the glories of thy king exprest,
raises had been satire at the best;
ıou, in clumsy verse, unlick'd, unpointed,
hamefully defied the Lord's anointed.
not rake the dunghill of thy crimes,
ho would read thy life that reads thy rhymes?
'King David's foes be this the doom,
ll be like the young man Absalom;
ır my foes, may this their blessing be,
k like Doeg, and to write like thee.]
itophel each rank, degree, and age,
rious ends neglects not to engage;

The wise and rich, for purse and counsel broug
The fools and beggars, for their number sought
Who yet not only on the Town depends,
For even in Court the faction had its friends;
These thought the places they possest too smal
And, in their hearts, wish'd Court and King to
Whose names the Muse disdaining, holds i' the'd
Thrust in the villain-herd without a mark;
With parasites and libel-spawning imps,
Intriguing fops, dull jesters, and worse pimps.
Disdain the rascal rabble to pursue,
Their set cabals are yet a viler crew;
See where involv'd in common smoke they sit,
Some for our mirth, some for our satire fit;
These gloomy, thoughtful, and on mischief be
While those for mere good fellowship frequen
The' appointed club, can let sedition pass,
Sense, nonsense, any thing, to' employ the gla
And who believe, in their dull honest hearts,
The rest talk treason but to show their parts:
Who ne'er had wit or will for mischief yet,
But pleas'd to be reputed of a set.

But in the sacred annals of our plot,
Industrious Arod never be forgot;
The labours of this midnight-magistrate
May vie with Corah's, to preserve the state:
In search of arms he fail'd not to lay hold
On War's most powerful, dangerous weapon, g
And last, to take from Jebusites all odds,
Their altars pillag'd, stole their very gods.
Oft would he cry, when treasure he surpris'd,
'Tis Baalish gold in David's coin disguis'd;
Which to his house with richer relics came,
While lumber-idols only fed the flame:

wise rabble ne'er took pains to' inquire
was he burnt, so't made a rousing fire.
hich our elder was enrich'd no more
lse Gehazi with the Syrian's store;
, that when our choosing-tribes were met,
: his stinking votes he ran in debt;
it the wicked, and, as authors think,
its he chous'd for his electing drink;
'ery shift and subtle method past,
to be no Zaken at the last.
rais'd on Tyre's sad ruins, Pharaoh's pride
igh, his legions threatening far and wide;
i a battering storm engender'd high,
ls upheld, hangs hovering in the sky,
upon by every trembling swain,
' his vineyard fears, and that his grain;
ming plants, and flowers new-opening, these
bs yean'd lately, and far-labouring bees:
d his stock each to the gods does call,
in where the fire-charg'd clouds will fall:
the doubtful nations watch his arms,
rror each expecting his alarms.
Judah, where was now thy Lion's roar?
ly couldst the captive lands restore;
u, with inbred broils and faction prest,
gypt need'st a guardian with the rest,
nce from Sanhedrims no trust allow'd,
ch the representers of the crowd,
: their own defence give no supply,
it the Crown's prerogatives must buy;
eir monarch's rights to violate
edful were, than to preserve the state!
resent dangers they divert their care,
their fears are of the royal heir;

Whom now the reigning malice of his foes
Unjudg'd would sentence, and ere crown'd, depose:
Religion the pretence, but their decree
To bar his reign, whate'er his faith shall be!
By Sanhedrims and clamorous crowds thus prest,
What passions rent the righteous David's breast?
Who knows not how to oppose or to comply,
Unjust to grant, and dangerous to deny!
How near in this dark juncture Israel's fate,
Whose peace one sole expedient could create,
Which yet the' extremest virtue did require,
E'en of that prince whose downfal they conspire!
His absence David does with tears advise
To' appease their rage: undaunted he complies.
Thus he who, prodigal of blood and ease,
A royal life expos'd to winds and seas,
At once contending with the waves and fire,
And heading danger in the wars of Tyre,
Inglorious now forsakes his native sand,
And, like an exile, quits the Promis'd Land!
Our monarch scarce from pressing tears refrains,
And painfully his royal state maintains,
Who now embracing on the' extremest shore
Almost revokes what he enjoin'd before;
Concludes at last more trust to be allow'd
To storms and seas, than to the raging crowd!
Forbear, rash Muse, the parting scene to draw,
With silence charm'd as deep as theirs that saw!
Not only our attending nobles weep,
But hardy sailors swell with tears the deep!
The tide restrain'd her course, and more amaz'd,
The twin-stars on the royal brothers gaz'd:
While this sole fear——

rouble to our suffering hero bring,
:xt, the popular rage oppress the king!
arting, each for the' other's danger griev'd
ore the king, and seas the prince receiv'd.
ur'd hero, while propitious gales,
thy consort's breath, inspire thy sails;
ay she trust her beauties on a flood,
thy triumphant fleets so oft have rode!
thy breast reclin'd, her rest be deep,
like a nereid by the waves asleep;
happiest dreams her fancy entertain,
Elysian fields convert the main!
ur'd hero, while the shores of Tyre
approach so silent shall admire,
n thy thunder still their thoughts employ,
eet thy landing with a trembling joy.
eroes thus the prophet's fate is thrown,
d by every nation but their own;
ile our factious Jews his worth deny,
aching conscience gives their tongue the lie.
the worst of men the noblest parts
s him, and he triumphs in their hearts,
to his king the best respects commend
ject, soldier, kinsman, prince, and friend;
red names of most divine esteem,
perfection all sustain'd by him:
just, and constant, courtly without art,
o discern, and to reward desert;
ir of his in fruitless ease destroy'd,
the noblest subjects still employ'd;
steady soul ne'er learn'd to separate
en his monarch's interest and the state,
aps those blessings on the royal head,
he well knows must be on subjects shed.

On what pretence could then the vulgar rage
Against his worth and native rights engage?
Religious fears their argument are made,
Religious fears his sacred rights invade!
Of future superstition they complain,
And Jebusitic worship in his reign;
With such alarms his foes the crowd deceive,
With dangers fright, which not themselves believe.
Since nothing can our sacred rights remove,
Whate'er the faith of the successor prove,
Our Jews their ark shall undisturb'd retain,
At least while their religion is their gain,
Who know by old experience Baal's commands
Not only claim'd their conscience, but their lands;
They grudge God's tithes, how, therefore, shall they yield
An idol full possession of the field?
Grant such a prince enthron'd, we must confess
The people's sufferings than that monarch's less,
Who must to hard conditions still be bound,
And for his quiet with the crowd compound;
Or should his thoughts to tyranny incline,
Where are the means to compass the design?
Our crown's revenues are too short a store,
And jealous Sanhedrims would give no more.
As vain our fears of Egypt's potent aid;
Not so has Pharaoh learn'd ambition's trade,
Nor ever with such measures can comply
As shock the common rules of policy;
None dread like him the growth of Israel's king,
And he alone sufficient aids can bring;
Who knows that prince to Egypt can give law,
That on our stubborn tribes his yoke could draw.
At such profound expense he has not stood,
Nor dy'd for this his hands so deep in blood;

ould ne'er through wrong and right his progress
take,
udge his own rest, and keep the world awake,
fix a lawless prince on Judah's throne,
st to invade our rights, and then his own;
dear-gain'd conquests cheaply to despoil,
d reap the harvest of his crimes and toil.
grant his wealth vast as our ocean's sand,
d curse its fatal influence on our land.
hich our brib'd Jews so numerously partake,
at ev'n an host his pensioners would make;
m these deceivers our divisions spring,
r weakness, and the growth of Egypt's king;
ese with pretended friendship to the state,
r crowd's suspicion of their prince create,
th pleas'd and frighten'd with the specious cry,
guard their sacred rights and property:
ruin thus the chosen flock are sold,
hile wolves are ta'en for guardians of the fold;
luc'd by these we groundlessly complain,
d loath the manna of a gentle reign:
us our forefathers' crooked paths are trod,
trust our prince no more than they their God.
t all in vain our reasoning prophets preach
those whom sad experience ne'er could teach,
ho can commence new broils in bleeding scars,
d fresh remembrance of intestine wars;
hen the same household mortal foes did yield,
d brothers stain'd with brothers' blood the field;
hen son's curs'd steel the father's gore did stain,
d mothers mourn'd for sons by fathers slain:
hen thick as Egypt's locusts on the sand,
r tribes lay slaughter'd through the Promis'd
Land,

Whose few survivors with worse fate remain,
To drag the bondage of a tyrant's reign:
Which scene of woes unknowing we renew,
And madly, e'en those ills we fear, pursue;
While Pharaoh laughs at our domestic broils,
And safely crowds his tent with nations' spoils;
Yet our fierce Sanhedrim, in restless rage,
Against our absent hero still engage,
And chiefly urge (such did their frenzy prove,)
The only suit their prince forbids to move;
Which till obtain'd, they cease affairs of state,
And real dangers wave for groundless hate.
Long David's patience waits relief to bring,
With all the' indulgence of a lawful king;
Expecting still the troubled waves would cease,
But found the raging billows still increase.
The crowd, whose insolence forbearance swells,
While he forgives too far, almost rebels:
At last his deep resentments silence broke,
The' imperial palace shook, while thus he spoke:
"Then Justice wake, and Rigour take her time;
For, lo! our mercy is become our crime.
While halting Punishment her stroke delays,
Our sovereign right, Heaven's sacred trust, decays!
For whose support e'en subjects' interest calls;
Woe to that kingdom where the monarch falls!
That prince who yields the least of regal sway,
So far his people's freedom does betray.
Right lives by law, and law subsists by pow'r;
Disarm the shepherd, wolves the flock devour.
Hard lot of empire o'er a stubborn race,
Which Heaven itself in vain has tried with grace!
When will our reason's long-charm'd eyes unclose,
And Israel judge between her friends and foes?

en shall we see expir'd deceivers' sway,
l credit what our God and monarchs say?
embled patriots brib'd with Egypt's gold,
1 Sanhedrims in blind obedience hold;
se patriot's falsehood in their actions see,
l judge, by the pernicious fruit, the tree;
ight for which so loudly they declaim,
gion, laws, and freedom, were their aim;
senates in due methods they had led,
avoid those mischiefs which they seem'd to
dread;
first, ere yet they prop'd the sinking state,
impeach and charge, as urg'd by private hate,
ves that they ne'er believ'd the fears they prest,
barbarously destroy'd the nation's rest!
whither will ungovern'd Senates drive,
l to what bounds licentious votes arrive.
en their injustice we are press'd to share;
monarch urg'd to' exclude the lawful heir?
princes thus distinguish'd from the crowd,
l this the privilege of royal blood?
grant we should confirm the wrongs they press,
sufferings yet were than the people's less;
demn'd for life the murdering sword to wield,
l on their heirs entail a bloody field:
is madly their own freedom they betray,
l for the' oppression which they fear make way;
cession fix'd by Heaven, the kingdom's bar,
ich, once dissolv'd, admits the flood of war;
ste, rapine, spoil, without the assault begin,
l our mad tribes supplant the fence within.
ce then their good they will not understand,
1 time to take the monarch's power in hand;
hority and force to join with skill,
l save the lunatic against their will.

The same rough means that 'swage the c
appease
Our senates, raging with the crowd's disease.
Henceforth unbias'd measures let them draw
From no false gloss, but genuine text of law;
Nor urge those crimes upon Religion's score
Themselves so much in Jebusites abhor.
Whom laws convict, and only they, shall blee
Nor Pharisees by Pharisees be freed;
Impartial Justice from our throne shall show'
All shall have right, and we our sov
pow'r."

He said: the' attendants heard with awful j
And glad presages their fix'd thoughts emplo
From Hebron now the suffering heir return'd
A realm that long with civil discord mourn'd,
Till his approach, like some arriving god,
Compos'd and heal'd the place of his abode,
The deluge check'd, that to Judea spread,
And stop'd sedition at the fountain's head.
Thus in forgiving David's paths he drives,
And, chas'd from Israel, Israel's peace contri
The field confess'd his power in arms before,
And seas proclaim'd his triumphs to the shor
As nobly has his sway in Hebron shown,
How fit to' inherit godlike David's throne.
Through Sion's streets his glad arrival's spre
And conscious Faction shrinks her snaky hea
His train their sufferings think o'erpaid, to se
The crowds' applause with virtue once agree
Success charms all, but zeal for worth distres
A virtue proper to the brave and best;
'Mongst whom was Jothran, Jothran always b
To serve the Crown, and loyal by descent,

ie constancy so firm, and conduct just,
rv'd at once two royal masters' trust;
Tyre's proud arms had manfully withstood
as, and gather'd laurels from the flood;
rning yet no portion was denied,
d to the Muses, and the Muses' pride.
an Benaiah's worth forgotten lie,
ady soul when public storms were high;
e conduct, while the Moor fierce onsets made,
'd at once our honour and our trade.
were the chiefs who most his sufferings
mourn'd,
iew'd with silent joy the prince return'd;
: those that sought his absence to betray,
first their nauseous false respects to pay;
till the' officious hypocrites molest,
with malicious duty break his rest.
ile real transports thus his friends employ,
oes are loud in their dissembled joy,
iumphs, so resounded far and near,
l not his young ambitious rival's ear;
as when joyful hunters' clamorous train
slumbering lion wakes in Moab's plain,
oft had forc'd the bold assailants yield,
catter'd his pursuers through the field,
ining, furls his mane, and tears the ground,
res enflaming all the desert round,
roar of seas directs his chaser's way,
kes from far, and dares them to the fray:
rage storm'd now in Absalom's fierce breast,
indignation his fir'd eyes confest.
e now was the instructor of his pride?
the old pilot in so rough a tide;

Whose wiles had from the happy shore betray'd,
And thus on shelves the credulous youth convey'd
In deep-revolving thoughts he weighs his state,
Secure of craft, nor doubts to baffle Fate;
At least, if his storm'd bark must go adrift,
To balk his charge, and for himself to shift,
In which his dextrous wit had oft been shown,
And in the wreck of kingdoms sav'd his own;
But now, with more than common danger prest,
Of various resolutions stands possest,
Perceives the crowd's unstable zeal decay,
Lest their recanting chief the cause betray,
Who on a father's grace his hopes may ground,
And for his pardon with their heads compound.
Him, therefore, ere his fortune slip her time,
The statesman plots to' engage in some bold crime
Past pardon, whether to attempt his bed,
Or threat with open arms the royal head,
Or other daring method, and unjust,
That may confirm him in the people's trust.
But failing thus to' ensnare him, nor secure
How long his foil'd ambition may endure,
Plots next to lay him by, as past his date,
And try some new pretender's luckier fate,
Whose hopes with equal toil he would pursue,
Nor cares what claimer's crown'd, except the true.
Wake, Absalom, approaching ruin shun,
And see, O see, for whom thou art undone!
How are thy honours and thy fame betray'd,
The property of desperate villains made?
Lost power and conscious fears their crimes create,
And guilt in them was little less than fate;
But why shouldst thou, from every grievance free,
Forsake thy vineyards for their stormy sea?

or thee did Canaan's milk and honey flow,
ove dress'd thy bowers, and laurels sought thy
brow;
referment, wealth, and power, thy vassals were,
nd of a monarch all things but the care.
h, should our crimes again that curse draw down,
nd rebel arms once more attempt the crown,
ire ruin waits unhappy Absalom,
like by conquest or defeat undone.
'ho could relentless see such youth and charms
xpire with wretched fate, in impious arms?
prince so form'd with Earth's and Heaven's
applause,
o triumph o'er crown'd heads in David's cause?
: grant him victor, still his hopes must fail,
'ho, conquering, would not for himself prevail;
he faction whom he trusts for future sway,
im and the public would alike betray;
mongst themselves divide the captive state,
nd found their hydra-empire in his fate!
hus having beat the clouds with painful flight,
he pitied youth with sceptres in his sight,
lo have their cruel politics decreed)
ust by that crew that made him guilty, bleed!
or could their pride brook any prince's sway.
'hom but mild David would they choose to' obey?
'ho once at such a gentle reign repine,
he fall of monarchy itself design;
rom hate to that their reformations spring,
nd David not their grievance, but the King.
is'd now with panic fear the faction lies,
est this clear truth strike Absalom's charm'd eyes;
est he perceive, from long enchantment free,
'hat all beside the shatter'd youth must see.

But whate'er doubts his troubled bosom swell,
Fair carriage still became Achitophel,
Who now an envious festival installs,
And to survey their strength the faction calls,
Which fraud, religious worship too, must gild:
But oh, how weakly does Sedition build!
For, lo! the royal mandate issues forth,
Dashing at once their treason, zeal, and mirth!
So have I seen disastrous Chance invade,
Where careful emmets had their forage laid,
Whether fierce Vulcan's rage the furzy plain
Had seiz'd, engender'd by some careless swain,
Or swelling Neptune lawless inroads made,
And to their cell of store his flood convey'd;
The commonwealth, broke up, distracted go,
And in wild haste their loaded mates o'erthrow:
E'en so our scatter'd guests confus'dly meet,
With boil'd, bak'd, roast, all justling in the street,
Dejecting all, and ruefully dismay'd,
For shekel, without treat or treason paid.
Sedition's dark eclipse now fainter shows,
More bright each hour the royal planet grows,
Of force the clouds of envy to disperse,
In kind conjunction of assisting stars.
Here, labouring Muse, those glorious chiefs relate
That turn'd the doubtful scale of David's fate;
The rest of that illustrious band rehearse,
Immortaliz'd in laurel'd Asaph's verse:
Hard task! yet will not I thy flight recal;
View Heaven, and then enjoy thy glorious fall.
First write Bezaliel, whose illustrious name
Forestals our praise, and gives his poet fame;
The Kenites' rocky province his command,
A barren limb of fertile Canaan's land,

hich, for its generous natives, yet could be
eld worthy such a president as he!
ezaliel, with each grace and virtue fraught,
erene his looks, serene his life and thought,
n whom so largely Nature heap'd her store,
here scarce remain'd for arts to give him more!
o aid the crown and state his greatest zeal,
is second care, that service to conceal;
f dues observant, firm to every trust,
nd to the needy always more than just;
Vho truth from specious falsehood can divide,
ns all the gownsmen's skill, without their pride;
'hus crown'd with worth, from heights of honour
ees all his glories copied in his son, [won,
Vhose forward fame should every Muse engage,
Vhose youth boasts skill denied to others' age;
fen, manners, language, books of noblest kind,
lready are the conquest of his mind;
Vhose loyalty, before its date, was prime.
lor waited the dull course of rolling time:
'he monster Faction early he dismay'd,
nd David's cause long since confess'd his aid.
Brave Abdael o'er the prophets' school was plac'd,
bdael, with all his father's virtue grac'd;
hero who, while stars look'd wondering down,
Vithout one Hebrew's blood restor'd the crown.
hat praise was his: what therefore did remain
or following chiefs, but boldly to maintain
hat crown restor'd? and in this rank of fame
rave Abdael, with the first, a place must claim.
roceed, illustrious, happy Chief! proceed,
oreseize the garlands for thy brow decreed;
Vhile the' inspir'd tribe attend with noblest strain,
o *register the glories* thou shalt gain;

For sure the dew shall Gilboah's hills forsake,
And Jordan mix his stream with Sodom's lake,
Or seas retir'd, their secret stores disclose,
And to the sun their scaly brood expose;
Or, swell'd above the cliffs, their billows raise,
Before the Muses leave their patron's praise.
  Eliab our next labour does invite,
And hard the task to do Eliab right:
Long with the Royal wanderer he rov'd,
And firm in all the turns of fortune prov'd!
Such ancient service, and desert so large,
Well claim'd the royal household for his charge.
His age with only one mild heiress blest,
In all the bloom of smiling Nature drest,
And blest again, to see his flower allied
To David's stock, and made young Othniel's bride!
The bright restorer of his father's youth,
Devoted to a son's and subject's truth;
Resolv'd to bear that prize of duty home,
So bravely sought, while sought by Absalom.
Ah, prince! the' illustrious planet of thy birth,
And thy more powerful virtue, guard thy worth,
That no Achitophel thy ruin boast;
Israel too much in one such wreck has lost.
  E'en envy must consent to Helon's worth,
Whose soul, though Egypt glories in his birth,
Could for our captive ark its zeal retain,
And Pharaoh's altars in their pomp disdain:
To slight his gods was small; with nobler pride
He all the' allurements of his court defied;
Whom profit nor example could betray,
But Israel's friend, and true to David's sway:
What acts of favour in his province fall,
On merit he confers, and freely all.

Our list of nobles next let Amri grace,
Whose merits claim'd the Abethdins' high place;
Who with a loyalty that did excel,
Brought all the' endowments of Achitophel.
Sincere was Amri, and not only knew,
But Israel's sanctions into practice drew;
Our laws, that did a boundless ocean seem,
Were coasted all, and fathom'd all by him:
No Rabbin speaks like him their mystic sense
So just, and with such charms of eloquence;
To whom the double blessing does belong,
With Moses' inspiration, Aaron's tongue.
Than Sheva none more loyal zeal have shown,
Wakeful as Judah's Lion for the crown;
Who for that cause still combats in his age,
For which his youth with danger did engage.
In vain our factious priests the cant revive,
In vain seditious scribes with libel strive
To' enflame the crowd, while he, with watchful eye,
Observes, and shoots their treasons as they fly;
Their weekly frauds his keen replies detect;
He undeceives more fast than they infect.
So Moses, when the pest on legions prey'd,
Advanc'd his signal, and the plague was stay'd.
Once more, my fainting Muse, thy pinions try,
And strength's exhausted store let love supply.
What tribute, Asaph, whall we render thee?
We'll crown thee with a wreath from thy own tree!
Thy laurel grove no envy's flash can blast;
The song of Asaph shall for ever last.
With wonder late posterity shall dwell
On Absalom and false Achitophel;
Thy strains shall be our slumbering prophets' dream,
And when our Sion-virgins sing their theme,

Our jubilees shall with thy verse be grac'd;
The song of Asaph shall for ever last. [tun
How fierce his satire, loos'd! restrain'd, h
How tender of the' offending young man's fame
How well his worth, and brave adventures stil'd,
Just to his virtues, to [illegible] or mild.
No page of thine [illegible] the strictest view,
But teems with just repro[illegible]; or praise, as due;
Not Eden could a fairer prospect yield,
All Paradise without one barren field;
Whose wit the censure of his foes has past;
The song of Asaph shall for ever last.
What praise for such rich strains shall we allo
What just rewards the grateful Crown bestow?
While bees in flowers rejoice, and flowers in de
While stars and fountains to their course are tru
While Judah's throne and Sion's rock stand fast,
The song of Asaph, and the fame, shall last.
Still Hebron's honour'd, happy soil, retains
Our Royal hero's beauteous dear remains,
Who now sails off, with winds nor wishes slack,
To bring his sufferings' bright companion back;
But ere such transport can our sense employ,
A bitter grief must poison half our joy;
Nor can our coasts restor'd those blessings see,
Without a bribe to envious Destiny!
Curs'd Sodom's doom for ever fix the tide
Where, by inglorious chance, the valiant died.
Give not insulting Askalon to know,
Nor let Gath's daughters triumph in our woe!
No sailor with the news swell Egypt's pride,
By what inglorious fate our valiant died!
Weep, Arnon! Jordan, weep thy fountains dry,
While Zion's rock dissolves for a supply.

Calm were the elements, Night's silence deep,
The waves scarce murmuring, and the winds asleep;
Yet Fate for ruin takes so still an hour,
And treacherous sands the princely bark devour;
Then Death unworthy seiz'd a generous race,
To virtue's scandal, and the stars' disgrace!
Oh! had the' indulgent powers vouchsaf'd to yield,
Instead of faithless shelves, a listed field,
A listed field of Heaven's and David's foes,
Fierce as the troops that did his youth oppose,
Each life had on his slaughter'd heap retir'd,
Not tamely, and unconquering, thus expir'd;
But Destiny is now their only foe,
And dying, e'en o'er that they triumph too;
With loud last breaths their master's 'scape applaud,
Of whom kind Force could scarce the Fates defraud;
Who for such followers lost, O matchless mind!
At his own safety now almost repin'd!—
Say, Royal Sir, by all your fame in arms,
Your praise in peace, and by Urania's charms,
If all your sufferings past so nearly prest,
Or pierc'd with half so painful grief, your breast?
Thus some diviner Muse her hero forms,
Not sooth'd with soft delights, but toss'd in storms;
Nor stretch'd on roses in the myrtle-grove,
Nor crowns his days with mirth, his nights with love;
But far remov'd, in thundering camps is found,
His slumbers short, his bed the herbless ground;
In tasks of danger always seen the first,
Feeds from the hedge, and slakes with ice his thirst:
Long must his patience strive with Fortune's rage,
And long opposing gods themselves engage;
Must *see his country* flame, his friends destroy'd,
Before the promis'd empire be enjoy'd:

Such toil of fate must build a man of fame,
And such, to Israel's crown, the godlike David
came.
What sudden beams dispel the clouds so fast,
Whose drenching rains laid all our vineyards waste?
The Spring, so far behind her course delay'd,
On the' instant is in all her bloom array'd;
The winds breathe low, the elements serene,
Yet mark what motion in the waves is seen!
Thronging and busy as Hyblæan swarms,
Or straggled soldiers summon'd to their arms,
See where the princely bark in loosest pride,
With all her guardian fleet, adorns the tide:
High on her deck the Royal lovers stand,
Our crimes to pardon e'er they touch'd our land.
Welcome to Israel and to David's breast!
Here all your toils, here all your sufferings, rest.
This year did Ziloah rule Jerusalem,
And boldly all Sedition's syrtes stem,
Howe'er incumber'd with a viler pair
Than Ziph or Shimei, to assist the chair:
Yet Ziloah's loyal labours so prevail'd,
That Faction at the next election fail'd;
When e'en the common cry did Justice sound,
And Merit by the multitude was crown'd:
With David then was Israel's peace restor'd,
Crowds mourn'd their error, and obey'd their lord.

THE MEDAL.

A SATIRE AGAINST SEDITION.

1681.

EPISTLE TO THE WHIGS.

) whom can I dedicate this Poem with so justice as to you? It is the representation of wn hero; it is the picture drawn at length, you admire and prize so much in little.* of your ornaments are wanting; neither the ape of the Tower, nor the Rising Sun; nor *no domini* of your new sovereign's corona- This must needs be a grateful undertaking : whole party, especially to those who have en so happy as to purchase the original. I e graver has made a good market of it: all gs are bought up already; or the value of mainder so enhanced, that many a poor er,† who would be glad to worship the

he Jury's refusing to find a bill against Lord Shaftesbury treason, in Nov. 1681, a medal was struck to commemo- vent, which gave occasion to Dryden's satire. A "picture means a miniature. See Shakspeare's Hamlet.
esbury was said to entertain hopes that he should be elect- *f Poland.*

image, is not able to go to the cost of him, but must be content to see him here. I must confess I am no great artist; but sign-post painting will serve the turn to remember a friend by, especially when better is not to be had: yet, for your comfort, the lineaments are true; and though he sat not five times to me, as he did to B.* yet I have consulted history, as the Italian painters do, when they would draw a Nero or a Caligula; though they have not seen the man, they can help their imagination by a statue of him, and find out the colouring from Suetonius and Tacitus. Truth is, you might have spared one side of your Medal: the head would be seen to more advantage if it were placed on a spike the Tower, a little nearer to the sun, which would then break out to better purpose.

You tell us, in your Preface to the No-protestant Plot,† that you shall be forced hereafter to leave off your modesty. I suppose you mean that little which is left you; for it was worn to rags when you put out this Medal. Never was there practised such a piece of notorious impudence in the face of an established government. I believe, when he is dead, you will wear him in thumb-rings, as the Turks did Scanderbeg; as if there were virtue in his bones to preserve you against monarchy. Yet all this while you pretend not only zeal for the public good, but a due veneration for the person of the King. But all men, who can see an inch before them, may easily detect

* George Bower, a medallic engraver.

† A tract in three parts, printed in 1682.

ross fallacies. That it is necessary for men circumstances to pretend both, is granted r without them there could be no ground a faction. But I would ask you one civil n, What right has any man among you, or ociation of men, (to come nearer to you) it of parliament cannot be considered in a capacity, to meet, as you daily do, in fac- ubs, to vilify the government in your dis- , and to libel it in all your writings? Who ou judges in Israel? or how is it consistent ur zeal for the public welfare to promote ı? Does your definition of loyal, which is to he King according to the laws, allow you nce of traducing the executive power with ou own he is invested? You complain that esty has lost the love and confidence of his ; and, by your very urging it, you endea- at in you lies to make him lose them. All ubjects abhor the thought of arbitrary whether it be in one or many: if you were riots you would seem, you would not, at e, incense the multitude to assume it; for r man can fear it, either from the King's ion or his practice, or even, where you diously lay it, from his ministers. Give us enjoy the government, and benefit of laws which we were born, and which we desire smit to our posterity. You are not the s of the public liberty; and, if you have it to petition in a crowd, much less have intermeddle in the management of affairs, arraign what you do not like; which, in is every thing that is done by the King and

council. Can you imagine that any reasonable man will believe you respect the person of his Majesty, when it is apparent that your seditious pamphlets are stuffed with particular reflections on him? If you have the confidence to deny this, it is easy to be evinced from a thousand passages, which I only forbear to quote, because I desire they should die and be forgotten. I have perused many of your papers; and to show you that I have, the third part of your "No-protestant Plot" is much of it stolen from your dead author's pamphlet, called "The Growth of Popery;* as manifestly as Milton's "Defence of the English People" is from Buchanan, "*De Jure Regni apud Scotos;*" or your first Covenant, and New Association, from the Holy League of the French Guisards. Any one who reads Davila, may trace your practices all along. There were the same pretences for reformation and loyalty, the same aspersions of the King, and the same grounds of a rebellion. I know not whether you will take the historian's word, who says it was reported that Poltrot, a huguenot, murdered Francis Duke of Guise, by the instigations of Theodore Beza; or that it was a huguenot minister, otherwise called a presbyterian (for our church abhors so devilish a tenet,) who first writ a treatise of the lawfulness of deposing and murdering kings of a different persuasion in religion. But I am able to prove, from the doctrine of Calvin, and principles of Buchanan, that they set the people above the magistrate; which, if I mistake not, is your own fundamental; and

* Written by Andrew Marvel, and published in 1678.

ı carries your loyalty no farther than your ;. When a vote of the House of Commons on your side, you are as ready to observe it it were passed into a law; but when you are ıed with any former and yet unrepealed act rliament, you declare that, in some cases; you not be obliged by it. The passage is in the third part of the "No-protestant Plot," and ı plain to be denied. The late copy of your ded Association you neither wholly justify nor emn; but as the Papists, when they are unop- l, fly out into all the pageantries of worship, in times of war, when they are hard pressed by ments, lie close intrenched behind the council rent; so now, when your affairs are in a low ition, you dare not pretend that to be a legal ination; but whensoever you are afloat, I t not but it will be maintained and justified to ose: for indeed there is nothing to defend it the sword. 'Tis the proper time to say any ;, when men have all things in their power.

the mean time you would fain be nibbling at rallel betwixt this Association and that in the of Queen Elizabeth:* but there is this small rence betwixt them, that the ends of the one directly opposite to the other; one with the en's approbation and conjunction, as head of he other without either the consent or know- e of the King, against whose authority it is ifestly designed. Therefore you do well to : recourse to your last evasion, that it was con- ed by your enemies, and shuffled into the papers

* In 1584. See Camden's History of Elizabeth.

that were seized; which yet you see the nation is not so easy to believe as y[illegible] own jury. But the matter is [illegible]d [illegible]lt, [illegible] twelve men in Newgate who w[illegible] ac[illegible] a[illegible]ctor.

I have one only [illegible] [illegible]ire of you at parting; that, when you [illegible] answering this Plea, you would employ [illegible] [illegible]ns against it who have combated, with s[illegible] [illegible]ns, against "Absalom and Achitophel;" [illegible] you may assure yourselves of a clear victory, without the least reply. Rail at me abundantly; and, not to break a custom, do it without wit: by [illegible]thod you will gain a considerable point, [illegible] wholly to wave the answer [illegible] my arguments. Never own the bottom of your principles, [illegible]ey should be treason. Fall severely on the mis[illegible]ages of government; for if scandal be not allowed, you are no free-born subjects. If God has not blessed you with the talent of rhyming, make use of my poor stock, and welcome; let your verses run upon my feet; and, for the utmost refuge of notorious blockheads, reduced to the last extremity of sense, turn my own lines upon me, and, in utter despair of your own satire, make me satirize myself. Some of you have been driven to this bay already: but, above all the rest, commend me to the non-conformist parson who writ the "Whip and Key." I am afraid it is not read so much as the piece deserves, because the bookseller is every week crying *help*, at the end of his Gazette, to get it off. You see I am charitable enough to do him a kindness, that it may be published as well as printed; and that so much skill in Hebrew derivations may not lie for waste paper in the shop. Yet, I half suspect he went no farther

r his learning, than the index of Hebrew names d etymologies, which is printed at the end of me English Bibles. If Achitophel* signify the brother of a Fool,' the author of that poem will as with his readers for the next of kin; and, perps, it is the relation which makes the kindness. hatever the verses are, buy them up, I beseech u, out of pity: for I hear the Conventicle is shut , and the brother of Achitophel out of service. Now footmen, you know, have the generosity to ke a purse for a member of their society who has d his livery pulled over his ears; and even Protant socks are bought up among you, out of veration to the name. A dissenter in poetry from se and English, will make as good a Protestant rmer, as a dissenter from the church of England Protestant parson: besides, if you encourage a ung beginner, who knows but he may elevate his le a little above the vulgar epithets of "Profane d Saucy Jack," and "Atheistic Scribbler," with ich he treats me, when the fit of enthusiasm is ong upon him? by which well-mannered and aritable expressions, I was certain of his sect be-e I knew his name. What would you have more a man? He has damned me in your cause from nesis to the Revelations; and has half the texts both the Testaments against me, if you will be civil to yourselves as to take him for your intereter, and not to take them for Irish witnesses. ter all, perhaps, you will tell me that you retained

* The anonymous author of two scurrilous poems, called "A hip," and "*A Key*," thus expounded the derivation of Achito-l: *Achi*, *my brother*; and *tophel*, a fool.

him only for the opening of your cause, and that your main lawyer is yet behind: now, if it so happen he meet with no more reply than his predecessors, you may either conclude that I trust to the goodness of my cause, or fear my adversary, or disdain him, or what you please; for the short on't is, it is indifferent to your humble servant, whatever your party says or thinks of him.

THE MEDAL.

A SATIRE AGAINST SEDITION.

Per Graium populos, mediæque per Elidis urbem,
Ibat ovans, Divumque sibi poscebat honorem.
VIRG.

---

all our antic sights and pageantry,
hich English idiots run in crowds to see,
ıe Polish Medal* bears the prize alone,
monster, more the favourite of the Town
ıan either fairs or theatres have shown.
:ver did Art so well with Nature strive,
ır ever idol seemed so much alive;
like the man, so golden to the sight,
base within, so counterfeit and light:
ıe side is fill'd with title and with face;
ıd, lest the king should want a regal place,
ı the reverse a Tower the town surveys,
er which our mounting sun his beams displays.
ıe word, pronounc'd aloud by shrieval voice,
etamur, which, in Polish, is *Rejoice*.
ıe day, month, year, to the great act are join'd,
ıd a new canting holiday design'd.
ve days he sat, for every cast and look,
ɔur more than God to finish Adam took:

* Mr. Malone describes this medal as bearing on one side the
ıd of Shaftesbury; on the reverse, a view of the city of London
th a rising sun; and in the exergue the word *Lætamur*, with the
te, 24 Nov. 1681. Mr. Scott, in his edition of Dryden's Works,
s inserted an engraved representation of the medal.

But who can tell what essence angels are,
Or how long Heaven was making Lucifer?
Oh, could the style that copied every grace,
And plough'd such furrows for an eunuch-face,
Could it have form'd his ever-changing will,
The various piece had tir'd the graver's skill!
A martial hero first, with early care,
Blown, like a pigmy by the winds, to war;
A beardless chief, a rebel ere a man,
So young his hatred to his prince began.
Next this, (how wildly will ambition steer!)
A vermin, wriggling in the' usurper's ear;
Bartering his venal wit for sums of gold,
He cast himself into the saint-like mould;
Groan'd, sigh'd, and pray'd, while godliness was gain,
The loudest bagpipe of the squeaking train.
But, as 'tis hard to cheat a juggler's eyes,
His open lewdness he could ne'er disguise:
There split the saint; for hypocritic zeal
Allows no sins but those it can conceal.
Whoring to scandal gives too large a scope:
Saints must not trade, but they may interlope.
The' ungodly principle was all the same,
But a gross cheat betrays his partner's game.
Besides, their pace was formal, grave, and slack;
His nimble wit outran the heavy pack:
Yet still he found his fortune at a stay,
Whole droves of blockheads choking up his way:
They took, but not rewarded, his advice;
Villain and wit exact a double price.
Power was his aim; but thrown from that pretence,
The wretch turn'd loyal in his own defence,
And malice reconcil'd him to his prince.

Him, in the anguish of his soul, he serv'd,
Rewarded faster still than he deserv'd.
Behold him now exalted into trust,
His counsels oft convenient, seldom just.
E'en in the most sincere advice he gave,
He had a grudging still to be a knave.
The frauds he learn'd in his fanatic years,
Made him uneasy in his lawful gears:
At best, as little honest as he could,
And, like white witches, mischievously good.
To his first bias, longingly, he leans,
And rather would be great by wicked means.
Thus, fram'd for ill, he loos'd our triple hold,
Advice unsafe, precipitous, and bold:
From hence those tears, that Ilium of our woe,
Who helps a powerful friend, fore-arms a foe.
What wonder if the waves prevail so far,
When he cut down the banks that made the bar?
Seas follow but their nature, to invade;
But he by art our native strength betray'd.
So Samson to his foe his force confest,
And, to be shorn, lay slumbering on her breast;
But when this fatal counsel, found too late,
Expos'd its author to the public hate;
When his just sovereign, by no impious way,
Could be seduc'd to arbitrary sway;
Forsaken of that hope, he shifts his sail,
Drives down the current with a popular gale,
And shows the fiend confess'd, without a veil,
He preaches to the crowd that power is lent,
But not convey'd, to kingly government;
That claims successive bear no binding force;
That coronation-oaths are things of course:

Maintains the multitude can never err,
And sets the people in the Papal chair.
The reason's obvious,—Interest never lies;
The most have still their interest in their eyes;
The power is always theirs, and power is ever
wise.
Almighty Crowd! thou shorten'st all dispute,
Power is thy essence, wit thy attribute;
Nor faith nor reason make thee at a stay,
Thou leap'st o'er all eternal truths in thy Pindaric way
Athens, no doubt, did righteously decide,
When Phocion and when Socrates were tried;
As righteously they did those dooms repent;
Still they were wise, whatever way they went;
Crowds err not, though to both extremes they run
To kill the father, and recal the son.
Some think the fools were most, as times went then
But now the world's o'erstock'd with prudent men
The common cry is e'en Religion's test;
The Turk's is at Constantinople best;
Idols in India, Popery at Rome;
And our own worship only true at home:
And true, but for the time; 'tis hard to know
How long we please it shall continue so.
This side to-day, and that to-morrow burns;
So all are god-almighties in their turns.
A tempting doctrine, plausible and new;
What fools our fathers were, if this be true!
Who, to destroy the seeds of civil war,
Inherent right in monarchs did declare;
And that a lawful power might never cease,
Secur'd succession, to secure our peace.
Thus property and sovereign sway, at last,
In equal balances were justly cast;

new Jehu spurs the hot-mouth'd horse,
the beast to know his native force,
the bit between his teeth, and fly
next headlong steep of anarchy.
py England, if our good we knew,
ve possess the freedom we pursue!
sh government can give no more;
epine, and plenty makes us poor.
d us once; our rebel-fathers fought;
ed 'em with all the power they sought;
ster'd by their own usurping brave,
-born subject sunk into a slave.
our manna, and we long for quails:
t is man, when his own wish prevails!
h, how swift to plunge himself in ill!
f his pow'r, and boundless in his will!
gs can do no wrong, we must believe:
n they do, and must they all receive?
eaven! or sadly we shall see an hour,
either wrong nor right are in their pow'r!
they have lost their best defence,
efit of laws which they dispense;
e to their righteous cause allow'd,
ed by an arbitrary crowd;
lals grav'd, their conquest to record,
np and coin of their adopted lord.
an* who laugh'd but once, to see an ass
g to make the cross-grain'd thistles pass,
ugh again, to see a jury chaw
kles of unpalatable law.
nesses that, leech-like, liv'd on blood,
for them were med'cinally good;

* Crassus.

But when they fasten'd on their fester'd sore,
Then justice and religion they forswore;
Their maiden oaths debauch'd into a whore.
Thus men are rais'd by factions, and decried,
And rogue and saint distinguish'd by their side.
They rack e'en Scripture to confess their cause
And plead a call to preach, in spite of laws.
But that's no news to the poor injur'd page;
It has been us'd as ill in every age:
And is constrain'd, with patience, all to take:
For what defence can Greek and Hebrew make
Happy, who can this talking trumpet seize;
They make it speak whatever sense they please
'Twas fram'd, at first, our oracle to' inquire;
But since our sects in prophecy grow higher,
The text inspires not them, but they the text
inspire.

London! thou great emporium of our isle;
O thou too bounteous, thou too fruitful Nile!
How shall I praise or curse, to thy desert;
Or separate thy sound from thy corrupted part?
I call'd thee Nile; the parallel will stand;
Thy tides of wealth o'erflow the fatten'd land;
Yet monsters from thy large increase we find,
Engender'd on the slime thou leav'st behind.
Sedition has not wholly seiz'd on thee;
Thy nobler parts are from infection free:
Of Israel's tribes thou hast a numerous band,
But still the Canaanite is in the land.
Thy military chiefs are brave and true;
Nor are thy disinchanted burghers few.
The head is loyal which thy heart commands,
But what's a head with two such gouty hands?*

* Shute and Pilkington, the two City Sheriffs.

wealthy love the surest way,
nt to thrive and to obey:
to sloth too great a slave;
usy as the fool and knave.
urse; what vengeance will they urge,
s neither plague nor fire can purge?
erience can to duty bring,
aven, nor a forgiving King!
se their chapmen they betray;
e dens, the buyer is their prey:
trades is living on the spoil;
'n when each other they beguile.
al is such a trivial thing,
charter to defraud their king.
e of every jarring sect;
e country first, and then infect.
cause their monarchs dare dethrone,
sure to make his cause their own.
lotting jesuit laid the plan
kings, or the French puritan,
s sects their guides outgo,
kingly power would murder too.
their traitorous combination less,
vade, too shameful to confess?
not own'd when 'tis descried;
es alone are justified.
no conspiracy would find,
t, had it taken, they had join'd;
tual covenant of defence,
t, at last against their prince:
ght by sovereign power they scan,
maxim holds in God and man:
safe, his thunder could they shun;
orc'd to crown another Son.

Thus, when the heir was from the vineyard thro
The rich possession was the murderers' own.
In vain to sophistry they have recourse;
By proving theirs no plot, they prove 'tis worse
Unmask'd rebellion, and audacious force;
Which though not actual, yet all eyes may see
'Tis working, in the' immediate power to be;
For, from pretended grievances they rise,
First to dislike, and after to despise;
Then, cyclop-like, in human flesh to deal,
Chop up a minister at every meal;
Perhaps not wholly to melt down the King,
But clip his regal rights within the ring:
From thence to' assume the power of peace and w
And ease him, by degrees, of public care.
Yet, to consult his dignity and fame,
He should have leave to exercise the name.
And hold the cards, while Commons play'd th
game.
For what can power give more than food and dri
To live at ease, and not be bound to think?
These are the cooler methods of their crime,
But their hot zealots think 'tis loss of time;
On utmost bounds of loyalty they stand,
And grin and whet like a Croatian band,
That waits impatient for the last command.
Thus outlaws open villainy maintain;
They steal not, but in squadrons scow'r the plai
And if their power the passengers subdue,
The most have right, the wrong is in the few.
Such impious axioms foolishly they show,
For in some soils republics will not grow;
Our temperate isle will no extremes sustain
Of popular sway or arbitrary reign;

s between them both into the best,
n freedom, in a monarch blest:
igh the climate, vex'd with various winds,
hrough our yielding bodies, on our minds,
lesome tempest purges what it breeds,
nmend the calmness that succeeds.
ough, the pander of the people's hearts,
d soul, and serpentine in arts!
landishments a royal land have whor'd,
te the bonds she plighted to her lord;
rses on thy blasted name will fall!
ge to age their legacy shall call;
ust curse the woes that must descend
all.
thou hast none; thy mercury
through every sect, or theirs through thee:
thou givs't, that venom still remains,
pox'd nation feels thee in their brains.
inspires the tongues, and swells the breasts
bellowing renegado priests,
ach up thee for God; dispense thy laws;
thy stum ferment their fainting cause;
nes of madness raise, and toil and sweat
the formidable cripple great? [pow'r
uld thy crimes succeed; should lawless
those ends thy greedy hopes devour,
ing friends thy mortal foes would be;
and theirs will never long agree.
(if thou hast any) must be one
the world and humankind alone;
od, that passes hours too well
se heaven, or threaten us with hell:
oncern'd can at rebellion sit,
at crimes he did himself commit.

A tyrant theirs; the heaven their priesthood paints
A conventicle of gloomy sullen saints;
A heaven, like Bedlam, slovenly and sad,
Foredoom'd for souls with false religion mad.
Without a vision, poets can foreshow
What all but fools, by common sense, may know:
If true succession from our isle should fail,
And crowds profane, with impious arms, prevail;
Not thou, nor those thy factious arts engage,
Shall reap that harvest of rebellious rage,
With which thou flatter'st thy decrepit age.
The swelling poison of the several sects,
Which, wanting vent, the nation's health infects,
Shall burst its bag: and, fighting out their way,
The various venoms on each other prey.
The Presbyter, puft up with spiritual pride,
Shall on the necks of the lewd nobles ride,
His brethren damn, the civil power defy,
And parcel out republic-prelacy:
But short shall be his reign; his rigid yoke
And tyrant power will puny sects provoke;
And frogs and toads, and all the tadpole train,
Will croak to Heaven for help from this devouring crane.
The cut-throat Sword and clamorous Gown shall jar,
In sharing their ill-gotten spoils of war:
Chiefs shall be grudg'd the part which they pretend;
Lords envy lords, and friends with every friend
About their impious merit shall contend.
The surly Commons shall respect deny,
And justle Peerage out with property.
Their General either shall his trust betray,
And force the crowd to arbitrary sway;

:y, suspecting his ambitious aim,
: of kings, shall cast anew the frame,
hrust out Collatine that bore their name.
ıs inborn broils the factions would engage,
.rs of exil'd heirs, or foreign rage,
alting Vengeance overtook our age:
ıur wild labours, wearied into rest,
ı'd us on a rightful monarch's breast.

——Pudet hæc opprobria, vobis
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.

MAC-FLECNOE.

1682.

All human things are subject to decay,
And, when Fate summons, monarchs must obey.
This Flecnoe* found, who, like Augustus, young
Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd long;
In prose and verse was own'd, without dispute,
Through all the realms of Nonsense, absolute.
This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
And blest with issue of a large increase,
Worn out with business, did at length debate
To settle the succession of the state;
And pondering which of all his sons was fit
To reign, and wage immortal war with wit,
Cried—" 'Tis resolv'd; for Nature pleads that he
Should only rule that most resembles me.
Shadwell† alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years;
Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he
Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity:
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through, and make a lucid interval;

* Flecnoe was an Irishman by birth, and a Roman Catholic priest by profession; but not so utterly contemptible, in some of his poetical essays, as Dryden chose to consider him.

† Shadwell was educated for the law, but became a voluminous dramatic writer, and the selected butt of Dryden's Varronian satire.

But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
And seems design'd for thoughtless majesty:
Thoughtless as monarch-oaks that shade the plain,
And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
Thou last great prophet of Tautology!
Ev'n I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare thy way;
And, coarsely clad in Norwich drugget, came
To teach the nations in thy greater name.
My warbling lute, (the lute I whilom strung,
When to King John of Portugal I sung,)
Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy way,
With well-tim'd oars before the royal barge,
Swell'd with the pride of thy celestial charge;
And big with hymn, commander of an host,—
The like was ne'er in Epsom blankets tost.
Methinks I see the new Arion sail,
The lute still trembling underneath thy nail.
At thy well-sharpen'd thumb from shore to shore
The Trebles squeak for fear, the Basses roar:
Echoes from Pissing-Alley Shadwell call,
And Shadwell they resound from Aston-Hall.
About thy boat the little fishes throng,
As at the morning toast that floats along.
Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,
Thou wield'st thy papers in thy threshing hand:
St. André's feet ne'er kept more equal time,*
Not ev'n the feet of thy own Psyche's rhyme;†

* St. Andre was a fashionable dancing-master.
† Psyche was an opera, imitated from Moliere by Shadwell.

Though they in number as in sense excel;
So just, so like tautology, they fell,
That, pale with envy, Singleton* forswore
The lute and sword, which he in triumph bore,
And vow'd he ne'er would act Villerius more."
Here stop'd the good old sire, and wept for jo
In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.
All arguments, but most his plays, persuade,
That for anointed Dulness he was made.
Close to the walls which fair Augusta bind,
(The fair Augusta much to fears inclin'd)
An ancient fabric, rais'd to' inform the sight,
There stood of yore, and Barbican it hight;
A watch-tower once; but now, so Fate ordains,
Of all the pile an empty name remains:
From its old ruins brothel-houses rise,
Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys,
Where their vast courts the mother-strumpets ke
And, undisturb'd by watch, in silence sleep.†
Near those a nursery erects its head,
Where queens are form'd, and future heroes br
Where unfledg'd actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant punks their tender voices try,‡,
And little Maximins the gods defy.
Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,
Nor greater Jonson dares in socks appear;
But gentle Simkin§ just reception finds
Amidst this monument of vanish'd minds:

* Singleton was a musical performer of some eminence. personated Villerius in D'Avenant's Siege of Rhodes.

† Parodies on these lines of Cowley, (Davideis. Book I.)

Where their vast courts the mother-waters keep,
And, undisturb'd by moons, in silence sleep.

‡ ——————Where unfledg'd tempests lie,
And infant Winds their tender voices try.

§ The character of a cobler.

Pure clinches the suburban muse affords,
And Panton,* waging harmless war with words.
Here Flecnoe, as a place to fame well known,
Ambitiously design'd his Shadwell's throne:
For ancient Decker† prophesied long since,
That in this pile should reign a mighty prince,
Born for a scourge of wit, and flail of sense:
To whom true Dulness should some Psyches owe,
But worlds of misers from his pen should flow;
Humorists and hypocrites it should produce,
Whole Raymond families, and tribes of Bruce.‡

Now Empress Fame had published the renown
Of Shadwell's coronation through the Town.
Rous'd by report of fame, the nations meet,
From near Bunhill and distant Watling-street.
No Persian carpets spread the' imperial way,
But scatter'd limbs of mangled poets lay;
From dusty shops neglected authors come,
Martyrs of pies, and relics of the bum.
Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby,§ there lay,
But loads of Shadwell almost chok'd the way.
Bilk'd stationers for yeomen stood prepar'd,
And Herringman‖ was captain of the guard.
The hoary prince in majesty appear'd,
High on a throne of his own labours rear'd:

* A noted punster.

† Decker is here unsuitably coupled with Shadwell, for he displayed a variety of literary talent, and some tragic powers. Shirley had still superior claims to exemption.

‡ Raymond is a character in the Humorists; Bruce, in the Virtuoso.

§ Ogleby translated Homer, Virgil, and Æsop's Fables; and wrote three epic poems.

‖ Herringman was a great publisher of poems and plays in Dryden's time.

At his right hand our young Ascanius sate,
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the state:
His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
And lambent Dulness play'd around his face.
As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Swore by his sire, a mortal foe to Rome;
So Shadwell swore, (nor should his vow be vain,)
That he till death true Dulness would maintain;
And, in his father's right and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with sense.
The king himself the sacred unction made,
As king by office, and as priest by trade.
In his sinister hand, instead of ball,
He plac'd a mighty mug of potent ale;
'Love's Kingdom' to his right he did convey,*
At once his sceptre, and his rule of sway; [young,
Whose righteous lore the prince had practis'd
And from whose loins recorded Psyche sprung.
His temples, last, with poppies were o'erspread,
That nodding seem'd to consecrate his head;
Just at the point of time, if Fame not lie,
On his left hand twelve reverend owls did fly.—
So Romulus, 'tis sung, by Tiber's brook,
Presage of sway from twice six vultures took:
The' admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And omens of his future empire take.
The sire then shook the honours of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed
Full on the filial Dulness: long he stood,
Repelling from his breast the raging god;
At length burst out in this prophetic mood.

"Heavens bless my son! from Ireland let him reign
To far Barbadoes on the watery main;

* 'Love's Kingdom,' a pastoral tragi-comedy, was written by Flecnoe.

Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father's be his throne;
Beyond Love's Kingdom let him stretch his pen!"
He paus'd, and all the people cry'd, 'Amen.'
Then thus continued he:—"My son, advance
Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
Success let others teach, learn thou from me
Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry.
Let Virtuosos in five years be writ;
Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit.
Let gentle George in triumph tread the stage,
Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage;*
Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,
And in their folly show the writer's wit:
Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence,
And justify their author's want of sense.
Let them be all by thy own model made
Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid,
That they to future ages may be known,
Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own.
Nay, let thy men of wit, too, be the same,
All full of thee, and differing but in name:
But let no alien Sedley interpose,
To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom prose:†
And when false flowers of rhetoric thou wouldst cull,
Trust Nature, do not labour to be dull;
But write thy best, and top; and, in each line,
Sir Formal's oratory will be thine:‡

* Characters in Sir George Etherege's 'Man of Mode,' a comedy. Cully and Cockwood appear in 'Love in a Tub,' another of his plays.

† Sir Charles Sedley assisted Shadwell in his successful comedy of 'Epsom Wells.'

‡ Sir Formal Trifle is a conceited character in Shadwell's comedy of '*The Virtuoso*.'

Sir Formal, though unsought, attends thy quill,
And does thy northern dedications fill.
Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating Jonson's hostile name.*
Let father Flecnoe fire thy mind with praise,
And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise.
Thou art my blood, where Jonson has no part;
What share have we in nature or in art?
Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
And rail at arts he did not understand?
Where made he love in prince Nicander's vein,
Or swept the dust in Psyche's humble strain?
Where sold he bargains, 'Whip-stich, Kiss my a—†
Promis'd a play, and dwindled to a farce?
When did his muse from Fletcher scenes purloin
As thou whole Etherege dost transfuse to thine?
But so transfus'd as oil and waters flow,
His always floats above, thine sinks below.
This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,
New humours to invent for each new play:
This is that boasted bias of thy mind,
By which, one way, to dulness 'tis inclin'd:
Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,
And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence
Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense,
A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ,
But sure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;
Thy Tragic Muse gives smiles; thy Comic, sleep

* Shadwell affected to be the dramatic disciple of Ben Jonson.

† This polished phrase is the cant idiom of Sir Samuel Hea in the same play.

whate'er gall thou sett'st thyself to write,
ıoffensive satires never bite.
felonious heart, though venom lies,
s but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.
enius calls thee not to purchase fame
:n Iambics, but mild Anagram.
writing Plays, and choose for thy command
peaceful province in Acrostic land:
thou may'st wings display, and altars raise,*
ɔrture one poor word ten thousand ways:
hou would'st thy different talents suit,
y own songs, and sing them to thy lute."
said; but his last words were scarcely heard;
ruce and Longvil† had a trap prepar'd,
own they sent the yet-declaiming bard.
ıg, he left his drugget robe behind,
upwards by a subterranean wind:
ıantle fell to the young prophet's part,
double portion of his father's art.

he works of Herbert, Wither, Jordan, and other obsolete
ıets, some of these fantastical vagaries may be seen.

se are fine gentlemen in Shadewell's 'Virtuoso,' who play
n Sir Formal Trifle by means of a trap-door.

RELIGIO LAICI;

OR,

A LAYMAN'S FAITH.

AN EPISTLE.

1682.

THE PREFACE.

A POEM with so bold a title, and a name prefixed, from which the handling of so serious a subject would not be expected, may reasonably oblige the Author to say somewhat in defence both of himself and of his undertaking. In the first place, if it be objected to me, that, being a layman, I ought not to have concerned myself with speculations which belong to the profession of divinity; I could answer, that, perhaps, laymen, with equal advantages of parts and knowledge, are not the most incompetent judges of sacred things. But in the due sense of my own weakness and want of learning, I plead not this; I pretend not to make myself a judge of faith in others, but only to make a confession of my own. I lay no unhallowed hand upon the ark; but wait on it, with the reverence that becomes me, at a distance. In the next place, I will ingenuously confess, that the helps I have used in this small treatise were many of them taken from the works of our own reverend divines of the church of England; so that the weapons with which I combat irreligion are already consecrated;

I suppose, they may be taken down as
as the sword of Goliath was by David,
ıey are to be employed for the common
ainst the enemies of piety. I intend not
to entitle them to any of my errors; which
pe, are only those of charity to mankind;
ı as my *own* charity has caused me to com-
of *others* may more easily excuse.
naturally inclined to scepticism in philo-
have no reason to impose my opinions in
t which is above it: but, whatever they
ubmit them with all reverence to my
church, accounting them no farther mine
they are authorized, or at least uncon-
by her. And, indeed, to secure myself
ide, I have used the necessary precaution
ng this paper, before it was published, to a
ı and learned friend, a man indefatigably
in the service of the Church and State,
se writings have highly deserved of both.
pleased to approve the body of the dis-
nd I hope he is more my friend than to
of complaisance. 'Tis true, he had too
taste to like it all; and, amongst some
ults, recommended to my second view
ıave written, perhaps too boldly, on St.
us, which he advised me wholly to omit.
ısible enough that I had done more pru-
ı have followed his opinion; but then I
ıt have satisfied myself that I had done
, not to have written what was my own.
vays been my thought that Heathens, who
l, nor without miracle could, hear of the
Christ, were yet in a possibility of salva-

tion. Neither will it enter easily into my belief, that before the coming of our Saviour, the whole world, excepting only the Jewish nation, should lie under the inevitable necessity of everlasting punishment, for want of that revelation which was confined to so small a spot of ground as that of Palestine. Among the sons of Noah we read of one only who was accursed; and if a blessing in the ripeness of time was reserved by Japheth, (of whose progeny we are) it seems unaccountable to me, why so many generations, of the same offspring, as preceded our Saviour in the flesh, should be all involved in one common condemnation, and yet that their posterity should be entitled to the hopes of salvation: as if a bill of exclusion had passed only on the fathers, which debarred not the sons from their succession: or that so many ages had been delivered over to hell, and so many reserved for heaven; and that the devil had the first choice, and God the next. Truly, I am apt to think, that the revealed Religion which was taught by Noah to all his sons might continue for some ages in the whole posterity: that afterwards it was included wholly in the family of Shem is manifest; but when the progenies of Cham and Japhet swarmed into colonies, and those colonies were subdivided into many others, in process of time their descendents lost, by little and little, the primitive and purer rites of divine worship, retaining only the notion of one Deity; to which succeeding generations added others: for men took their degrees in those ages from conquerors to gods. Revelation being thus eclipsed to almost all mankind, the light of nature, as the next in

[illegible]nity, was substituted; and that is it which St. [illegible]l concludes to be the rule of the heathens, and [illegible] which they are hereafter to be judged.*

If my supposition be true, then the consequence [illegible]hich I have assumed in my Poem may be also [illegible]e; namely, that Deism, or the principles of na[illegible]al worship, are only the faint remnants or dying [illegible]ames of revealed Religion in the posterity of [illegible]ah; and that our modern philosophers, nay, and [illegible]me of our philosophizing divines, have too much [illegible]alted the faculties of our souls, when they have [illegible]ntained that, by their force, mankind has been [illegible]le to find out that there is one Supreme Agent, [illegible] intellectual Being, which we call God; that [illegible]ence and prayer are his due worship; and the rest [illegible] these deducements, which I am confident are [illegible]e remote effects of Revelation, and unattainable by our discourse, I mean as simply considered, and without the benefit of divine illumination: so that we have not lifted up ourselves to God by the weak pinions of our reason, but he has been pleased to descend to us; and what Socrates said of him, what Plato writ, and the rest of the Heathen philosophers of several nations, is all no more than the twilight of Revelation, after the sun of it was set in the race of Noah. That there is something above us, some principle of motion, our Reason can apprehend, though it cannot discover what it is by its

* "When the Gentiles, which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves: which show the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts the mean while accusing, or else excusing, one another." Romans ii. 14, 15.

own virtue. And indeed, it is very improbable that we, who by the strength of our faculties cannot enter into the knowledge of any being, not so much as of our own, should be able to find out by them that Supreme Nature, which we cannot otherwise define than by saying it is infinite; as if infinite were definable, or infinity a subject for our narrow understanding. They who would prove religion by reason do but weaken the cause which they endeavour to support; it is to take away the pillars from our faith, and to prop it only with a twig; it is to design a tower like that of Babel, which, if it were possible (as it is not) to reach Heaven, would come to nothing by the confusion of the workmen: for every man is building a several way; impotently conceited of his own model, and his own materials. Reason is always striving, and always at a loss; and of necessity it must so come to pass, while it is exercised about that which is not its proper object. Let us be content at last to know God by his own methods; at least so much of him as he is pleased to reveal to us in the sacred Scriptures: to apprehend them to be the word of God is all our reason has to do; for all beyond it is the work of faith, which is the seal of Heaven impressed upon our human understanding.

And now, for what concerns the holy Bishop Athanasius, the preface of whose Creed seems inconsistent with my opinion; which is, that Heathens may possibly be saved. In the first place, I desire it may be considered that it is the Preface only, not the Creed itself, which (till I am better informed) is of too hard a digestion for my charity. 'Tis not that I am ignorant how many several texts of Scrip-

ture seemingly support that clause; but neither am I ignorant how all those texts may receive a kinder and more mollified interpretation. Every man who is read in church history, knows *that* belief was drawn up after a long contestation with Arius, concerning the divinity of our blessed Saviour, and his being one substance with the Father; and that, thus compiled, it was sent abroad among the Christian Churches, as a kind of test, which, whosoever took, was looked on as an orthodox believer. 'Tis manifest, from hence, that the Heathen part of the empire was not concerned in it; for its business was not to distinguish betwixt Pagans and Christians, but betwixt heretics and true believers. This, well considered, takes off the heavy weight of censure which I would willingly avoid from so venerable a man; for if this proposition, 'Whosoever will be saved,' be restrained only to those to whom it was intended, and for whom it was composed, I mean the Christians; then the *anathema* reaches not the Heathens, who had never heard of Christ, and were nothing interested in that dispute. After all, I am far from blaming even that prefatory addition to the Creed, and as far from cavilling at the continuation of it in the Liturgy of the church, where, on the days appointed, it is publicly read: for, I suppose, there is the same reason for it now, in opposition to the Socinians, as there was then against the Arians; the one being a heresy which seems to have been refined out of the other; and with how much more plausibility of reason it combats our religion, with so much more caution it ought to be avoided: therefore the prudence of

our church is to be commended, which has interposed her authority for the recommendation of this Creed. Yet to such as are grounded in the true belief, those explanatory creeds, the Nicene, and this of Athanasius, might perhaps be spared: for what is supernatural will always be a mystery in spite of exposition: and, for my own part, the plain Apostles' Creed is most suitable to my weak understanding; as the simplest diet is the most easy of digestion.

I have dwelt longer on this subject than I intended, and longer than, perhaps, I ought; for having laid down, as my foundation, that the Scripture is a rule; that in all things needful to salvation it is clear, sufficient, and ordained by God Almighty for that purpose, I have left myself no right to interpret obscure places, such as concern the possibility of eternal happiness to Heathens; because, whatsoever is obscure, is concluded not necessary to be known.

But, by asserting the Scripture to be the canon of our faith, I have unavoidably created to myself two sorts of enemies: the Papists, indeed, more directly, because they have kept the Scripture from us, what they could, and have reserved to themselves a right of interpreting what they have delivered, under the pretence of infallibility; and the Fanatics more collaterally, because they have assumed what amounts to an infallibility, in the private spirit; and have distorted those texts of Scripture, which are not necessary to salvation, to the damnable uses of sedition, disturbance, and destruction of the civil government.

To begin with the Papists; and, to speak freely,

ık them the less dangerous (at least in appear-
) to our present state: for not only the penal
are in force against them, and their number is
ımptible, but also their peers and commons are
ıded from Parliament, and, consequently, those
in no probability of being repealed. A gene-
nd uninterrupted plot of their clergy, ever
the Reformation, I suppose all Protestants
ve: for it is not reasonable to think, but that
any of their orders, as were outed from their
ossessions, would endeavour a re-entrance
ıst those whom they account heretics. As for
ıte design, Mr. Coleman's letters,* for aught I
, are the best evidence; and what they disco-
without wire-drawing their sense or malicious
es, all men of reason conclude credible. If
be any thing more than this required of me,
st believe it as well as I am able, in spite of the
esses, and out of a decent conformity to the
of Parliament; for I suppose the Fanatics
ıot allow the private spirit in this case. Here
nfallibility is at least in one part of the govern-
, and our understandings as well as our wills
epresented. But, to return to the Roman Ca-
es; how can we be secure from the practice
suited Papists in that religion? For not two
ree of that order, as some of them would im-
upon us, but almost the whole body of them,
of opinion, that their infallible master has a

r. Coleman was secretary to the Duke of York. His letters
ddressed to Father La Chaise, the French king's confessor,
s object in writing them appears to have been, the introduc-
f popery into England. *See Malone's Dryden*, ii. 318.

right over kings, not only in spirituals but ten
rals. Not to name Mariana, Bellarmine, Ema
Sa, Molina, Santarel, Simancha, and at least tw
others of foreign countries, we can produce of
own nation Campian, and Doleman or Parsons,
sides many are named whom I have not read,)
all of them attest this doctrine, that the Pope
depose and give away the right of any sover
prince, *si vel paulum deflexerit*, if he shall neve
little warp; but if he once comes to be excom
nicated, then the bond of obedience is taken
from subjects; and they may and ought to d
him, like another Nebuchadnezzar, *ex homi*
Christianorum dominatu, from exercising domi
over Christians; and to this they are bound by
tue of divine precept, and by all the ties of
science, under no less penalty than damnation.
they answer me (as a learned priest has lately w
ten) that this doctrine of the Jesuits is not *de*
and that, consequently, they are not obliged by
they must pardon me if I think they have said
thing to the purpose; for it is a maxim in t
church, where points of faith are not decided,
that doctors are of contrary opinions, they may
low which part they please, but more safely the n
received and most authorized: and their champ
Bellarmine, has told the world, in his Apology,
the King of England is a vassal to the Pope, *ra*
directi dominii, and that he holds in villanage of
Roman landlord; which is no new claim put in
England. Our chronicles are his authentic
nesses, that King John was deposed by the s
plea, and Philip Augustus admitted tenant. *

(which makes the more for Bellarmine) the French king was again ejected, when our king submitted to the church, and the crown was received under the sordid condition of a vassalage.

It is not sufficient for the more moderate and well-meaning Papists (of which I doubt not there are many) to produce the evidences of their loyalty to the late King, and to declare their innocency in this plot. I will grant their behaviour, in the first, to have been as loyal and as brave as they desire; and will be willing to hold them excused as to the second, I mean, when it comes to my turn, and after my betters; for it is a madness to be sober alone while the nation continues drunk. But that saying of their father Cres.* is still running in my head, "that they may be dispensed with in their obedience to an heretic prince, while the necessity of the times shall oblige them to it;" for that (as another of them tells us) is only "the effect of Christian prudence; but when once they shall get power to shake him off, an heretic is no lawful king: and, consequently, to rise against him is no rebellion," I should be glad, therefore, that they would follow the advice which was charitably given them by a reverend prelate of our church, namely, "that they would join in a public act of disowning and detesting those Jesuitic principles; and subscribe to all doctrines which deny the Pope's authority of deposing kings, and releasing subjects from their oath of allegiance; to which I should think they might easily be induced, if it be true that this present Pope has

* Cressy: chaplain to Lords Strafford and Falkland, before he became a Romanist.

condemned the doctrine of king-killing (a thesis of the Jesuits) maintained amongst others, *ex cathedra*, (as they call it) or in open consistory.

Leaving them, therefore, in so fair a way (if they please themselves) of satisfying all reasonable men of their sincerity and good meaning to the government; I shall make bold to consider that other extreme of our religion, I mean the Fanatics, or Schismatics, of the English church. Since the Bible has been translated into our tongue, they have used it so, as if their business was not to be saved, but to be damned, by its contents. If we consider only them, better had it been for the English nation that it had still remained in the original Greek and Hebrew, or at least in the honest Latin of St. Jerome, than that several texts in it should have been prevaricated to the destruction of that government which put it into so ungrateful hands.

How many heresies the first translation of Tindal produced in few years, let my Lord Herbert's History of Henry the Eighth inform you; insomuch, that for the gross errors in it, and the great mischiefs it occasioned, a sentence passed on the first edition of the Bible, too shameful almost to be repeated.* After the short reign of Edward the Sixth, (who had continued to carry on the Reformation on other principles than it was begun) every one knows, that not only the chief promoters of that work, but many others, whose consciences would not dispense with Popery, were forced, for fear of persecution, to change climates;

* Tindal's Translation was prohibited by royal proclamation, and the copies condemned to be burned.

ma whence returning at the beginning of Queen
Elizabeth's reign, many of them who had been in
France, and at Geneva, brought back the rigid
Unions and imperious discipline of Calvin to graft
on our reformation; which, though they cun-
ingly concealed at first, (as well knowing how
uneously that drug would go down, in a lawful
monarchy, which was prescribed for a rebellious
commonwealth) yet they always kept it in reserve,
d were never wanting to themselves either in
urt or parliament, when either they had any
aspect of a numerous party of fanatic members
the one, or the encouragement of any favourite
the other, whose covetousness was gaping at
e patrimony of the church. They who will con-
t the works of our venerable Hooker, or the
ount of his life, or more particularly the letter
itten to him on this subject by George Cran-
r,* may see by what gradations they proceeded.
om the dislike of cap and surplice, the very next
p was admonitions to the Parliament against
whole government ecclesiastical: then came
volumes in English and Latin in defence of
ir tenets; and, immediately, practices were set
foot to erect their discipline without authority.
ose not succeeding, satire and railing was the
rt; and Martin Mar-Prelate† (the Marvel of
se times) was the First Presbyterian scribbler
o sanctified libels and scurrility to the use of
good old cause: which was done, says my
hor, upon this account, that (their serious trea-

* See Izaac Walton's life of Mr. Richard Hooker.
† A name assumed by John Penry. See Wood's Ath. Oxon.

tises having been fully answered and refute
might compass by railing what they had
reasoning; and when their cause was sunk
and parliament, they might at least hed
stake amongst the rabble: for to their ig
all things are wit which are abusive; but if
and state were made the theme, then the
degree of wit was to be taken at Billing
Even the most saint-like of the party, thou
durst not excuse this contempt and vilifyin
government, yet were pleased, and grinn
with a pious smile; and called it a judg
God against the hierarchy. Thus sectar
may see) were born with teeth, foul-mout
scurrilous from their infancy; and if spiritu
venom, violence, contempt of superiors, a
der, had been the marks of orthodox bel
Presbytery, and the rest of our Schismatics,
are their spawn,) were always the most
church in the Christian world.

It is true, the government was too strong
time for a rebellion; but, to show what pro
they had made in Calvin's school, even the
mouths watered at it; for two of their gif
therhood, Hacket and Coppinger (as the st
us) got up into a pease-cart, and harang
people, to dispose them to an insurrection,
establish their discipline by force; so tha
ever it comes about that now they celebrate
Elizabeth's birth-night as that of their s
patroness, yet then they were for doing 't
of the Lord' by arms against her; and, in
*b*ability, they wanted but a fanatic lord-ma
two sheriffs of their party to have compass

ur venerable Hooker, after many admonitions
ch he had given them, towards the end of his
ace, breaks out into this prophetic speech:
ere is in every one of these considerations
t just cause to fear lest our hastiness to em-
e a thing of so perilous consequence, (meaning
Presbyterian discipline) should cause posterity
el those evils which, as yet, are more easy for
prevent, than they would be for them to re-
y."

ow fatally this Cassandra has foretold, we know
well by sad experience. The seeds were sown
e time of Queen Elizabeth; the bloody har-
ripened in the reign of King Charles the Mar-
and because all the sheaves could not be car-
off without shedding some of the loose grains,
her crop is too like to follow; nay, I fear it is
oidable, if the Conventiclers be permitted still
atter.

man may be suffered to quote an adversary
ur Religion, when he speaks truth; and it is
observation of Maimburg, in his History of
inism, that "wherever that discipline was
ted and embraced, rebellion, civil war, and
ry, attended it." And how, indeed, should it
pen otherwise? Reformation of church and
has always been the ground of our divisions in
land. While we were Papists, our holy Father
s, by pretending authority out of the Scriptures
epose princes; when we shook off his authority,
Sectaries furnished themselves with the same
pons, and out of the same magazine, the Bible.
hat the Scriptures, which are in themselves the
test security of governors, as commanding ex-

press 'obedience to them,' are now turned
destruction; and never, since the Reforma
there wanted a text of their interpreting
rize a rebel. And it is to be noted by the
the doctrines of king-killing and deposin
have been taken up only by the worst
the Papists, the most frontless flatteren
Pope's authority, have been espoused, d
and are still maintained, by the whole body
conformists and Republicans. It is but
themselves the 'people of God,' which it
terest of their preachers to tell them they
their own interest to believe; and after t
cannot dip into the Bible, but one text or
will turn up for their purpose. They a
persecution, as they call it, then that is a
their election; if they flourish, then Go
miracles for their deliverance, and the sain
possess the earth.

They may think themselves to be too
handled in this paper; but I, who know b
far I could have gone on this subject, must
to tell them they are spared; though, at t
time, I am not ignorant that they inter
mildness of a writer to them as they do th
of the government; in the one they think
and conclude it weakness in the other. T
way for them to confute me is, (as I before
the Papists,) to disclaim their principles,
nounce their practices. We shall all be
think them true Englishmen, when they c
king; and true Protestants, when they co
the church discipline.

It remains that I acquaint the reader th

es were written for an ingenious young gentle-
,* my friend, upon his translation of 'The Cri-
History of the Old Testament, composed by the
ned Father Simon;' the verses, therefore, are
essed to the translator of that work, and the
: of them is, what it ought to be, epistolary.
any one be so lamentable a critic as to require
smoothness, the numbers, and the turn of heroic
ry in this Poem, I must tell him, that if he has
read Horace, I have studied him, and hope the
: of his Epistles is not ill imitated here. The
essions of a poem, designed purely for instruc-
, ought to be plain and natural, and yet majes-
for here the poet is presumed to be a kind of
iver, and those three qualities which I have
ed are proper to the legislative style. The
d, elevated, and figurative way, is for the pas-
s; for love and hatred, fear and anger, are be-
en in the soul by showing their objects out of
r true proportion, either greater than the life,
ss: but instruction is to be given, by showing
n what they naturally are. A man is to be
ited into passion, but to be reasoned into truth.

† Henry Dickinson; says Mr. Walter Scott.

RELIGIO LAICI.

Ornari res Ipsa negat, contenta docere.

Dim as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is reason to the soul: and as on high
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here; so Reason's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere;
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight;
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.
Some few, whose lamp shone brighter, have been l
From cause to cause, to Nature's secret head,
And found that one first principle must be;
But what, or who, that Universal HE;
Whether some soul encompassing this ball
Unmade, unmov'd; yet making, moving all,
Or various atoms' interfering dance
Leapt into form, the noble work of Chance;
Or this great All was from eternity,—
Not e'en the Stagarite himself could see:
And Epicurus guess'd as well as he.

s blindly grop'd they for a future state;
s rashly judg'd of Providence and Fate:
ut least of all could their endeavours find
'hat most concern'd the good of human kind;
or happiness was never to be found,
ut vanish'd from 'em like enchanted ground.
ne, thought content the good to be enjoy'd;
his, every little accident destroy'd:
he wiser madmen did for virtue toil,
thorny, or at best a barren soil:
pleasure some their glutton-souls would steep,
ut found their line too short, the well too deep;
nd leaky vessels which no bliss could keep.
hus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,
'ithout a centre where to fix the soul:
this wild maze their vain endeavours end:
ow can the less the greater comprehend?
r finite reason reach infinity?
or what could fathom God, were more than He.
The Deist thinks he stands on firmer ground:
ries, *Ευρηκα*; the mighty secret's found:
od is that spring of good; supreme, and best;
Ve, made to serve, and in that service blest.
f so, some rules of worship must be given,
Distributed alike to all by Heaven;
Else God were partial, and to some denied
The means his justice should for all provide.
This general worship is to praise and pray;
One part to borrow blessings, one to pay:
And when frail nature slides into offence,
The sacrifice for crimes is penitence.
Yet since the' effects of Providence, we find,
Are variously dispens'd to human kind;

That vice triumphs, and virtue suffers here,
(A brand that sov'reign justice cannot bear)
Our reason prompts us to a future state,
The last appeal from fortune and from fate,
Where God's all-righteous ways will be declar'd,
The bad meet punishment; the good, reward.
Thus man, by his own strength, to Heaven would [soar,
And would not be oblig'd to God for more.
Vain, wretched creature! how art thou misled,
To think thy wit these god-like notions bred.
These truths are not the product of thy mind,
But dropt from Heaven, and of a nobler kind.
Reveal'd Religion first inform'd thy sight,
And Reason saw not, till Faith sprung the light.
Hence all thy natural worship takes the source;
'Tis Revelation what thou think'st discourse:
Else how com'st thou to see these truths so clear,
Which so obscure to Heathens did appear?
Not Plato these, nor Aristotle found,
Nor he whose wisdom oracles renown'd.
Hast thou a wit so deep, or so sublime,
Or canst thou lower dive, or higher climb?
Canst thou by reason more of Godhead know
Than Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero?
Those giant-wits, in happier ages born,
When arms and arts did Greece and Rome adorn,
Knew no such system; no such piles could raise
Of natural worship, built on prayer and praise,
To one sole God:
Nor did remorse, to expiate sin, prescribe,
But slew their fellow-creatures for a bribe:
The guiltless victim groan'd for their offence,
And cruelty and blood was penitence.

eep and oxen could atone for men,
at how cheap a rate the rich might sin!
great oppressors might Heaven's wrath beguile,
ffering his own creatures for a spoil!
ar'st thou, poor worm, offend Infinity?
must the terms of peace be given by thee?
n thou art justice in the last appeal:
easy God instructs thee to rebel;
, like a king remote and weak, must take
t satisfaction thou art pleas'd to make.
if there be a Power too just and strong
vink at crimes, and bear unpunish'd wrong,
t humbly upward, see His will disclose
forfeit first, and then the fine impose:
ulct thy poverty could never pay,
not Eternal wisdom found the way,
with celestial wealth supplied thy store;
ustice makes the fine, His mercy quits the score!
God descending in thy human frame,
' Offended suffering in the offender's name;
hy misdeeds to Him imputed see,
all His righteousness devolv'd on thee.
r granting we have sinn'd, and that the' offence
an is made against Omnipotence;
e price that bears proportion must be paid,
infinite with infinite be weigh'd.
then the Deist lost; remorse for vice
paid, or, paid, inadequate in price:
t farther means can reason now direct?
hat relief from human wit expect?
shows us sick; and sadly are we sure
to be sick, till Heaven reveal the cure:
en Heaven's will must needs be understood,
ich *must*, if we want cure, and Heaven be good)

Let all records of will reveal'd be shown,
With Scripture all in equal balance thrown,
And our one sacred Book will be that one.
Proof needs not here; for whether we comp
That impious, idle, superstitious ware
Of rites, lustrations, offerings, which before,
In various ages, various countries bore,
With Christian faith and virtues, we shall find
None answering the great ends of human kind
But this one rule of life; that shows us best
How God may be appeas'd, and mortals blest!
Whether from length of time its worth we dra
The word is scarce more ancient than the law
Heaven's early care prescrib'd for every age,
First in the soul, and after in the page:
Or whether more abstractedly we look,
Or on the writers, or the written Book,
Whence but from Heaven could men unskill
arts,
In several ages born, in several parts,
Weave such agreeing truths? or how, or why,
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie?
Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gain, and martyrdom their pric
If on the Book itself we cast our view,
Concurrent heathens prove the story true:
The doctrine; miracles, which must convince,
For Heaven in them appeals to human sense;
And though they prove not, they confirm the c
When what is taught agrees with Nature's lav
Then for the style; majestic and divine,
It speaks no less than God in every line:
Commanding words, whose force is still the s
As the first fiat that produc'd our frame,

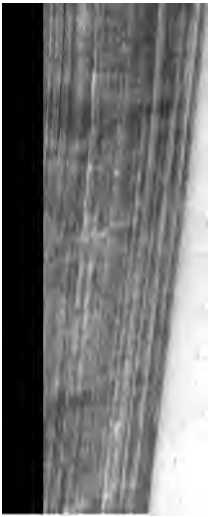
ɜ beside, or did by arms ascend,
indulg'd has made mankind their friend:
y doctrine does our lusts oppose,
y Nature's soil in which it grows,
our interests, curbing sense and sin,
'd without, and undermin'd within,
ɜ through pain; its own tormentors tires;
h a stubborn patience still aspires.
can reason such effects assign,
ıding nature, but to laws divine?
ı that sacred volume are contain'd,
ıt, clear, and for that use ordain'd.
ay; the Deist here will urge anew,
rnatural worship can be true;
a general law is that alone
nust to all, and every where, be known:
ıo large as not this Book can claim,
ıt that bears Reveal'd Religion's name·
the sound of a Messiah's birth
through all the habitable earth;
that text must be confin'd alone
was then inhabited and known;
ıt provision could from thence accrue
ı souls, and worlds discover'd new?
parts it helps, that ages past [brac'd,
iptures there were known, and were em-
ıpread once again the shades of night:
hat to these who never saw the light?
objections this indeed is chief,
le reason, stagger frail belief:
ıt, 'tis true, that Heaven from human sense
the secret paths of Providence:
pdless wisdom, boundless mercy, may
'n for those bewilder'd souls, a way:

If from his nature foes may pity claim,
Much more may strangers who ne'er heard his nam
And though no name be for salvation known,
But that of his eternal Son alone;
Who knows how far transcending goodness can
Extend the merits of that Son to man?
Who knows what reasons may his mercy lead,
Or ignorance invincible may plead?
Not only charity bids hope the best,
But more the great Apostle has exprest;
That, 'if the Gentiles (whom no law inspir'd)
By nature did what was by law requir'd;
They who the written rule had never known,
Were to themselves both rule and law alone;
To Nature's plain indictment they shall plead,
And by their conscience be condemn'd or freed.
Most righteous doom! because a rule reveal'd
Is none to those from whom it was conceal'd.
Then those who follow'd Reason's dictates right
Liv'd up, and lifted high their natural light;
With Socrates may see their Maker's face,
While thousand rubric martyrs want a place.
Nor doth it balk my charity to find
The' Egyptian* Bishop of another mind:
For though his Creed eternal truth contains,
'Tis hard for man to doom to endless pains
All who believ'd not all his zeal requir'd,
Unless he first could prove he was inspir'd.
Then let us either think he meant to say—
'This faith, where publish'd, was the only way;'
Or else conclude that, Arius to confute,
The good old man, too eager in dispute,
Flew high, and, as his Christian fury rose,
Damn'd all for heretics who durst oppose.

* Athanasius, patriarch of Alexandria.

'hus far my charity this path hath tried,
much unskilful, but well-meaning guide) [bred
what they are, e'en these crude thoughts were
reading that which better thou hast read,
' matchless Author's work;* which thou, my friend,
well translating, better dost commend:
ıse youthful hours, which, of thy equals most
oys have squander'd, or in vice have lost,
ıse hours hast thou to nobler use employ'd,
l the severe delights of truth enjoy'd:
ness this weighty book, in which appears
: crabbed toil of many thoughtful years,
ınt by thy author in the sifting care
Rabbins' old sophisticated ware
m gold divine; which he who well can sort,
/ afterwards make Algebra a sport.
reasure, which if country-curates buy,
:y Junius and Tremellius may defy;
'e pains in various readings and translations,
d, without Hebrew, make most learn'd quotations.
work so full with various learning fraught,
nicely ponder'd, yet so strongly wrought,
Nature's height and Art's last hand requir'd;
much as man could compass, uninspir'd:
ıere we may see what errors have been made
h in the copiers' and translators' trade;
w Jewish, Popish interests, have prevail'd,
l where infallibility has fail'd.
'or some, who have his secret meaning guess'd,
/e found our author not too much a priest:

Critical History of the Old Testament by Pere Simon. See
ıce to this Poem.



...has been but carelessl
If God's own people, w
Knew what we know, a
In fuller terms, of Heav
And who did neither tir
To keep this Book unta
Let in gross errors, to c
Omitted paragraphs, eml
With vain traditions stop
Which every common ha
What safety, from such b
If written words from tim
How can we think have o
Which thus transmitted, if
Immortal lies on ages are i
And that some such have b
If we consider interest, ch
"Oh but, (says one) trad
Where can we hope for an
For, since the' original Scri
All copies disagreeing, main

: lost canon with as little pains
y explicate what still remains;
yet no council dare pretend to do,
like Esdras, they could write it new:
: confidence, still to interpret true,
be sure that all they have explain'd
e blest original contain'd!
.fe, and much more modest 'tis to say,
uld not leave mankind without a way;
.t the Scriptures, though not every where
›m corruption, or entire, or clear,
:orrupt, sufficient, clear, entire,
ings which our needful faith require.
s in the same glass better see,
themselves they look, but not for me;
salvation must its doom receive
n what others, but what I believe.
all tradition then be set aside?—
affirm were ignorance or pride.
:e not many points, some needful, sure,
ıg faith, that Scripture leaves obscure?
:very sect will wrest a several way;
t one sect interprets, all sects may:
', and say we prove from Scripture plain,
rist is God; the bold Socinian
e same Scripture urges he's but Man.
at appeal can end the' important suit?
·ts talk loudly, but the rule is mute.
[speak plain, and, in a nation free,
an honest layman's liberty?
according to my little skill
wn Mother-church submitting still)
ny have been sav'd, and many may,
er heard this question brought in play.

The' unletter'd Christian, who believes in gross,
Plods on to Heaven, and ne'er is at a loss:
For the straight gate would be made straighter yet,
Were none admitted there but men of wit.
The few, by Nature form'd, with learning fraught,
Born to instruct, as others to be taught,
Must study well the sacred page, and see
Which doctrine, this or that, does best agree
With the whole tenor of the work divine,
And plainliest points to Heaven's reveal'd design:
Which exposition flows from genuine sense,
And which is forc'd by wit and eloquence.
Not that tradition's parts are useless here,
When general, old, disinterested, clear:
That ancient Fathers thus expound the page,
Gives truth the reverend majesty of age;
Confirms its force by biding every test;
For best authorities next rules are best;
And still the nearer to the spring we go,
More limpid, more unsoil'd, the waters flow.
Thus first traditions were a proof alone,
Could we be certain such they were, so known;
But since some flaws in long descent may be,
They make not truth, but probability.
E'en Arius and Pelagius durst provoke
To what the centuries preceding spoke:
Such difference is there in an oft-told tale;
But truth by its own sinews will prevail.
Tradition written, therefore, more commends
Authority, than what from voice descends:
And this, as perfect as its kind can be,
Rolls down to us the sacred history,
Which from the universal church receiv'd,
Is tried, and, after, for itself believ'd.

The partial Papists would infer from hence
Their church, in last resort, should judge the sense.
But first they would assume, with wondrous art,
Themselves to be the whole, who are but part
Of that vast frame, the church: yet grant they were
The handers down, can they from thence infer
A right to' interpret? or would they alone
Who brought the present, claim it for their own?
The Book's a common largess to mankind,
Not more for them than every man design'd;
The welcome news is in the letter found,
The carrier's not commission'd to expound.
It speaks itself, and what it does contain,
In all things needful to be known is plain.
In times o'ergrown with rust and ignorance,
A gainful trade their clergy did advance;
When want of learning kept the layman low,
And none but priests were authoriz'd to know;
When what small knowledge was in them did dwell,
And he a god who could but read or spell;
Then Mother-church did mightily prevail,
She parcell'd out the Bible by retail;
But still expounded what she sold or gave,
To keep it in her power to damn and save:
Scripture was scarce, and, as the market went,
Poor laymen took salvation on content,
As needy men take money, good or bad;
God's word they had not, but the priest's they had.
Yet, whate'er false conveyances they made,
The lawyer still was certain to be paid.
In those dark times they learn'd their knack so well,
That by long use they grew infallible:
At last, a knowing age began to' inquire
If they *the Book*, or that did them inspire;

... every man, who saw
Claim'd a child's part, and
Consulted soberly his priva
And sav'd himself as cheap
'Tis true, my friend, (anc
This good had full as bad a
The Book thus put in every
Which each presum'd he be
The common rule was made
And at the mercy of the rabl
The tender page with horny
And he was gifted most that
The Spirit gave the doctoral
And every member of a comp
Was of his trade, and of the I
Plain truths enough for needf
But men would still be itching
Each was ambitious of the' obs
No measure ta'en from knowle
Study and pains were now no
Texts were explain'd by fastin
This ...

So all we make of Heaven's discover'd will
Is not to have it, or to use it ill.
The danger's much the same, on several shelves
If others wreck us, or we wreck ourselves.
What then remains, but, waving each extreme,
The tides of ignorance and pride to stem?
Neither so rich a treasure to forego,
Nor proudly seek beyond our power to know?
Faith is not built on disquisitions vain;
The things we must believe are few and plain:
But since men will believe more than they need,
And every man will make himself a creed,
In doubtful questions 'tis the safest way,
To learn what unsuspected Ancients say;
For 'tis not likely we should higher soar
In search of Heaven than all the church before:
Nor can we be deceiv'd, unless we see
The Scripture and the Fathers disagree.
If, after all, they stand suspected still,
(For no man's faith depends upon his will)
'Tis some relief, that points not clearly known,
Without much hazard, may be let alone;
And, after hearing what our church can say,
If still our reason runs another way,
That private reason 'tis more just to curb,
Than by disputes the public peace disturb:
For points obscure are of small use to learn,
But common quiet is mankind's concern!
Thus have I made my own opinions clear,
Yet neither praise expect, nor censure fear;
And this unpolish'd, rugged verse I chose,
As fittest for discourse, and nearest prose:
For while from sacred truth I do not swerve,
Tom *Sternhold's* or Tom Shadwell's rhymes will
serve.

THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS:

A FUNERAL PINDARIC POEM,

SACRED TO THE HAPPY MEMORY OF KING CHARLES II.

1685.

Fortunati ambo! si quid mea carmina possunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo. VIRG.

THUS long my grief has kept me dumb:
Sure there's a lethargy in mighty woe,
Tears stand congeal'd, and cannot flow;
And the sad soul retires into her inmost room.
Tears, for a stroke foreseen, afford relief;
But, unprovided for a sudden blow,
Like Niobe we marble grow,
And petrify with grief.
Our British heaven was all serene;
No threatening cloud was nigh,
Not the least wrinkle to deform the sky;
We liv'd as unconcern'd and happily
As the first age in Nature's golden scene.
Supine amidst our flowing store,
We slept securely, and we dream'd of more;
When suddenly the thunder-clap was heard:
It took us unprepar'd, and out of guard,
Already lost, before we fear'd.

mazing news of Charles at once were spread;
:e the general voice declar'd
gracious Prince was dead.'
kness known before, no slow disease,
ten grief by just degrees;
ke an hurricane on Indian seas,
:mpest rose;
expected burst of woes;
ıcarce a breathing-space betwixt,
ow becalm'd, and perishing the next.
reat Atlas from his height
l sink beneath his heavenly weight,
ith a mighty flaw, the flaming wall
ıce it shall), [whelm this nether ball;
l gape immense, and, rushing down, o'ver-
ft and so surprising was our fear:
tlas fell indeed; but Hercules was near.

ɔus brother,* sure the best
ver bore that name,
ewly risen from his rest,
ith a fervent flame
ıal morning-vows had just addrest
ı dear Sovereign's health;
ɔp'd to have 'em heard,
; increase of years,
our, fame, and wealth!
ss of greatness, thus he always pray'd,
ıew, nor wish'd those vows he made
own head should be repaid.
s the' ill-omen'd rumour reach'd his ear,
ws is wing'd with fate, and flies apace)
an describe the amazement of his face?

* James, Duke of York.

Horror in all his pomp was there,
Mute and magnificent, without a tear;
And then the hero first was seen to fear.
Half unarray'd he ran to his relief,
So hasty and so artless was his grief:
Approaching Greatness met him with her charms
Of power and future state;
But look'd so ghastly in a brother's fate,
He shook her from his arms.—
Arriv'd within the mournful room, he saw
A wild distraction, void of awe,
And arbitrary grief unbounded by a law;
God's image, God's anointed, lay
Without motion, pulse, or breath,
A senseless lump of sacred clay,
An image, now, of death!
Amidst his sad attendants groans and cries;
The lines of that ador'd, forgiving face,
Distorted from their native grace;
An iron slumber sat on his majestic eyes.
The pious Duke———forbear, audacious Muse,
No terms thy feeble art can use
Are able to adorn so vast a woe:
The grief of all the rest like subject-grief did show;
His like a sovereign did transcend;
No wife, no brother, such a grief could know,
Nor any name, but friend.

O wondrous changes of a fatal scene,
Still varying to the last!
Heaven, though its hard decree was past,
Seem'd pointing to a gracious turn again;
And Death's uplifted arm arrested in its haste.

.ven half repentant of the doom,
l almost griev'd it had foreseen
at, by foresight, it will'd eternally to come.
cy above did hourly plead
her resemblance here below,
l mild Forgiveness intercede
stop the coming blow.
v miracles approach'd the' ethereal throne,
h as his wondrous life had oft and lately known,
l urg'd that still they might be shown.
earth his pious brother pray'd and vow'd,
ouncing greatness at so dear a rate,
ıself defending what he could
m all the glories of his future fate.
:h him the' innumerable crowd
ırmed prayers
ɔck'd at the gates of Heaven, and knock'd aloud;
: first well-meaning rude petitioners
for his life assail'd the throne,
would have brib'd the Skies by offering up their own.
great a throng not Heaven itself could bar;
'as almost borne by force, as in the Giants' war.
: prayers, at least, for his reprieve were heard;
death, like Hezekiah's, was deferr'd:
ıinst the sun the shadow went;
e days those five degrees were lent
form our patience, and prepare the' event.
: second causes took the swift command,
: medicinal head, the ready hand,
eager to perform their part;
but eternal Doom was conquer'd by their art:
:e more the fleeting soul came back

To' inspire the mortal frame,
And in the body took a doubtful stand,
Doubtful and hovering, like expiring flame
That mounts and falls by turns, and trembles o'er
the brand.

The joyful short-liv'd news soon spread around,
Took the same train, the same impetuous bound:
The drooping Town in smiles again was drest;
Gladness in every face exprest,
Their eyes before their tongues confest.
Men met each other with erected look,
The steps were higher that they took;
Friends to congratulate their friends made haste,
And long inveterate foes saluted as they past.
Above the rest heroic James appear'd,
Exalted more, because he more had fear'd;
His manly heart, whose noble pride
Was still above
Dissembled hate or varnish'd love,
Its more than common transport could not hide;
But, like an eager,* rode in triumph o'er the tide.
Thus, in an alternate course,
The tyrant passions, hope and fear,
Did in extremes appear,
And flash'd upon the soul with equal force.
Thus, at half-ebb, a rolling sea
Returns, and wins upon the shore;
The watery herd, affrighted at the roar,
Rest on their fins awhile, and stay,
Then backward take their wondering way:

* An eager is a tide swelling above another tide, and observable in the Trent and Severn.

prophet wonders more than they
rodigies but rarely seen before,
cries, 'A king must fall, or kingdoms change
their sway.'
were our counter-tides at land, and so
ging of the fatal blow
their prodigious ebb and flow.
royal soul, that, like the labouring moon,
charms of art was hurried down,
'd with regret to leave her native sphere,
but awhile on liking here;
weary of the painful strife,
d made but faint essays of life.
evening light,
shut in night;
strong distemper, and a weak relief;
ort intervals of joy, and long returns of grief.

he sons of Art all med'cines tried,
nd every noble remedy applied:
ith emulation each essay'd
is utmost skill; nay more, they pray'd:
ever was losing game with better conduct play'd:
eath never won a stake with greater toil,
or e'er was Fate so near a foil;
ut, like a fortress on a rock,
he' impregnable disease their vain attempts did
mock.
hey min'd it near; they batter'd from afar
ith all the cannon of the medicinal war:
o gentle means could be essay'd;
was beyond parley when the siege was laid:
he' extremest ways they first ordain,
rescribing a intolerable pain,
some but could sustain:

Undaunted Cæsar underwent
The malice of their art, nor bent
Beneath whate'er their pious rigour could inve
In five such days he suffer'd more
Than any suffer'd in his reign before:
More, infinitely more, than he
Against the worst of rebels could decree,
A traitor, or twice-pardon'd enemy.
Now Art was tir'd without success;
No racks could make the stubborn malady conf
The vain insurances of life,
And he who most perform'd, and promis'd less,
Ev'n Short* himself, forsook the' unequal strife
Death and despair was in their looks;
No longer they consult their memories or book
Like helpless friends, who view from shore
The labouring ship, and hear the tempest roar,
So stood they with their arms across,
Not to assist, but to deplore
The' inevitable loss.

Death was denounc'd, that frightful sound,
Which e'en the best can hardly bear:
He took the summons void of fear,
And, unconcern'dly, cast his eyes around,
As if to find and dare the grisly challenger.
What Death could do he lately tried,
When in four days he more than died.
The same assurance all his words did grace;
The same majestic mildness held its place,
Nor lost the monarch in his dying face:
Intrepid, pious, merciful, and brave,
He look'd as when he conquer'd and forgave.

* The King's physician.

'some angel had been sent
engthen out his government,
to foretel as many years again
e had number'd in his happy reign;
heerfully he took the doom
s departing breath,
hrunk, nor stept aside for Death;
with unalter'd pace, kept on,
ding for events to come
n he resign'd the throne.
he maintain'd his kingly state,
grew familiar with his fate:
good, and gracious, to the last,
l he lov'd before, his dying beams he cast.
ruly good and truly great,
glorious as he rose, benignly so he set!
hat on earth he held most dear,
recommended to his care,
hom both Heaven
right had given,
his own love bequeath'd supreme command:
ook and press'd that ever-loyal hand,
h could in peace secure his reign,
h could in wars his power maintain;
hand, on which no plighted vows were ever
vain.
for so great a trust, he chose
nce who never disobey'd,
when the most severe commands were laid;
want nor exile with his duty weigh'd;
nce on whom, if Heaven its eyes could close,
welfare of the world it safely might repose.

king who liv'd to God's own heart,
as serenely died than he:

Charles left behind no harsh decree,
For schoolmen with laborious art
To save from cruelty:
Those for whom love could no excuses frame
He graciously forgot to name.
Thus far my Muse, though rudely, has design'd
Some faint resemblance of his godlike mind;
But neither pen nor pencil can express
The parting brother's tenderness:
Though that's a term too mean and low;
(The bless'd above a kinder word may know;)
But what they did, and what they said,
The Monarch who triumphant went,
The militant who staid,
Like painters, when their heightening arts are spent,
I cast into a shade.
That all-forgiving King,
The type of Him above,
That inexhausted spring
Of clemency and love,
Himself to his next self accus'd,
And ask'd that pardon which he ne'er refus'd,
For faults not his, for guilt and crimes
Of godless men, and of rebellious times:
For an hard exile, kindly meant,
When his ungrateful country sent
Their best Camillus into banishment;* [consent.
And forc'd their sovereign's act, they could not his
Oh how much rather had that injur'd chief
Repeated all his sufferings past,
Than hear a pardon begg'd at last,
Which given, could give the dying no relief!
He bent, he sunk beneath his grief!

* The Duke of York had been banished into Flanders.

'Tis dauntless heart would fain have held
'rom weeping, but his eyes rebell'd:
'erhaps the godlike hero in his breast
)isdain'd, or was asham'd to show
o weak, so womanish a woe,
Vhich yet the brother and the friend so plenteously
confess'd.

.midst that silent shower the royal mind
.n easy passage found,
.nd left its sacred earth behind; [sound,
'or murmuring groan express'd, nor labouring
'or any least tumultuous breath;
alm was his life, and quiet was his death;
oft as those gentle whispers were
ı which the' Almighty did appear;
ıy the still voice the prophet knew him there.
'hat peace which made thy prosperous reign to
shine,
'hat peace thou leav'st to thy imperial line,
'hat peace, oh happy Shade, be ever thine!

'or all those joys thy restoration brought,
'or all the miracles it wrought,
'or all the healing balm thy mercy pour'd
nto the nation's bleeding wound,
ınd care that after kept it sound;
'or numerous blessings yearly shower'd,
ınd property with plenty crown'd;
'or freedom still maintain'd alive,
'reedom, which in no other land will thrive,
'reedom, an English subject's sole prerogative,
Vithout whose charms e'en peace would be
ıut a dull quiet slavery;

For these, and more, accept our pious praise:
'Tis all the subsidy
The present age can raise;
The rest is charg'd on late posterity:
Posterity is charg'd the more,
Because the large abounding store,
To them, and to their heirs, is still entail'd by th
Succession of a long descent,
Which chastely in the channels ran,
And from our demi-gods began,
Equal almost to time in its extent;
Through hazards numberless and great
Thou hast deriv'd this mighty blessing down,
And fix'd the fairest gem that decks the' impe
crown.
Not Faction, when it shook thy regal seat,
Not senates insolently loud,
(Those echoes of a thoughtless crowd)
Not foreign or domestic treachery
Could warp thy soul to their unjust decree.
So much thy foes thy manly mind mistook,
Who judg'd it by the mildness of thy look;
Like a well-temper'd sword it bent at will,
But kept the native toughness of the steel.

Be true, O Clio, to thy hero's name;
But draw him strictly so,
That all who view the piece may know
He needs no trappings of fictitious fame:
The load's too weighty; thou may'st choose
Some parts of praise, and some refuse:
Write, that his annals may be thought more lav
than the muse.

ı hast confin'd
yal mind,
us, humble, just, and kind:
it, and parts,
he noblest, useful arts,
ıthors could not give;
ose who live,
did greater lights receive:
, and all they knew;
uick, his judgment true;
ı'd, with shame, confess
'e, his reading only less.

l triumphs of his reign,
: kindly beams he shed
ıg arts again,
: head,
that from Rebellion fled?
ɔ fruitful was before,
. lay
alk and Heaven's high way;
weeds run o'er,
ɔest, amidst the corn it bore:
man appear'd,
sow'd, and till'd;
:d out, the rubbish clear'd,
.ient field;
ouble harvest rose,
/ Indian mows,
. near the line,
'd and drest by hands divine.

orn phœnix takes his way,
:gions to survey,

Of airy choristers a numerous train
Attends his wondrous progress o'er the plain
So, rising from his father's urn,
So glorious did our Charles return.
The' officious Muses came along,
A gay, harmonious quire, like angels, ever yo
The Muse, that mourns him now, his happy tri
sung.
E'en they could thrive in his auspicious reign
And such a plenteous crop they bore
Of purest and well-winnow'd grain,
As Britain never knew before.
Though little was their hire, and light their g
Yet somewhat to their share he threw;
Fed from his hand, they sung and flew,
Like birds of Paradise, that liv'd on morning
Oh, never let their lays his name forget!
The pension of a prince's praise is great.
Live then, thou great Encourager of arts,
Live ever in our thankful hearts;
Live blest above, almost invok'd below,
Live and receive this pious vow,
Our patron once, our guardian-angel now.
Thou Fabius of a sinking state,
Who didst, by wise delays, divert our fate,
When Faction, like a tempest, rose
In Death's most hideous form,
Then art to rage thou didst oppose,
To weather out the storm:
Not quitting thy supreme command,
Thou heldst the rudder with a steady hand,
Till safely on the shore the bark did land;
The bark that all our blessings brought, [fra
Charg'd with thyself and James, a doubly

state of human things,
ery hopes below!
ır cost your emptiness we know;
ı lesson dearly bought)
: here is never to be sought.
and best belov'd of kings,
deserving to be so,
rce he had escap'd the fatal blow
and conspiracy,
his promis'd hopes destroy:
he gain'd, but liv'd not to enjoy.
s of Providence are these
which we cannot see!
by supernatural power set free,
last in martyrdom to die;
e end of oft-repeated miracles.—
e, Heaven, that impious thought,
f for Charles, to madness wrought,
ion'd thy supreme decree!
: his gracious reign prolong,
y saints' and angels' wrong,
citizens of immortality;
long years of exile borne.
lve we number'd since his blest return
wert thou just to pay,
e driblet of a day,
: murmur, and complain
and manna should no longer rain:
icles 'twas needless to renew;
ı flock has now the Promis'd land in view.

prince ascends the regal state,
ıng exercis'd by Fate:
ıe keep, though he obtains it late!

Heroes in Heaven's peculiar mould are cast;
They, and their poets, are not form'd in haste:
Man was the first in God's design, and man was ma
False heroes, made by flattery so, [the la
Heaven can strike out, like sparkles, at a blow;
But, ere a prince is to perfection brought,
He costs Omnipotence a second thought.
With toil and sweat,
With hardening cold, and forming heat,
The Cyclops did their strokes repeat,
Before the impenetrable shield was wrought.
It looks as if the Maker would not own
The noble work for his,
Before 'twas tried and found a masterpiece.

View then a monarch ripen'd for a throne!
Alcides thus his race began,
O'er infancy he swiftly ran;
The future god, at first, was more than man:
Dangers and toils, and Juno's hate,
Ev'n o'er his cradle lay in wait,
And there he grappled first with Fate:
In his young hands the hissing snakes he prest;
So early was the deity confest:
Thus, by degrees, he rose to Jove's imperial seat
Thus difficulties prove a soul legitimately great.
Like his, our hero's infancy was tried;
Betimes the Furies did their snakes provide,
And to his infant arms oppose
His father's rebels, and his brother's foes;
The more opprest, the higher still he rose:
Those were the preludes of his fate,
That form'd his manhood, to subdue
The hydra of the many-headed hissing crew.

after Numa's peaceful reign
e martial Ancus did the sceptre wield,
bish'd the rusty sword again,
sum'd the long-forgotten shield,
d led the Latins to the dusty field:
James the drowsy Genius wakes
Britain, long entranc'd in charms,
stiff, and slumbering on its arms:
s rous'd, and with a new-strung nerve the spear
already shakes.
neighing of the warrior-steeds,
drum, or louder trumpet, needs
' inspire the coward, warm the cold;
voice, his sole appearance, makes them bold.
d and Batavia dread the' impending blow;
) well the vigour of that arm they know;
ey lick the dust, and crouch beneath their fatal
foe.
ng may they fear this awful prince,
l not provoke his lingering sword,
ice is their only sure defence,
ir best security his word.
ll the changes of his doubtful state,
truth, like Heaven's, was kept inviolate:
him to promise is to make it fate.
valour can triumph o'er land and main:
h broken oaths his fame he will not stain,
h conquest basely bought, and with inglorious
gain.

once, O Heaven! unfold thy adamantine Book,
l let his wondering senate see,
ot thy firm immutable decree,
least the second page of strong contingency,

Such as consists with wills originally free:
Let them with glad amazement look
On what their happiness may be;
Let them not still be obstinately blind,
Still to divert the good thou hast design'd,
Or with malignant penury
To starve the royal virtues of his mind.

Faith is a Christian's and a subject's test;
Oh give them to believe, and they are surely blest!
They do; and, with a distant view, I see
The' amended vows of English loyalty:
And all beyond that object there appears
The long retinue of a prosperous reign,
A series of successful years,
In orderly array, a martial, manly train.
Behold e'en to remoter shores
A conquering navy proudly spread;
The British cannon formidably roars,
While, starting from his oozy bed,
The' asserted Ocean rears his reverend head,
To view and recognize his ancient Lord again,
And, with a willing hand, restores
The faces of the main.

THE

HIND AND PANTHER.

A POEM,

IN THREE PARTS.

1687.

PREFACE TO THE READER.

nation is in too high a ferment for me to ex-
either fair war, or even so much as fair quar-
from a reader of the opposite party. All men
engaged either on this side or that; and though
science is the common word which is given by
, yet if a writer fall among enemies, and can-
give the marks of their conscience, he is knock-
lown before the reasons of his own are heard.
reface, therefore, which is but a bespeaking of
ur, is altogether useless. What I desire the
er should know concerning me, he will find in
body of the Poem, if he have but the patience
eruse it: only this advertisement let him take
rehand, which relates to the merits of the cause.
general characters of parties (call them either
or churches) can be so fully and exactly drawn
comprehend all the several members of them;
ast, all such as are received under that denomi-
on. For example, there are some of the church

common name. On the other side, there a
of our sects, and more indeed than I could
ably have hoped, who have withdrawn the
from the communion of the Panther, and e
this gracious indulgence of his Majesty in
toleration: but neither to the one nor the
these is this Satire any way intended; it
only at the refractory and disobedient o
side: for those who are come over to t
party are, consequently, supposed to be ou
shot. Our physicians have observed that,
cess of time, some diseases have abated
virulence, and have in a manner worn o
malignity, so as to be no longer mortal; a
may not I suppose the same concerning
those who have formerly been enemies t
government as well as Catholic religion?
they have now another notion of both; as
found, by comfortable experience, that the
of persecution is far from being an article
faith.

in their addresses to his Majesty, have said, 'that he has restored God to his empire over conscience.' I confess I dare not stretch the figure to so great a boldness; but I may safely say, that conscience is the royalty and prerogative of every private man. He is absolute in his own breast, and accountable to no earthly power for that which passes only betwixt God and him. Those who are driven into the fold are, generally speaking, rather made hypocrites than converts.

This indulgence being granted to all the sects, it ought in reason to be expected that they should both receive it, and receive it thankfully: for at this time of day to refuse the benefit, and adhere to those whom they have esteemed their persecutors, what is it else but publicly to own that they suffered not before for conscience' sake, but only out of pride and obstinacy, to separate from a church for those impositions which they now judge may be lawfully obeyed? After they have so long contended for their classical ordination, (not to speak of rites and ceremonies) will they at length submit to an episcopal? if they can go so far out of complaisance to their old enemies, methinks a little reason should persuade them to take another step, and see whither that would lead them.

Of the receiving this toleration thankfully, I shall say no more than that they ought, and I doubt not they will, consider from what hand they received it. It is not from a Cyrus, a heathen prince, and a foreigner, but from a Christian king, their native sovereign, who expects a return in *specie* from them, that the kindness, which he has graciously

shown them, may be retaliated on those of his ow persuasion.

As for the Poem in general, I will only thus fi satisfy the reader, that it was neither imposed o me, nor so much as the subject given me by an man. It was written during the last winter,* an the beginning of this spring; though with long in terruptions of ill health, and other hinderance About a fortnight before I had finished it, his Ma jesty's declaration for liberty of conscience cam abroad; which, if I had so soon expected, I migh have spared myself the labour of writing man things which are contained in the Third Part of it but I was always in some hope that the church o England might have been persuaded to have take off the Penal Laws and the Test; which was on design of the Poem, when I proposed to myse the writing of it.

It is evident that some part of it was only occa sional, and not first intended; I mean, that defenc of myself, to which every honest man is boun when he is injuriously attacked in print; and I re fer myself to the judgment of those who have rea the Answer to the Defence of the late King's pa pers, and that of the Duchess, (in which last I wa concerned) how charitably I have been represent ed there. I am now informed both of the autho and supervisors of this pamphlet, and will repl when I think he can affront me; for I am of So crates' opinion, that all creatures cannot. In th mean time, let him consider whether he deserve not a more severe reprehension than I gave hin

* Of 1686.

rly, for using so little respect to the memory
ie whom he pretended to answer; and, at his
:, look out for some original treatise of humi-
ritten by any Protestant in English, I believe
say in any other tongue; for the magnified
of Duncombe on that subject,* (which either
st mean, or none, and with which another of
lows has upbraided me,) was translated from
anish of Rodriguez, though with the omis-
' the 17th, the 24th, the 25th, and the last
r; which will be found on comparing of the

would have insinuated to the world, that her
ighness died not a Roman Catholic. He de-
himself to be now satisfied to the contrary, in
he has given up the cause; for matter of fact
e principal debate betwixt us. In the mean
ie would dispute the motives of her change;
reposterously let all men judge, when he
l to deny the subject of the controversy, the
: itself. And because I would not take up
liculous challenge, he tells the world I cannot
but he may as well infer that a Catholic
fast, because he will not take up the cudgels
Mrs. James,† to confute the Protestant reli-

'e but one word more to say concerning the
as such, and abstracting from the matters,

ague affirms that Allen, not Duncombe, was the author
atise alluded to by Dryden. See the 'Hind and Panther
d.'

Eleanor James, who wrote and published 'A Vindication
urch of England,' &c. She was the wife of a printer.
ne's Dryden, II. 539.

either religious or civil, which are handled in it. The First Part, consisting most in general characters and narration, I have endeavoured to raise, and give it the majestic turn of heroic poesy. The Second, being matter of dispute, and chiefly concerning church-authority, I was obliged to make as plain and perspicuous as possibly I could; yet not wholly neglecting the numbers, though I had not frequent occasions for the magnificence of verse. The Third, which has more of the nature of domestic conversation, is, or ought to be, more free and familiar than the two former.

There are in it two episodes, or fables, which are interwoven with the main design; so that they are properly parts of it, though they are also distinct stories of themselves. In both of these I have made use of the common-places of satire, whether true or false, which are urged by the members of the one church against the other; at which I hope no reader of either party will be scandalized; because they are not of my invention, but as old, to my knowledge, as the times of Boccace and Chaucer on the one side, and as those of the Reformation on the other.

THE

HIND AND PANTHER.

PART I.

—Antiquam exquirite matrem,—
Et vera incessu patuit Dea. VIRG.

ILK-WHITE Hind,* immortal and unchang'd,
l on the lawns, and in the forest rang'd;
hout, unspotted; innocent, within;
fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin:
had she oft been chas'd with horns and hounds,
l Scythian shafts, and many-winged wounds
'd at her heart; was often forc'd to fly,
l doom'd to death, though fated not to die.
ot so her young; for their unequal line
hero's make, half human, half divine.
ir earthly mould obnoxious was to fate,
' immortal part assum'd immortal state.
hese a slaughter'd army lay in blood,
ended o'er the Caledonian wood,
ir native walk; whose vocal blood arose,
cried for pardon on their perjur'd foes.
ir fate was fruitful, and the sanguine seed,
ued with souls, increas'd the sacred breed.
aptive Israel multiplied in chains,
umerous exile, and enjoy'd her pains

* The Roman Catholic church.

With grief and gladness mix'd, the mother view
Her martyr'd offspring, and their race renew'd;
Their corps to perish, but their kind to last,
So much the deathless plant the dying fruit surpass

Panting and pensive now she rang'd alone,
And wander'd in the kingdoms once her own.
The common hunt, though from their rage restrain
By sovereign power, her company disdain'd,
Grinn'd as they pass'd, and with a glaring eye
Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity.
'Tis true, she bounded by, and tripp'd so light,
They had not time to take a steady sight:
For truth has such a face and such a mein
As, to be lov'd, needs only to be seen.
The bloody Bear*, an independant beast,
Unlick'd to form, in groans her hate express'd.
Among the timorous kind the quaking Hare†
Profess'd neutrality, but would not swear.
Next her the buffoon Ape‡, as atheists use,
Mimic'd all sects, and had his own to choose;
Still when the Lion look'd his knees he bent,
And paid at church a courtier's compliment.
The bristled baptist Boar§, impure as he,
But whiten'd with the foam of sanctity,
With fat pollutions fill'd the sacred place,
And mountains levell'd in his furious race;
So first rebellion founded was in grace:
But since the mighty ravage which he made
In German forests had his guilt betray'd,
With broken tusks, and with a borrow'd name,
He shunn'd the vengeance, and conceal'd the sham

* The Independent sect. † The Quaker.
‡ The Freethinker. § The Anabaptist.

So lurk'd in sects unseen. With greater guile
False Reynard* fed on consecrated spoil:
The graceless beast by Athanasius first
Was chas'd from Nice, then by Socinus nurs'd;
His impious race their blasphemy renew'd,
And nature's King through Nature's optics view'd;
Revers'd they view'd him lessen'd to their eye,
Nor in an infant could a god descry:
New swarming sects to this obliquely tend,
Hence they began, and here they all will end.
What weight of ancient witness can prevail,
If private reason hold the public scale?
But, gracious God! how well dost thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide!
Thy throne is darkness in the' abyss of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
O teach me to believe thee thus conceal'd,
And search no farther than thyself reveal'd;
But her alone for my director take
Whom thou hast promis'd never to forsake!
My thoughtless youth was wing'd with vain desires,
My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
Follow'd false lights, and, when their glimpse was gone,
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
Such was I, such by nature still I am;
Be thine the glory, and be mine the shame!
Good life be now my task: my doubts are done;
What more could fright my faith than Three in One?
Can I believe eternal God could lie
Disguis'd in mortal mould, and infancy?
That the great Maker of the world could die?

*The Unitarian.

And, after that, trust my imperfect sense,
Which calls in question his omnipotence?
Can I my reason to my faith compel?
And shall my sight, and touch, and taste rebel?
Superior faculties are set aside;
Shall their subservient organs be my guide?
Then let the moon usurp the rule of day,
And winking tapers show the sun his way;
For what my senses can themselves perceive,
I need no revelation to believe.
Can they, who say the host should be descried
By sense, define a body glorified?
Impassable, and penetrating parts?
Let them declare by what mysterious arts
He shot that body through the opposing might
Of bolts and bars, impervious to the light,
And stood before his train confess'd in open sight:
For, since thus wondrously he pass'd, 'tis plain
One single place two bodies did contain:
And sure the same Omnipotence as well
Can make one body in more places dwell.
Let Reason then at her own quarry fly,
But how can finite grasp infinity?
'Tis urg'd again, that faith did first commence
By miracles, which are appeals to sense,
And thence concluded that our sense must be
The motive still of credibility:
For later ages must on former wait,
And what began belief must propagate.
But winnow well this thought, and you sha
find
'Tis light as chaff that flies before the wind.
Were all those wonders wrought by power divin
As means, or ends, of some more deep design?

sure, as means; whose end was this alone,
ove the Godhead of the' eternal Son.
hus asserted, man is to believe
id what sense and reason can conceive,
or mysterious things of faith, rely
e proponent, Heaven's authority.
n, our faith we for our guide admit;
s the farther search of human wit;
ien the building gains a surer stay,
ke the' unuseful scaffolding away.
n by sense no more can understand;
ame is play'd into another hand.
choose we then, like bylanders, to creep
the coast, and land in view to keep,
safely we may launch into the deep?
same vessel which our Saviour bore,
lf the pilot, let us leave the shore,
with a better guide a better world explore.
he his Godhead veil with flesh and blood,
ot veil these again to be our food?
ace in both is equal in extent,
rst affords us life, the second nourishment.
he can, why all this frantic pain
nstrue what his clearest words contain,
ake a riddle what he made so plain?
ce up half on trust, and half to try,
it not faith, but bungling bigotry.
cnave and fool the merchant we may call,
y great sums, and to compound the small;
ho would break with Heaven, and would not break for all?
hen, my soul, from endless anguish freed;
iences thy guide, nor sense thy creed.

Faith is the best insurer of thy bliss;
The bank above must fail, before the venture miss
But Heaven and heaven-born faith are far from thee
Thou first apostate to divinity;
Unkennell'd range in thy Polonian plains,
A fiercer foe, the' insatiate wolf, remains.
Too boastful Britain, please thyself no more
That beasts of prey are banish'd from thy shore;
The bear, the boar, and every savage name,
Wild in effect, though in appearance tame,
Lay waste thy woods, destroy thy blissful bower,
And, muzzled though they seem, the mutes devour
More haughty than the rest the wolfish race
Appear, with belly gaunt and famish'd face;
Never was so deform'd a beast of grace.
His ragged tail betwixt his legs he wears,
Close clap'd for shame; but his rough crest he rears,
And pricks up his predestinating ears.
His wild disorder'd walk, his haggard eyes,
Did all the bestial citizens surprise:
Though fear'd and hated, yet he rul'd awhile,
As captain or companion of the spoil.
Full many a year his hateful head had been
For tribute paid, nor since in Cambria seen;
The last of all the litter scap'd by chance,
And from Geneva first infested France.
Some authors thus his pedigree will trace,
But others write him of an upstart race;
Because of Wickliffe's brood no mark he brings,
But his innate antipathy to kings.
These last deduce him from the' Helvetian kind,
Who near the Leman-lake his consort lin'd;
That fiery Zuinglius first the' affection bred,
And meagre Calvin blest the nuptial bed.

ıel some believe him whelp'd long since,
the proud Sanhedrim oppress'd the Prince;
ıce he will be Jew, derive him higher,
Corah with his brethren did conspire
Moses' hand the sovereign sway to wrest,
ıaron of his ephod to divest:
ɔening earth made way for all to pass,
ould not bear the burden of a class.*
'ox and he came shuffled in the dark.
r they were stow'd in Noah's ark;
ps not made; for all their barking train
og (a common species) will contain;
ome wild curs who from their masters ran,
ring the supremacy of man,
ɔds and caves the rebel-race began.
appy pair, how well have you increas'd!
ills in church and state have you redress'd?
teeth untried, and rudiments of claws,
first essay was on your native laws;
having torn with ease, and trampled down,
ängs you fasten'd on the mitred crown,
:eed from God and monarchy your town.
though your native kennel still be small,†
led betwixt a puddle and a wall,
ɔur victorious colonies are sent
e the north-ocean girds the continent?
en'd with fire below, your monsters breed
ny Holland, and in fruitful Tweed;
like the first, the last affects to be
ı to the dregs of a democracy.
ıere in fields the fairy rounds are seen,
k sour herbage rises on the green;

The classical ordination of the Presbyterian church.
Geneva: bounded by its ramparts and lake.

So, springing where those midnight elves advance,
Rebellion prints the footsteps of the dance.
Such are their doctrines, such contempt they show
To Heaven above, and to their prince below,
As none but traitors and blasphemers know.
God, like the tyrant of the skies, is plac'd,
And kings, like slaves, beneath the crowd debas'd.
So fulsome is their food, that flocks refuse
To bite, and only dogs for physic use.
As, where the lightning runs along the ground,
No husbandry can heal the blasting wound;
Nor bladed grass nor bearded corn succeeds,
But scales of scurf and putrefaction breeds;
Such wars, such waste, such fiery tracts of dearth
Their zeal has left, and such a treeless earth.
But, as the poisons of the deadliest kind
Are to their own unhappy coasts confin'd;
As only Indian shades of sight deprive,
And magic plants will but in Colchos thrive;
So Presbyt'ry and pestilential Zeal
Can only flourish in a commonweal.
From Celtic woods is chas'd the wolfish crew;
But, ah! some pity e'en to brutes is due:
Their native walks, methinks, they might enjoy,
Curb'd of their native malice to destroy.
Of all the tyrannies on humankind
The worst is that which persecutes the mind.
Let us but weigh at what offence we strike;
'Tis but because we cannot think alike.
In punishing of this, we overthrow
The laws of nations and of Nature too.
Beasts are the subjects of tyrannic sway,
Where still the stronger on the weaker prey;

Man only of a softer mould is made,
Not for his fellows' ruin, but their aid:
Created kind, beneficent, and free,
The noble image of the Deity.
One portion of informing fire was given
To brutes, the' inferior family of Heaven:
The Smith Divine, as with a careless beat,
Struck out the mute creation at a heat;
But, when arriv'd at last to human race,
The Godhead took a deep considering space;
And, to distinguish man from all the rest,
Unlock'd the sacred treasures of his breast,
And mercy, mix'd with reason, did impart,
One to his head, the other to his heart:
Reason to rule, but mercy to forgive;
The first is law, the last prerogative:
And like his mind his outward form appear'd,
When, issuing naked to the wondering herd,
He charm'd their eyes; and, for they lov'd, they fear'd:
Not arm'd with horns of arbitrary might,
Or claws to seize their furry spoils in fight,
Or with increase of feet t' o'ertake 'em in their flight:
Of easy shape, and pliant every way,
Confessing still the softness of his clay,
And kind as kings upon their coronation-day;
With open hands, and with extended space
Of arms, to satisfy a large embrace.
Thus kneaded up with milk, the new-made man
His kingdom o'er his kindred world began;
Till knowledge misapplied, misunderstood,
And pride of empire, sour'd his balmy blood:

Then, first rebelling, his own stamp he coins,
The murderer Cain was latent in his loins;
And blood began its first and loudest cry,
For differing worship of the Deity.
Thus Persecution rose, and farther space
Produc'd the mighty Hunter of his race.
Not so the blessed Pan his flock increas'd,
Content to fold 'em from the famish'd beast:
Mild were his laws; the sheep and harmless Hind
Were never of the persecuting kind.
Such pity now the pious pastor shows,
Such mercy from the British Lion flows,
That both provide protection from their foes.
  Oh happy regions! Italy and Spain,
Which never did those monsters entertain!
The Wolf, the Bear, the Boar, can there advance
No native claim of just inheritance;
And self-preserving laws, severe in show,
May guard their fences from the' invading foe.
Where birth hath plac'd 'em, let 'em safely share
The common benefit of vital air:
Themselves unharmful, let them live unharm'd,
Their jaws disabled, and their claws disarm'd:
Here, only in nocturnal howlings bold,
They dare not seize the Hind, nor leap the fold:
More powerful, and as vigilant as they,
The Lion awfully forbids the prey:
Their rage repress'd, though pinch'd with famine sore,
They stand aloof, and tremble at his roar;
Much is their hunger, but their fear is more.
These are the chief; to number o'er the rest,
And stand, like Adam, naming every beast,
Were weary work; nor will the Muse describe
A slimy-born and sun-begotten tribe,

Who, far from steeples, and their sacred sound,
In fields their sullen conventicles found.
These gross, half-animated lumps I leave,
Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive:
But if they think at all, 'tis sure no higher
Than matter, put in motion, may aspire:
Souls that can scarce ferment their mass of clay,
So drossy, so divisible are they,
As would but serve pure bodies for allay:
Such souls as shards produce, such beetle-things
As only buz to Heaven with evening wings;
Strike in the dark, offending but by chance;
Such are the blindfold blows of Ignorance:
They know not beings, and but hate a name;
To them the Hind and Panther are the same.
The Panther, sure the noblest next the Hind,
And fairest creature of the spotted kind;
O, could her in-born stains be wash'd away,
She were too good to be a beast of prey!
How can I praise, or blame, and not offend,
Or how divide the frailty from the friend?
Her faults and virtues lie so mix'd, that she
Nor wholly stands condemn'd, nor wholly free;
Then, like her injur'd Lion, let me speak;
He cannot bend her, and he would not break
Unkind already, and estrang'd in part,
The Wolf begins to share her wandering heart:
Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,
She half commits, who sins but in her will.
As our dreaming Platonists report,
There could be spirits of a middle sort,
Too black for Heaven, and yet too white for hell.
Who just drop'd half way down, nor lower fell:

So pois'd, so gently she descends from high,
It seems a soft dismission from the sky.
Her house not ancient, whatsoe'er pretence
Her clergy-heralds make in her defence;
A second century not half-way run,
Since the new honours of her blood begun:
A lion* old, obscene, and furious made
By lust, compress'd her mother in a shade;
Then, by a left-hand marriage, weds the dame,
Covering adultery with a specious name;
So Schism begot; and Sacrilege and she,
A well match'd pair, got graceless Heresy.
God's and kings' rebels have the same good cause
To trample down divine and human laws:
Both would be call'd Reformers, and their hate
Alike destructive both to church and state:
The fruit proclaims the plant; a lawless prince
By luxury reform'd incontinence;
By ruins, charity; by riots, abstinence;
Confessions, fasts, and penance set aside:
Oh, with what ease we follow such a guide,
Where souls are starv'd, and senses gratified!
Where marriage pleasures midnight prayer supply,
And matin bells, a melancholy cry,
Are turn'd to merrier notes, increase and multiply.
Religion shows a rosy-colour'd face,
Not batter'd out with drudging works of grace:
A down-hill reformation rolls apace.
What flesh and blood would crowd the narrow gate;
Or, till they waste their pamper'd paunches, wait?
All would be happy at the cheapest rate.

† Henry the Eighth.

Though our lean faith these rigid laws has given,
The full-fed Mussulman goes fat to Heaven;
For his Arabian prophet with delights
Of sense allur'd his eastern proselytes.
The jolly Luther, reading him, began
To' interpret Scriptures by his Alcoran;
To grub the thorns beneath our tender feet,
And make the paths of Paradise more sweet;
Bethought him of a wife, ere half-way gone,
(For 'twas uneasy travelling alone)
And, in this masquerade of mirth and love,
Mistook the bliss of Heaven for Bacchanals above.
Sure he presum'd of praise, who came to stock
The' ethereal pastures with so fair a flock,
Burnish'd, and battening on their food, to show
Their diligence of careful herds below.
Our Panther, though like these she chang'd her [head,
Yet as the mistress of a monarch's bed,
Her front erect with majesty she bore,
The crosier wielded, and the mitre wore.
Her upper part, of decent discipline,
Show'd affectation of an ancient line;
And fathers, councils, church, and churches' head,
Were on her reverend phylacteries read:
But what disgrac'd and disavow'd the rest,
Was Calvin's brand, that stigmatiz'd the beast.
Thus like a creature of a double kind,
In her own labyrinth she lives confin'd;
To foreign lands no sound of her is come,
Humbly content to be despis'd at home.
Such is her faith, where good cannot be had,
At least she leaves the refuge of the bad:
Nice in her choice of ill, though not the best,
And least deform'd, because deform'd the least.

In doubtful points betwixt two differing friends,
Where one for substance, one for sign contends;
Their contradicting terms she strives to join,
Sign shall be substance, substance shall be sign:
A real presence all her sons allow,
And yet 'tis flat idolatry to bow,
Because the Godhead's there they know not how.
Her novices are taught that bread and wine
Are but the visible and outward sign,
Receiv'd by those who in communion join;
But the' inward grace, or the thing signified,
His blood and body, who to save us died.
The faithful this thing signified receive;
What is't those faithful then partake or leave?
For what is signified and understood
Is, by her own confession, flesh and blood:
Then, by the same acknowledgment, we know
They take the sign, and take the substance too.
The literal sense is hard to flesh and blood,
But nonsense never can be understood.
Her wild belief on every wave is toss'd.
But sure no church can better morals boast:
True to her king her principles are found,
Oh, that her practice were but half so sound!
Stedfast in various turns of state she stood,
And seal'd her vow'd affection with her blood,
Nor will I meanly tax her constancy,
That interest or obligement made the tie,
Bound to the fate of murder'd Monarchy.
Before the sounding axe so falls the vine,
Whose tender branches round the poplar twine;
She chose her ruin, and resign'd her life,
In death undaunted as an Indian wife:

example! but some souls we see
ard, and stiffen with adversity;
se by Fortune's favours are undone;
d into a baser form, they run,
re the wind but cannot bear the sun.
; be Nature's frailty, or her fate,
im's* counsel, her new-chosen mate;
e's the fairest of the fallen crew,
her more indulgent, but the true.
e to her foes, yet fears her force to try,
: she wants innate authority;
v can she constrain them to obey,
s herself cast off the lawful sway?
on equals all, and those who toil
non theft, will share the common spoil.
produce the title and the right
her old superiors first to fight;
eform by text, e'en that's as plain
own rebels to reform again.
as words a different sense will bear,
ch may be his own interpreter,
r faith will no foundation find;
ord's a weathercock for every wind:
ar, the Fox, the Wolf, by turns prevail;
st in power supplies the present gale:
etched Panther cries aloud for aid
ch and councils whom she first betray'd;
from Father's or Tradition's train;
ncient guides she taught us to disdain,
that Scripture which she once abus'd,
mation stands herself accus'd.

† The Wolf.

What bills for breach of laws can she prefer,
Expounding which she owns herself may err?
And, after all her winding ways are tried,
If doubts arise, she slips herself aside,
And leaves the private conscience for the guide:
If, then, that conscience set the' offender free,
It bars her claim to church-authority.
How can she censure, or what crime pretend,
But Scripture may be construed to defend?
E'en those whom for rebellion she transmits
To civil power, her doctrine first acquits:
Because no disobedience can ensue,
Where no submission to a judge is due;
Each judging for himself by her consent,
Whom thus absolv'd she sends to punishment.
Suppose the magistrate revenge her cause,
'Tis only for transgressing human laws.
How answering to its end a church is made,
Whose power is but to counsel and persuade?
O solid rock, on which secure she stands!
Eternal house, not built with mortal hands!
O sure defence against the' infernal gate,
A patent during pleasure of the state!
Thus is the Panther neither lov'd nor fear'd,
A mere mock queen of a divided herd,
Whom soon by lawful power she might control,
Herself a part submitted to the whole:
Then, as the moon who first receives the light
By which she makes our nether regions bright,
So might she shine, reflecting from afar
The rays she borrow'd from a better star;
Big with the beams, which from her mother flow,
And reigning o'er the rising tides below:

mixing with a savage crowd, she goes,
meanly flatters her inveterate foes,
while she rules, and losing every hour
wretched remnants of precarious power.
e evening, while the cooler shade she sought,
lving many a melancholy thought,
: she walk'd, and look'd around in vain,
rueful visage, for her vanish'd train;
of her silvan subjects made their court,
:s and couchées pass'd without resort:
rdly can usurpers manage well
:, whom they first instructed to rebel.
liberty begets desire of more;
unger still increases with the store.
out respect they brush'd along the wood,
in his clan, and, fill'd with loathsome food,
no permission to the neighbouring flood.
Panther, full of inward discontent,
they would go, before them wisely went;
lying want of power by drinking first,
she gave 'em leave to quench their thirst.
ig the rest, the Hind, with fearful face,
d from far the common watering-place,
urst approach; till with an awful roar
overeign Lion bade her fear no more.
rag'd thus, she brought her younglings nigh,
ning the motions of her patron's eye,
lrank a sober draught; the rest, amaz'd,
mutely still, and on the stranger gaz'd;
y'd her part by part, and sought to find
en-horn'd monster in the harmless Hind,
as the Wolf and Panther had design'd.
thought at first they dream'd; for 'twas offence
them to question certitude of sense,

Their guide in faith; but nearer when they drew,
And had the faultless object still in view,
Lord, how they all admir'd her heavenly hue!
Some, who before her fellowship disdain'd,
Scarce, and but scarce, from in-born rage restrain'd,
Now frisk'd about her, and old kindred feign'd.
Whether for love or interest, every sect
Of all the savage nation show'd respect.
The viceroy Panther could not awe the herd;
The more the company, the less they fear'd.
The surly Wolf with secret envy burst,
Yet could not howl; (the Hind had seen him first;)
But what he durst not speak, the Panther durst.

For when the herd, suffic'd, did late repair
To ferny heaths, and to their forest lair,
She made a mannerly excuse to stay,
Proffering the hind to wait her half the way;
That, since the sky was clear, an hour of talk
Might help her to beguile the tedious walk.
With much good-will the motion was embrac'd,
To chat awhile on their adventures pass'd;
Nor had the grateful Hind so soon forgot
Her friend and fellow-sufferer in the plot:
Yet, wondering how of late she grew estrang'd,
Her forehead cloudy, and her count'nance chang'd,
She thought this hour the' occasion would present
To learn her secret cause of discontent,
Which well she hop'd might be with ease redress'd,
Considering her a well-bred civil beast,
And more a gentlewoman than the rest.
After some common talk what rumours ran,
The lady of the Spotted Muff began.

PART II.

(said the Panther) times are mended well
e among the Philistines you fell.
were pitch'd, a spacious track of ground
ert huntsmen was encompass'd round;
osure narrow'd, the sagacious pow'r
ls and death drew nearer every hour:
the younger Lion* 'scap'd the snare,
our priestly calves lay struggling there,
ces on their altars laid,
u their careful mother wisely fled,
ing Destiny to save your head:
e'er promises you have applied
unfailing church, the surer side
r legs, in danger to provide:
e'er tales of Peter's chair you tell,
g reverence of the miracle,
r luck was yours to 'scape so well."
emember, (said the sober Hind)
ls were for your own dear self design'd,
s me; and with the self-same throw,
the quarry and the vermin too;
he slanderous tongues that call'd you so.
you take it now, the common cry
you down for your rank loyalty.
n Popery they thought you nurst,
ongues will ever speak the worst,)
ome forms, and ceremonies some,
, and stood in the main question dumb.
n were born indeed; but, thinking long,
, it seems, at last, has loos'd your tongue.

* James the Second, then Duke of York.

And to explain what your forefathers meant,
By real presence in the sacrament,
After long fencing push'd against a wall,
Your salvo comes, that he's not there at all:
There chang'd your faith, and what may cha
may fall.
Who can believe what varies every day,
Nor ever was, nor will be at a stay?"
"Tortures may force the tongue untruths t
And I ne'er own'd myself infallible,
(Replied the Panther:) grant such presence
Yet in your sense I never own'd it there.
A real virtue we by faith receive,
And that we in the sacrament believe."
"Then, (said the Hind) as you the matter sta
Not only Jesuits can equivocate;
For real, as you now the word expound,
From solid substance dwindles to a sound.
Methinks an Æsop's fable you repeat;
You know who took the shadow for the meat
Your church's substance thus you change at v
And yet retain your former figure still.
I freely grant you spoke to save your life,
For then you lay beneath the butcher's knife.
Long time you fought, redoubled battery bor
But, after all, against yourself you swore;
Your former self; for every hour your form
Is chop'd and chang'd, like winds before a sto
Thus fear and interest will prevail with some,
For all have not the gift of martyrdom."
The Panther grinn'd at this, and thus repli
"That men may err was never yet denied:
But, if that common principle be true,
The canon, Dame, is levell'd full at you.

ning long disputes, I fain would see
ndrous wight——Infallibility:
n Heaven, this mighty champion, come,
l below in subterranean Rome?
t him somewhere, and derive his race,
onclude that nothing has no place."
ose, though I disown it, (said the Hind)
ain mansion were not yet assign'd;
btful residence no proof can bring
he plain existence of the thing.
philosophers may disagree,
y' emission or reception be,
e thence inferr'd—I do not see?
require an answer positive,
et, when I demand, you dare not give,
cies in universals live.
firm that this unfailing guide
and general councils must reside;
ful, both combin'd; what one decrees
rous votes, the other ratifies:
ndoubted sense the church relies.
some doctors in a scantier space,
n each apart, contract the place:
ho to greater length extend the line,
reches' after-acceptation join.
circumference appears too wide;
rch diffus'd is by the council tied;
bers, by their representatives
to laws, which prince and senate gives.
ne contract, and some enlarge the space;
and council who denies the place,
from above with God's unfailing grace?
anons all the needful points contain,
nse so obvious, and their words so plain,

That no disputes about the doubtful text
Have hitherto the labouring world perplex'd;
If any should in after-times appear, [clear;
New councils must be call'd to make the meaning
Because in them the power supreme resides,
And all the promises are to the guides.
This may be taught with sound and safe defence;
But mark how sandy is your own pretence,
Who, setting councils, pope, and church aside,
Are every man his own presuming guide.
The sacred books, you say, are full and plain,
And every needful point of truth contain:
All who can read, interpreters may be:
Thus, though your several churches disagree,
Yet every saint has to himself alone
The secret of this philosophic stone.
These principles your jarring sects unite,
When differing doctors and disciples fight.
Though Luther, Zuinglius, Calvin, holy chiefs,
Have made a battle-royal of beliefs;
Or, like wild horses, several ways have whirl'd
The tortur'd text about the Christian world,
Each Jehu lashing on with furious force,
That Turk or Jew could not have us'd it worse.
No matter what dissention leaders make,
Where every private man may save a stake;
Rul'd by the Scripture and his own advice,
Each has a blind by-path to Paradise;
Where driving in a circle slow or fast,
Opposing sects are sure to meet at last.
A wondrous charity you have in store
For all reform'd to pass the narrow door;
So much, that Mahomet had scarcely more.

ind prophet, was for damning none,
it and Moses were to save their own:
vas to secure his chosen race,
eason good for Turks to take the place,
llow'd to be the better man,
of his holier Alcoran."
, (said the Panther) I shall ne'er deny
ren may be sav'd as well as I:
Huguenots condemn our ordination,
on, ministerial vocation,
ier, more mistaking what he read,
the sacred body with the bread:
y, still remember I maintain
d in needful points is only plain."
less, or needful, I not now contend,
you have a loop-hole for a friend,
l the matron) but the rule you lay
whole flocks, and leads them still, astray
ty points, and full damnation's way:
iot Arius first, Socinus now,
's eternal Godhead disavow?
not these by gospel-texts alone
l our doctrine, and maintain their own?
all heretics the same pretence
the Scriptures in their own defence?
the Nicene council then decide
ing debate? was it by Scripture tried?
; to that the rebel would not yield;
is of texts he marshall'd in the field:
; but civil war, an equal set,
iles with piles, and eagles eagles met.
ts point blank and plain he fac'd the foe,
not Satan tempt our Saviour so?

The good old bishops took a simpler way;
Each ask'd but what he heard his father say,
Or how he was instructed in his youth,
And by tradition's force upheld the truth."
The Panther smil'd at this: "And when (sai
Where those first counsels disallow'd by me?
Or where did I at sure tradition strike,
Provided still it were apostolic?"
"Friend, (said the Hind) you quit your fi
ground,
Where all your faith you did on Scripture fou
Now 'tis tradition join'd with holy writ;
But thus your memory betrays your wit."
"No, (said the Panther) for in that I view
When your tradition's forg'd, and when 'tis tr
I set 'em by the rule, and as they square,
Or deviate from undoubted doctrine there,
This oral fiction, that old faith declare."
HIND. "The council steer'd, it seems, a diff
course;
They tried the Scripture by tradition's force;
But you tradition by the scripture try;
Pursued by sects, from this to that you fly,
Nor dare on one foundation to rely.
The Word is then depos'd, and in this view
You rule the Scripture, not the Scripture you.
Thus said the Dame, and, smiling, thus pursue
"I see tradition then is disallow'd
When not evinc'd by Scripture to be true,
And Scripture, as interpreted by you:
But here you tread upon unfaithful ground,
Unless you could infallibly expound;
Which you reject as odious Popery,
And throw that doctrine back with scorn on r

se we on things traditive divide,
oth appeal to Scripture to decide;
ious texts we both uphold our claim,
ften ground our titles on the same;
ong labour lost, and time's expense,
rant the words, and quarrel for the sense.
ll disputes for ever must depend;
dumb rule can controversies end.
when you said—tradition must be tried
ed writ, whose sense yourselves decide;—
d no more, but that yourselves must be
dges of the Scripture-sense, not we.
t our church-tradition you declare,
t your clerks would sit in Moses' chair:
t 'tis prov'd against your argument,
le is far from plain where all dissent."
not by Scriptures, how can we be sure
d the Panther) what tradition's pure?
may palm upon us new for old:
hey say, that glitters is not gold."
v but by following her, (replied the Dame)
m deriv'd from sire to son they came;
every age does one another move,
sts no farther than the next above;
all the rounds like Jacob's ladder rise,
est hid in earth, the topmost in the skies?"
ly the savage did her answer mark,
wing eyeballs glittering in the dark,
d but this: "Since lucre was your trade,
ling times such dreadful gapes have made,
gerous climbing; to your sons and you
he ladder, and its omen too." [sweet,
"The Panther's breath was ever fam'd for
n the Wolf such wishes oft I meet;

You learn'd this language from the blatant beast,*
Or rather did not speak, but were possest.
As for your answer, 'tis but barely urg'd,
You must evince tradition to be forg'd;
Produce plain proofs, unblemish'd authors use
As ancient as those ages they accuse;
Till when, 'tis not sufficient to defame;
An old possession stands, till elder quits the claim.
Then for our interest, which is nam'd alone
To load with envy, we retort your own:
For, when traditions in your faces fly,
Resolving not to yield, you must decry:
As when the cause goes hard, the guilty man
Excepts, and thins his jury all he can;
So when you stand of other aid bereft,
You to the Twelve Apostles would be left.
Your friend, the Wolf, did with more craft provide
To set these toys, traditions, quite aside;
And Fathers too, unless when, reason spent,
He cites 'em but sometimes for ornament.
But, Madam Panther, you, though more sincere,
Are not so wise as your adulterer;
The private spirit is a better blind
Than all the dodging tricks your authors find:
For they, who left the Scripture to the crowd,
Each for his own peculiar judge allow'd,
The way to please 'em was to make them proud.
Thus with full sails they ran upon the shelf;
Who could suspect a cozenage from himself?
On his own reason safer 'tis to stand,
Than be deceiv'd and damn'd at second-hand:
But you, who Fathers and traditions take,
And garble some, and some you quite forsake,

* The Wolf, or Presbyterian clergy.

ɣ church-authority to fix,
ɔme grains of private spirit mix,
ı mule, made up of differing seed,
the reason why you never breed;
ot propagate your kind abroad,
dissenters are by statutes aw'd:
ıey grow upon you every day,
(to speak the best) are at a stay,
that are extremes, abhor a middle
'.
s of state, to stop a raging flood,
a mad-brain'd senate's mood;
:dients never one was good.
they argue, nor can you deny,
fix on church-authority,
e best, the fountain, not the flood;
be better still if this be good.
:ommand who has herself rebell'd?
st by Antichrist expell'd?
awful tyranny displace,
't a bastard of the race?
.ese wars to win the Book, if we
ıterpret for ourselves, but she?
wholly slaves, or wholly free.
ıg fires traditions must not fight;
ıust prove Episcopacy's right.
: led horses are from service freed,
mount 'em but in time of need:
enaries, hir'd for home-defence,
not serve against their native prince.
ımestic foes of hierarchy
drawn forth, to make Fanatics fly;
they see their countrymen at hand,
ıgainst 'em under church-command,
ɜy forsake their colour, and disband."

Thus she, nor could the Panther well enlarge
With weak defence against so strong a charge,
But said; "For what did Christ his Word provide,
If still his church must want a living guide?
And if all saving doctrines are not there,
Or sacred penmen could not make 'em clear,
From after-ages we should hope in vain
For truths, which men inspir'd could not explain."
"Before the Word was written (said the Hind)
Our Saviour preach'd his faith to humankind:
From his Apostles the first age receiv'd
Eternal truth, and what they taught believ'd.
Thus, by tradition faith was planted first,
Succeeding flocks succeeding pastors nurs'd.
This was the way our wise Redeemer chose,
Who sure could all things for the best dispose,
To fence his fold from their encroaching foes.
He could have writ himself, but well foresaw
The' event would be like that of Moses' law;
Some difference would arise, some doubts remain,
Like those which yet the jarring Jews maintain.
No written laws can be so plain, so pure,
But wit may gloss, and malice may obscure;
Not those indited by his first command,
A prophet grav'd the text, an angel held his hand;
Thus faith was ere the written word appear'd,
And men believ'd not what they read, but heard:
But since the' Apostles could not be confin'd
To these, or those, but severally design'd
Their large commission round the world to blow,
To spread their faith, they spread their labours too:
Yet still their absent flock their pains did share,
They hearken'd still, for love produces care;

as mistakes arose, or discords fell,
old seducers taught them to rebel,
harity grew cold, or faction hot,
ɔng neglect their lessons had forgot,
all their wants they wisely did provide,
preaching by epistles was supplied:
reat physicians cannot all attend,
some they visit, and to some they send.
all those letters were not writ to all,
first intended but occasional,
r absent sermons; nor, if they contain
ıeedful doctrines, are those doctrines plain.
rness by frequent preaching must be wrought;
ɣ writ but seldom, but they daily taught;
what one saint has said of holy Paul,
darkly writ,' is true, applied to all.
this obscurity could Heaven provide
: prudently than by a living guide,
oubts arose, the difference to decide?
ıide was therefore needful, therefore made;
, if appointed, sure to be obey'd.
ı, with due reverence to the' Apostles' writ,
/hich my sons are taught, to which submit,
ɲk those truths their sacred works contain,
church alone can certainly explain;
following ages, leaning on the past,
rest upon the primitive at last.
would I thence the Word no rule infer,
none without the church-interpreter;
ıuse, as I have urg'd before, 'tis mute,
is itself the subject of dispute.
what the' Apostles their successors taught,
r to the next, from them to us is brought,
undoubted sense which is in Scripture sought.

From hence the church is arm'd, when errors rise,
To stop their entrance, and prevent surprise,
And, safe intrench'd within, her foes without
defies;
By these, all-festering sores her councils heal,
Which time or has disclos'd, or shall reveal;
For discord cannot end without a last appeal.
Nor can a council national decide,
But with subordination to her guide;
I wish the cause were on that issue tried:
Much less the scripture; for suppose debate
Betwixt pretenders to a fair estate,
Bequeath'd by some legator's last intent,
(Such is our dying Saviour's testament)
The will is prov'd, is open'd, and is read;
The doubtful heirs their differing titles plead;
All vouch the words their interest to maintain,
And each pretends by those his cause is plain:
Shall then the testament award the right?
No, that's the Hungary for which they fight;
The field of battle, subject of debate;
The thing contended for, the fair estate.
The sense is intricate, 'tis only clear
What vowels and what consonants are there:
Therefore 'tis plain its meaning must be tried
Before some judge appointed to decide."
"Suppose, (the fair Apostate said) I grant
The faithful flock some living guide should want,
Your arguments an endless chace pursue:
Produce this vaunted leader to our view,
This mighty Moses of the chosen crew."
The Dame, who saw her fainting foe retir'd,
With force renew'd to victory aspir'd;

looking upward to her kindred sky,
nce our Saviour own'd his deity,
ounc'd his words—'She whom ye seek am I.'
less amaz'd this voice the Panther heard,
were those Jews to hear a God declar'd;
thus the Matron modestly renew'd:
all your prophets and their sects be view'd,
see to which of them yourselves think fit
conduct of your conscience to submit:
proselyte would vote his doctor best,
absolute exclusion to the rest:
would your Polish diet disagree,
end as it began, in anarchy:
self the fairest for election stand,
use you seem crown-general of the land;
oon against your superstitious lawn
Presbyterian sabre would be drawn.
ur establish'd laws of sovereignty
rest some fundamental flaw would see,
call rebellion Gospel-liberty.
urch-decrees your articles require
ission mollified, if not entire.
ge denied, to censures you proceed;
hen Curtana will not do the deed,
ay that pointless clergy-weapon by,
to the laws, your sword of justice, fly.
this your sects the more unkindly take,
se prying varlets hit the blots you make)
se some ancient friends of yours declare,
only rule of faith the Scriptures are,
preted by men of judgment sound,
h every sect will for themselves expound;
hink less reverence to their doctors due
ound interpretation, than to you.

If then, by able heads, are understood
Your brother-prophets, who reform'd abroad,
Those able heads expound a wiser way,
That their own sheep their shepherd should obey.
But if you mean yourselves are only sound,
That doctrine turns the reformation round,
And all the rest are false reformers found;
Because in sundry points you stand alone,
Not in communion join'd with any one,
And therefore must be all the church, or none.
Then, till you have agreed whose judge is best,
Against this forc'd submission they protest;
While sound and sound a different sense explains,
Both play at hard-head till they break their brains;
And from their chairs each others force defy,
While unregarded thunders vainly fly.
I pass the rest, because your church alone,
Of all usurpers, best could fill the throne:
But neither you, nor any sect beside,
For this high office can be qualified
With necessary gifts requir'd in such a guide.
For that which must direct the whole must be
Bound in one bond of faith and unity;
But all your several churches disagree.
The consubstantiating* church and priest
Refuse communion to the Calvinist:
The French reform'd from preaching you restrain,
Because you judge their ordination vain;
And so they judge of yours; but donors must ordain.
In short, in doctrine or in discipline
Not one reform'd can with another join;

* The Lutherans.

But all from each, as from damnation, fly:
No union they pretend but in non-popery:
Nor, should their members in a synod meet,
Could any church presume to mount the seat
Above the rest, their discords to decide;
None would obey, but each would be the guide:
And, face to face, dissensions would increase;
For only distance now preserves the peace.
All in their turns, accusers, and accus'd,
Babel was never half so much confus'd.
What one can plead, the rest can plead as well;
For amongst equals lies no last appeal,
And all confess themselves are fallible.
Now, since you grant some necessary guide,
All who can err are justly laid aside;
Because a trust so sacred to confer
Shows want of such a sure interpreter;
And how can he be needful who can err?
Then granting that unerring guide we want,
That such there is you stand oblig'd to grant:
Our Saviour else were wanting to supply
Our needs, and obviate that necessity.
It then remains—that church can only be
The guide, which owns unfailing certainty;
Or else you slip your hold, and change your side,
Relapsing from a necessary guide.
But this annex'd condition of the crown,
Immunity from errors, you disown:
Here then you shrink, and lay your weak pretensions down.
For petty royalties you raise debate;
But this unfailing universal state [weight;
You shun, nor dare succeed to such a glorious

And for that cause those promises detest,
With which our Saviour did his church invest;
But strive to' invade, and fear to find them true,
As conscious they were never meant to you;
All which the mother-church asserts her own,
And with unrival'd claims ascend the throne:
So, when of old the' Almighty Father sate,
In council, to redeem our ruin'd state,
Millions of millions, at a distance round,
Silent, the sacred consistory crown'd,
To hear what mercy, mix'd with justice, could propound;
All prompt with eager pity to fulfil
The full extent of their Creator's will:
But when the stern conditions were declar'd,
A mournful whisper through the host was heard,
And the whole hierarchy, with heads hung down,
Submissively declin'd the pondrous proffer'd crown.
Then, not till then, the' Eternal Son from high
Rose in the strength of all the Deity,
Stood forth to' accept the terms, and underwent
A weight, which all the frame of Heaven had bent,
Nor he himself could bear, but as Omnipotent.
Now, to remove the least remaining doubt,
That e'en the blear-ey'd sects may find her out,
Behold what heavenly rays adorn her brows,
What from his wardrobe her belov'd allows,
To deck the wedding-day of his unspotted spouse,
Behold what marks of majesty she brings,
Richer than ancient heirs of eastern kings:
Her right hand holds the sceptre and the keys,
To show whom she commands, and who obeys:
With these to bind, or set the sinner free,
With that to' assert spiritual royalty.

ıe in herself, not rent by schism, but sound,
, one solid shining diamond;
arkles, shatter'd into sects, like you;
the church, and must be, to be true:
:ntral principal of unity,
livided, so from errors free,
in faith, so one in sanctity.
he, and none but she, the' insulting rage
etics oppos'd from age to age:
ıen the giant brood invades her throne,
ops from Heaven, and meets 'em half way
down,
ith paternal thunder vindicates her crown.
:e Egyptian-sorcerers you stand,
ünly lift aloft your magic wand, [land;
:ep away the swarms of vermin from the
ıuld, like them, with like infernal force,
:e the plague, but not arrest the course;
ıen the boils and blotches, with disgrace
ıblic scandal sat upon the face,
elves attack'd, the Magi strove no more,
aw God's finger, and their fate deplore;
elves they could not cure of the dishonest
sore.
ne, thus pure, behold her largely spread
ıe fair ocean from her mother-bed;
:ast to west triumphantly she rides,
res are water'd by her wealthy tides.
ospel-sound, diffus'd from pole to pole,
winds can carry, and where waves can roll,
lf-same doctrine of the sacred page
r'd to every clime, in every age.
re let my sorrow give my satire place,
:e new blushes on my British race;

Our sailing ships like common-sewers we use,
And through our distant colonies diffuse
The draught of dungeons, and the stench of stews:
Whom, when their home-bred honesty is lost,
We disembogue on some far Indian coast:
Thieves, panders, palliards,* sins of every sort,
Those are the manufactures we export;
And these the missioners our zeal has made:
For, with my country's pardon, be it said,
Religion is the least of all our trade.
"Yet some improve their traffic more than we;
For they on gain, their only god, rely,
And set a public price on piety.
Industrious of the needle and the chart,
They run full sail to their Japonian mart;
Prevention fear, and, prodigal of fame,
Sell all of Christian to the very name,
Nor leave enough of that to hide their naked [shame.
"Thus, of three marks, which in the Creed we view,
Not one of all can be applied to you;
Much less the fourth: in vain, alas! you seek
The' ambitious title of Apostolic:
Godlike descent! 'tis well your blood can be
Prov'd noble in the third or fourth degree:
For all of ancient that you had before,
(I mean what is not borrow'd from our store)
Was error fulminated o'er and o'er;
Old heresies condemn'd in ages past,
By care and time recover'd from the blast.
"'Tis said with ease, but never can be prov'd,
The church her old foundations has remov'd,

* Debauchees.

And built new doctrines on unstable sands:
Judge that, ye winds and rains! you prov'd her,
yet she stands.
Those ancient doctrines charg'd on her for new,
Show when, and how, and from what hands they
grew.
We claim no power, when heresies grow bold,
To coin new faith, but still declare the old:
How else could that obscene disease be purg'd,
When controverted texts are vainly urg'd?
To prove tradition new, there's somewhat more
Requir'd than saying, 'twas not us'd before.
Those monumental arms are never stirr'd,
Till schism or heresy call down Goliath's sword.
"Thus, what you call corruptions are, in truth,
The first plantations of the Gospel's youth;
Old standard faith: but cast your eyes again,
And view those errors which new sects maintain,
Or which of old disturb'd the church's peaceful
reign;
And we can point each period of the time
When they began, and who begot the crime;
Can calculate how long the' eclipse endur'd,
Who interpos'd, what digits were obscur'd:
Of all which are already pass'd away,
We know the rise, the progress, and decay,
"Despair at our foundations then to strike,
Till you can prove your faith apostolic;
A limpid stream drawn from the native source;
Succession lawful in a lineal course,
Prove any church, oppos'd to this our head,
So one, so pure, so unconfin'dly spread,
Under one chief of the spiritual state,
The members all combin'd, and all subordinate:

Show such a seamless coat, from schism so free,
In no communion join'd with heresy.
If such a one you find, let truth prevail;
Till when, your weights will in the balance fail;
A church unprincipled kicks up the scale.

"But if you cannot think (nor sure you can
Suppose in God what were unjust in man)
That He, the fountain of eternal grace,
Should suffer falsehood, for so long a space,
To banish truth, and to usurp her place;
That seven successive ages should be lost,
And preach damnation at their proper cost;
That all your erring ancestors should die,
Drown'd in the' abyss of deep idolatry:
If piety forbid such thoughts to rise,
Awake, and open your unwilling eyes;
God hath left nothing for each age undone,
From this to that wherein he sent his Son;
Then think but well of him, and half your work is done.
See how his church, adorn'd with every grace,
With open arms, a kind forgiving face,
Stands ready to prevent her long-lost sons embrace.
Not more did Joseph o'er his brethren weep,
Nor less himself could from discovery keep,
When in the crowd of suppliants they were seen,
And in their crew his best-beloved Benjamin.
That pious Joseph in the church behold,
To feed your famine, and refuse your gold;*
The Joseph you exil'd, the Joseph whom you sold."

Thus, while with heavenly charity she spoke,
A streaming blaze the silent shadows broke,

* The renunciation of the Benedictines to the Abbey lands.

rom the skies, a cheerful azure light;
irds obscene to forests wing'd their flight,
aping graves receiv'd the wandering guilty spright.
h were the pleasing triumphs of the sky,
mes his late nocturnal victory;
ledge of his almighty Patron's love,
reworks which his angels made above.
myself the lambent easy light
ıe brown horror, and dispel the night;
ıessenger with speed the tidings bore;
which three labouring nations did restore;
eaven's own Nuncius was arriv'd before.
s the Hind had reach'd her lonely cell,
apours rose, and dews unwholesome fell:
she, by frequent observation wise,
: who long on Heaven had fix'd her eyes,
n'd a change of weather in the skies.
'estern borders were with crimson spread,
ıoon descending look'd all flaming red;
ıought good manners bound her to invite
:ranger dame to be her guest that night:
true, coarse diet, and a short repast,
aid) were weak inducements to the taste
: so nicely bred, and so unus'd to fast;
hat plain fare her cottage could afford,
rty welcome at a homely board,
:eely her's; and, to supply the rest,
nest meaning, and an open breast:
vith content of mind, the poor man's wealth,
:e-cup to their common patron's health."
he *desir'd* her to accept, and stay,
ır *she might* be wilder'd in her way,

Because she wanted an unerring guide,
And then the dew-drops on her silken hide
Her tender constitution did declare,
Too lady-like a long fatigue to bear,
And rough inclemencies of raw nocturnal air:
But most she fear'd that, travelling so late,
Some evil-minded beasts might lie in wait,
And without witness wreak their hidden hate.
The Panther, though she lent a listening ear,
Had more of lion in her than to fear;
Yet wisely weighing, since she had to deal
With many foes, their numbers might prevail,
Return'd her all the thanks she could afford,
And took her friendly hostess at her word;
Who entering first her lowly roof,—a shed
With hoary moss, and winding ivy spread,
Honest enough to hide an humble hermit's head,
Thus graciously bespoke her welcome guest;
"So might these walls, with your fair presence blest,
Become your dwelling-place of everlasting rest;
Not for a night, or quick revolving year,
Welcome an owner, not a sojourner;
This peaceful seat my poverty secures;
War seldom enters but where wealth allures:
Nor yet despise it; for this poor abode
Has oft receiv'd, and yet receives a god;
A god victorious, of a Stygian race,
Here laid his sacred limbs, and sanctified the place.
This mean retreat did mighty Pan contain;
Be emulous of him, and pomp disdain,
And dare not to debase your soul to gain."
The silent stranger stood amaz'd to see
Contempt of wealth, and wilful poverty;

And, though ill habits are not soon control'd,
Awhile suspended her desire of gold:
But civilly drew in her sharpen'd paws,
Not violating hospitable laws,
And pacified her tail, and lick'd her frothy jaws.
The Hind did first her country cates provide,
Then couch'd herself securely by her side.

PART III.

Much malice, mingled with a little wit,
Perhaps may censure this mysterious writ;
Because the muse has peopled Caledon
With panthers, bears, and wolves, and beasts unknown,
As if we were not stock'd with monsters of our own.
Let Æsop answer, who has set to view
Such kinds as Greece and Phrygia never knew;
And Mother Hubbard, in her homely dress,
Has sharply blam'd a British lioness;
That queen, whose feast the factious rabble keep,
Expos'd obscenely naked and asleep.
Led by those great examples, may not I
The wanted organs of their words supply?
If men transact like brutes, 'tis equal then
For brutes to claim the privilege of men.
Others our Hind of folly will indite,
To entertain a dangerous guest by night:
Let those remember that she cannot die
Till rolling time is lost in round eternity;
Nor need she fear the Panther, though untam'd,
Because the Lion's peace was now proclaim'd:*

* The declaration of Indulgence.

The wary savage would not give offence,
To forfeit the protection of her prince;
But watch'd the time her vengeance to complete,
When all her furry sons in frequent senate met.*
Mean while she quench'd her fury at the flood,
And with a lenten sallad cool'd her blood.
Their commons, though but coarse, were nothing [scant,
Nor did their minds an equal banquet want.

For now the Hind, whose noble nature strove
To' express her plain simplicity of love,
Did all the honours of her house so well,
No sharp debates disturb'd the friendly meal.
She turn'd the talk, avoiding that extreme,
To common dangers past,—a sadly-pleasing theme;
Remembering every storm which toss'd the state,
When both were objects of the public hate,
And dropt a tear betwixt, for her own children's fate.

Nor fail'd she then a full review to make
Of what the Panther suffer'd for her sake:
Her lost esteem, her truth, her loyal care,
Her faith unshaken to an exil'd heir,
Her strength to' endure, her courage to defy:
Her choice of honourable infamy.
On these, prolixly thankful, she enlar'd,
Then with acknowledgment herself she charg'd:
For friendship, of itself an holy tie,
Is made more sacred by adversity.
Now should they part, malicious tongues would say
They met like chance-companions on the way,
Whom mutual fear of robbers had possess'd;
While danger lasted, kindness was profess'd;

* The Convocation.

But that once o'er, the short-liv'd union ends:
The road divides, and there divide the friends.
The Panther nodded, when her speech was done,
And thank'd her coldly, in a hollow tone:
But said, her gratitude had gone too far
For common offices of Christian care.
If to the lawful heir she had been true,
She paid but Cæsar what was Cæsar's due.
"I might (she added) with like praise describe
Your suffering sons, and so return your bribe;
But incense from my hands is poorly priz'd;
For gifts are scorn'd where givers are despis'd.
I serv'd a turn, and then was cast away;
You, like the gaudy fly, your wings display,
And sip the sweets, and bask in your great patron's day."
This heard, the Matron was not slow to find
What sort of malady had seiz'd her mind:
Disdain, with gnawing Envy, fell Despight,
And canker'd Malice stood in open sight:
Ambition, Interest, Pride without control,
And Jealousy, the jaundice of the soul;
Revenge, the bloody minister of ill,
With all the lean tormentors of the will.
'Twas easy now to guess from whence arose
Her new-made union with her ancient foes;
Her forc'd civilities, her faint embrace,
Affected kindness, with an alter'd face:
Yet durst she not too deeply probe the wound,
As hoping still the nobler parts were sound;
But strove with anodynes to' assuage the smart,
And mildly thus her med'cine did impart:
"Complaints of lovers help to ease their pain;
It shows a rest of kindness to complain;

A friendship loth to quit its former hold;
And conscious merit may be justly bold:
But much more just your jealousy would shew,
If other's good were injury to you:
Witness, ye Heavens, how I rejoice to see
Rewarded worth, and rising loyalty!
Your warrior-offspring that upheld the crown,
The scarlet honour of your peaceful gown,
Are the most pleasing objects I can find,
Charms to my sight, and cordials to my mind:
When Virtue spooms* before a prosperous gale,
My heaving wishes help to fill the sail;
And if my prayers for all the brave were heard,
Cæsar should still have such, and such should still reward.

"The labour'd earth your pains have sow'd and till'd;
'Tis just you reap the product of the field:
Yours be the harvest, 'tis the beggar's gain
To glean the fallings of the loaded wain.
Such scatter'd ears as are not worth your care,
Your charity for alms may safely spare,
For alms are but the vehicles of pray'r.
My daily bread is literally implor'd;
I have no barns nor granaries to hoard.
If Cæsar to his own his hand extends,
Say, which of yours his charity offends:
You know he largely gives to more than are his friends.
Are you defrauded when he feeds the poor?
Our mite decreases nothing of your store.
I am but few, and by your fare you see
My crying sins are not of luxury.

* To scud briskly. A sea term.

Some juster motive sure your mind withdraws,
And makes you break our friendship's holy laws;
For barefac'd envy is too base a cause.
"Show more occasion for your discontent;
Your love, the Wolf, would help you to invent:
Some German quarrel, or, as times go now,
Some French, where force is uppermost, will do.
When at the fountain's head, as merit ought
To claim the place, you take a swilling draught,
How easy 'tis an envious eye to throw,
And tax the sheep for troubling streams below;
Or call her (when no farther cause you find)
An enemy profess'd of all your kind:
But then, perhaps, the wicked world would think
The Wolf design'd to eat as well as drink."
This last allusion gall'd the Panther more,
Because, indeed, it rubb'd upon the sore;
Yet seem'd she not to winch, though shrewdly pain'd,
But thus her passive character maintain'd:
"I never grudg'd, whate'er my foes report,
Your flaunting fortune in the Lion's court.
You have your day, or you are much belied,
But I am always on the suffering side:
You know my doctrine, and I need not say
I will not, but I cannot disobey.
On this firm principle I ever stood;
He of my sons who fails to make it good,
By one rebellious act renounces to my blood."
"Ah! (said the Hind) how many sons have you
Who call you Mother, whom you never knew?
But most of them who that relation plead
Are such ungracious youths as wish you dead.
They gape at rich revenues which you hold,
And fain would nibble at your grandame Gold;

Inquire into your years, and laugh to find
Your crazy temper shows you much declin'd.
Were you not dim, and doted, you might see
A pack of cheats that claim a pedigree,
No more of kin to you, than you to me.
Do you not know, that, for a little coin,
Heralds can foist a name into the line?
They ask you blessing but for what you have,
But once possess'd of what with care you save,
The wanton boys would piss upon your grave.
"Your sons of latitude that court your grace,
Though most resembling you in form and face,
Are far the worst of your pretended race;
And, but I blush your honesty to blot,
Pray God you prove 'em lawfully begot:
For in some Popish libels I have read,
The Wolf has been too busy in your bed;
At least her hinder parts the belly piece,
The paunch, and all that Scorpio claims, are his
Their malice, too, a sore suspicion brings;
For though they dare not bark, they snarl at kin
Nor blame 'em for intruding in your line;
Fat bishoprics are still of right divine.
"Think you your new French proselytes: come
To starve abroad, because they starv'd at home.
Your benefices twinkled from afar;
They found the new Messiah by the star:
Those Swisses fight on any side for pay,
And 'tis the living that conforms, not they.
Mark with what management their tribes divide
Some stick to you, and some to t' other side,
That many churches may for many mouths provide.

vacant pulpits would more converts make;
ould have latitude enough to take;
·est unbenefic'd your sects maintain;
rdinations without cures are vain,
:hamber practice is a silent gain.
sons of breadth at home are much like these;
· soft and yielding metals run with ease;
melt, and take the figure of the mould,
arden, and preserve it best in gold."
our Delphic sword (the Panther then replied)
ıble-edg'd, and cuts on either side.
sons of mine, who bear upon their shield
: steeples argent in a sable field,
sharply tax'd your converts, who, unfed,
follow'd you for miracles of bread;
who themselves of no religion are,
d with gain for any will declare:
ies with bold assertions they can face.
ınt of argument is out of place:
rim logician puts 'em in a fright;
asier far to flourish than to fight.
ɔur eighth Henry's marriage they defame;
say the schism of beds began the game,
:ing from the church to wed the dame:
;h largely prov'd, and by himself profess'd,
:onscience, conscience would not let him rest;
ı not till possess'd of her he lov'd,
ld uncharming Catharine was remov'd.
ndry years before he did complain,
ɔld his ghostly confessor his pain:
:he same impudence, without a ground,
say, that look the reformation round,
atise of Humility is found:

But if none were, the gospel does not want;
Our Saviour preach'd it, and I hope you grant
The sermon on the mount was Protestant."
"No doubt, (replied the Hind) as sure as all
The writings of St. Peter and St. Paul;
On that decision let it stand or fall.
Now, for my converts, who, you say, unfed
Have follow'd me for miracles of bread;
Judge not by hear-say, but observe, at least,
If, since their change, their loaves have been i
creast.
The Lion buys no converts; if he did,
Beasts would be sold as fast as he could bid.
Tax those of interest who conform for gain,
Or stay the market of another reign;
Your broad-way sons would never be too nice
To close with Calvin, if he paid their price;
But, rais'd three steeples higher, would change th
note,
And quit the cassock for the canting coat.
Now, if you damn this censure, as too bold,
Judge by yourselves, and think not others sold.
"Mean time, my sons, accus'd by Fame's rep
Pay small attendance at the Lion's court;
Nor rise with early crowds, nor flatter late;
For silently they beg, who daily wait.
Preferment is bestow'd that comes unsought,
Attendance is a bribe, and then 'tis bought.
How they should speed, their fortune is untried,
For not to ask is not to be denied.
For what they have, their God and king they ble
And hope they should not murmur, had they les
But if reduc'd subsistence to implore,
In common prudence they would pass your door

l Hudibras, your champion-friend,
wn how far your charities extend:
ting verse shall on his tomb be read,
m'd you living, and upbraids you dead.'
ious atheist names you load your foes;
eral clergy why did I expose?
fails in charities like those.
s where true religion is profess'd,
putation were no laughing jest:
rimatur, with a chaplain's name,
sufficient license to defame.
onder is't that black detraction thrives?
nicide of names is less than lives,
the perjur'd murderer survives!"
aid, she paus'd a little, and suppress'd
ling indignation of her breast:
w the virtue of her blade, nor would
her satire with ignoble blood:
ting foe she saw before her eye,
k she drew the shining weapon dry.
the generous lion has in sight
al match, he rouses for the fight;
n his foe lies prostrate on the plain,
ths his paws, uncurls his angry mane,
eas'd with bloodless honours of the day,
ver, and disdains the' inglorious prey.
s (if great with less we may compare)
his rolling thunderbolts in air,
nts ungrateful friends a lengthen'd space,
lore the remnants of long-suffering grace.
breathing-time the Matron took; and then
l the thread of her discourse again.
ngeance wholly left to powers divine,
Heaven judge betwixt your sons and mine:

If joys hereafter must be purchas'd here
With loss of all that mortals hold so dear,
Then welcome infamy and public shame,
And last, a long farewell to worldly fame!
'Tis said with ease; but, oh, how hardly tried
By haughty souls, to human honour tied!
O sharp convulsive pangs of agonizing pride!
Down then, thou rebel, never more to rise,
And what thou didst, and dost so dearly prize,
That fame, that darling fame, make that thy sacrifice.
'Tis nothing thou hast given; then add thy tears
For a long race of unrepenting years:
'Tis nothing yet, yet all thou hast to give;
Then add those may-be years thou hast to live:
Yet nothing still; then poor and naked come;
Thy Father will receive his unthrift home,
And thy blest Saviour's blood discharge the mighty sum.

"Thus (she pursued) I discipline a son,
Whose uncheck'd fury to revenge would run;
He champs the bit, impatient of his loss,
And starts aside, and flounders at the cross.
Instruct him better, gracious God! to know,
As thine is vengeance, so forgiveness too;
That, suffering from ill tongues, he bears no more
Than what his sovereign bears, and what his Saviour bore!

"It now remains for you to school your child,
And ask why God's anointed he revil'd;
A king and princess dead! did Shimei worse?
The curser's punishment should fright the curse:
Your son was warn'd, and wisely gave it o'er,
But he who counsell'd him has paid the score;

:avy malice could no higher tend,
ɔe to him on whom the weights descend.
ɔermitted ills the demon flies;
ge is aim'd at Him who rules the skies;
ain'd to quit his cause, no succour found,
ıe discharges every tire around,
ıds of smoke abandoning the fight,
s own thundering peals proclaim his flight.
Henry's change his charge as ill succeeds;
ıt long story little answer needs:
ɔnt but Henry's words with Henry's deeds.
space allow'd, with ease it might be prov'd
springs his blessed reformation mov'd.
ire effects appear'd in open sight,
ı from the cause, he calls a distant flight,
ct no larger leap than from the sun to light.
ɔw let your sons a double pæan sound,
ıtise of Humility is found;
ɔund, but better it had ne'er been sought,
thus in Protestant procession brought.
ım'd original through Spain is known,
guez' work, my celebrated son,
ı yours, by ill translating, made his own;
:al'd its author, and usurp'd the name,
asest and ignoblest theft of fame.
tars kindled first that living coal;
re, or practise better what you stole:
virtue could this humble verse inspire,
ll the restitution I require."
d was the Panther that the charge was clos'd,
ıone of all her favourite sons expos'd:
ıws of arms permit each injur'd man
ake himself a saver where he can.

To this the Panther, with a scornful smile;
"Yet still you travel with unwearied toil,
And range around the realm without control,
Among my sons for proselytes to prowl,
And here and there you snap some silly soul.
You hinted fears of future change in state;
Pray Heaven you did not prophesy your fate!
Perhaps, you think your time of triumph near,
But may mistake the season of the year;
The Swallow's fortune gives you cause to fear."
"For charity, (replied the Matron) tell
What sad mischance those pretty birds befel."
"Nay, no mischance, (the savage Dame replied)
But want of wit in that unerring guide,
And eager haste, and gaudy hopes, and giddy pride.
Yet, wishing timely warning may prevail,
Make you the moral, and I'll tell the tale.
"The Swallow, privileg'd above the rest
Of all the birds, as man's familiar guest,
Pursues the sun in summer, brisk and bold,
But wisely shuns the persecuting cold;
Is well to chancels and to chimneys known,
Though 'tis not thought she feeds on smoke alone.
From hence she has been held of heavenly line,
Endued with particles of soul divine:
This merry chorister had long possess'd
Her summer-seat, and feather'd well her nest.
Till frowning skies began to change their cheer,
And time turn'd up the wrong side of the year;
The shedding trees began the ground to strew
With yellow leaves, and bitter blasts to blow:
Sad auguries of winter thence she drew,
Which by instinct or prophecy she knew:

In expectation of such times as these,
A chapel hous'd 'em, truly call'd—of Ease:
For Martin much devotion did not ask;
They pray'd sometimes, and that was all their tas
"It happen'd (as beyond the reach of wit
Blind prophecies may have a lucky hit)
That this accomplish'd, or at least in part,
Gave great repute to their new Merlin's art.
Some Swifts, the giants of the Swallow-kind
Large-limb'd, stout-hearted, but of stupid mind;
(For Swisses or for Gibeonites design'd)
These lubbers, peeping through a broken pane,
To suck fresh air, survey'd the neighbouring plai
And saw (but scarcely could believe their eyes)
New blossoms flourish, and new flowers arise;
As God had been abroad, and walking there,
Had left his footsteps, and reform'd the year:
The sunny hills from far were seen to glow
With glittering beams, and in the meads below
The burnish'd brooks appear'd with liquid gold
to flow.
At last they heard the foolish cuckoo sing,
Whose note proclaim'd the holy-day of Spring.
"No longer doubting, all prepare to fly,
And repossess their patrimonial sky.
The priest before 'em did his wings display;
And, that good omens might attend their way,
As luck would have it, 'twas St. Martin's day.
"Who but the Swallow now triumphs alone
The canopy of heaven is all her own:
Her youthful offspring to their haunts repair,
And glide along in glades, and skim in air,
And dip for insects in the purling springs,
And stoop on rivers to refresh their wings.

mothers think a fair provision made,
very son can live upon his trade;
ow the careful charge is off their hands,
ut for husbands, and new nuptial bands:
uthful widow longs to be supplied;
st the lover is by lawyers tied
le jointure-chimneys on the bride.
k they couple, in so short a space,
Martin's marriage-offerings rise a-pace:
ancient houses running to decay,
rbish'd up, and cemented with clay;
eem already; store of eggs are laid,
ooding mothers call Lucina's aid:
spreads the news, and foreign fowls appear
ks to greet the new-returning year,
ss the founder, and partake the cheer.
d now 'twas time, (so fast their numbers rise)
nt abroad, and people colonies.
uth drawn forth, as Martin had desir'd,
their cruel destiny requir'd)
ent far off on an ill-fated day:
st would needs conduct 'em on their way:
artin went, because he fear'd alone to stay.
long they flew with inconsiderate haste,
ow their afternoon began to waste;
hat was ominous, that very morn
n was enter'd into Capricorn,
by their bad astronomers' account,
eek the Virgin Balance should remount:
nt moon eclips'd him in his way,
d the small remainders of his day.
owd, amaz'd, pursued no certain mark;
ds met birds, and justled in the dark:

"What should they do, beset witl
round,
No neighbouring dorp,* no lodging to l
But bleaky plains, and bare unhospitabl
The latter brood, who just began to fly,
Sick-feather'd, and unpractis'd in the sk
For succour to their helpless mother cal
She spread her wings; some few ben
crawl;
She spread 'em wider yet, but could not
To' augment their woes, the winds beg
Debate in air for empty fields above,
Till Boreas got the skies, and pour'd an
His rattling hail-stones, mix'd with snow
"The joyless morning late arose, and
A dreadful desolation reign around,
Some buried in the snow, some frozen
The rest were struggling still with deat
The crows' and ravens' right, an undefe
Excepting Martin's race; for they and h
Had gain'd the shelter of a hollow tree

High on an oak, which never leaf shall bear,
He breath'd his last, expos'd to open air;
And there his corpse, unbless'd, is hanging still,
To show the change of winds with his prophetic
bill."

The patience of the Hind did almost fail,
For well she mark'd the malice of the tale;
Which ribbald art their church to Luther owes;
In malice it began, by malice grows; [rose:
He sow'd the serpent's teeth, an iron harvest
But most in Martin's character and fate,
She saw her slander'd sons, the Panther's hate,
The people's rage, the persecuting state:
Then said, "I take the' advice in friendly part;
You clear your conscience, or at least your heart:
Perhaps you fail'd in your foreseeing skill,
For swallows are unlucky birds to kill:
As for my sons, the family is bless'd,
Whose every child is equal to the rest:
No church reform'd can boast a blameless line;
Such Martins build in yours, and more than mine;
Or else on old fanatic author* lies,
Who summ'd their scandals up by centuries.
But through your parable I plainly see
The bloody laws, the crowd's barbarity;
The sunshine that offends the purblind sight:
Had some their wishes, it would soon be night.
Mistake me not, the charge concerns not you;
Your sons are malecontents, but yet are true,
As far as non-resistance makes 'em so:
But that's a word of neutral sense you know,

* John White, called 'Century White,' from having published a tract, entitled "The first Century of scandalous malignant *Priests*," &c.

A passive term, which no ief will bring,
But trims betwixt a rebel l a king."
"Rest well assur'd, ardelis reply'd)
My sons would all support e regal side;
Though Heaven forbid cause by battle should be tried."

The Matron answer'd with a loud *Amen*,
And thus pursued her argument again:—
"If, as you say, and as I hope no less,
Your sons will practise what yourselves profess;
What angry power prevents our present peace?
The Lion, studious of our common good,
Desires (and kings' desires are ill withstood)
To join our nations in a lasting love;
The bars betwixt are easy to remove,
For sanguinary laws were never made above.
If you condemn that prince of tyranny,
Whose mandate forc'd your Gallic friends to fly,
Make not a worse example of your own;
Or cease to rail at causeless rigour shown,
And let the guiltless person throw the stone.
His blunted sword your suffering brotherhood
Have seldom felt; he stops it short of blood:
But you have ground the persecuting knife,
And set it to a razor-edge on life.
Curs'd be the wit which cruelty refines,
Or to his father's rod the scorpion's joins;
Your finger is more gross than the great monarch's loins.
But you, perhaps, remove that bloody note,
And stick it on the first reformer's coat.
Oh, let their crime in long oblivion sleep:
'Twas theirs indeed to make, 'tis yours to keep.

Unjust, or just, is all the question now;
'Tis plain that, not repealing, you allow.
"To name the Test would put you in a rage;
You charge not that on any former age,
But smile to think how innocent you stand,
Arm'd by a weapon put into your hand;
Yet still remember that you wield a sword
Forg'd by your foes against your sovereign lord;
Design'd to hew the' imperial cedar down,
Defraud succession, and dis-heir the crown.
To' abhor the makers, and their laws approve,
Is to hate traitors, and the treason love.
What means it else, which now your children say,
We made it not, nor will we take away?
"Suppose some great oppressor had, by slight
Of law, disseis'd your brother of his right,
Your common sire surrendering in a fright;
Would you to that unrighteous title stand,
Left by the villain's will to heir the land?
More just was Judas, who his Saviour sold;
The sacrilegious bribe he could not hold, [gold.
Nor hang in peace, before he render'd back the
What more could you have done than now you do,
Had Oates and Bedloe, and their plot been true?
Some specious reasons for those wrongs were found;
Their dire magicians threw their mists around,
And wise men walk'd as on enchanted ground:
But now when time has made the' imposture plain,
(Late though he follow'd Truth, and limping held her train) [again?
What new delusion charms your cheated eyes
The painted harlot might awhile ewitch,
But *why the hag* uncas'd, and all obscene with itch?

"The first reformers were a modest race;
Our peers possess'd in peace their native place;
And when rebellious arms o'erturn'd the state,
They suffer'd only in the common fate:
But now the sovereign mounts the regal chair,
And mitred seats are full, yet David's bench is [bare
Your answer is, they were not dispossest;
They need but rub their metal on the Test,
To prove their ore: 'twere well if gold alone
Were touch'd and tried on your discerning stone;
But that unfaithful Test unsound will pass,
The dross of atheists, and sectarian brass;
As if the' experiment were made to hold
For base production, and reject the gold.
Thus men ungodded may to places rise,
And sects may be preferr'd without disguise:
No danger to the church or state from these;
The Papist only has his writ of Ease.
No gainful office gives him the pretence
To grind the subject, or defraud the prince.
Wrong conscience, or no conscience, may deserve
To thrive, but ours alone is privileg'd to starve.
"Still thank yourselves, you cry; your noble [race,
We banish not, but they forsake the place;
Our doors are open;—true, but ere they come,
You toss your 'censing Test, and fume the room;
As if 'twere Toby's rival to expel,
And fright the fiend who could not bear the smell."
To this the Panther sharply had replied;
But, having gain'd a verdict on her side,
She wisely gave the loser leave to chide;
Well satisfied to have the but and peace,
And for the plaintiff's cause she car'd the less,
Because she sued *in formâ pauperis*;

Yet thought it decent something should be said,
For secret guilt by silence is betray'd;
So neither granted all, nor much denied,
But answer'd with a yawning kind of pride:
"Methinks such terms of proffer'd peace you [bring,
As once Æneas to the' Italian king;
By long possession all the land is mine;
You strangers come with your intruding line,
To share my sceptre, which you call—to join.
You plead, like him, an ancient pedigree,
And claim a peaceful seat by fate's decree.
In ready pomp your sacrificer stands,
To' unite the Trojan and the Latin bands,
And, that the league more firmly may be tied,
Demand the fair Lavinia for your bride.
Thus plausibly you veil the' intended wrong,
But still you bring your exil'd gods along;
And will endeavour, in succeeding space,
Those household-puppets on our hearths to place.
Perhaps some barbarous laws have been preferr'd;
I spake against the Test, but was not heard;
These to rescind, and peerage to restore,
My gracious sovereign would my vote implore;
I owe him much, but owe my conscience more."
"Conscience is then your plea (replied the Dame)
Which, well inform'd, will ever be the same:
But yours is much of the camelion hue,
To change the dye with every distant view.
When first the Lion sat with awful sway,
Your conscience taught your duty to obey;
He might have had your statutes and your Test;
No conscience but of subjects was profess'd.
He found your temper, and no farther tried,
But *on that* broken reed your church relied.

In vain the sects essay'd their utmost art,
With offer'd treasure to espouse their part;
Their treasures were a bribe too mean to move
his heart:
But when by long experience you had prov'd
How far he could forgive, how well he lov'd;
A goodness that excell'd his godlike race,
And only short of Heaven's unbounded grace;
A flood of mercy that o'erflow'd our isle,
Calm in the rise, and fruitful as the Nile;
Forgetting whence your Egypt was supplied,
You thought your sovereign bound to send t
Nor upward look'd on that immortal spring, [tid
But vainly deem'd—he durst not be a king:
Then Conscience, unrestrained by fear, began
To stretch her limits, and extend the span;
Did his indulgence as her gift dispose,
And make a wise alliance with her foes.
Can Conscience own the' associating name,
And raise no blushes to conceal her shame?
For sure she has been thought a bashful dame.
But if the cause by battle should be tried,
You grant she must espouse the regal side:
O Proteus Conscience, never to be tied!
What Phœbus from the tripod shall disclose
Which are, in last resort, your friends or foes?
Homer, who learn'd the language of the sky,
The seeming Gordian knot would soon untie;
Immortal powers the term of Conscience know,
But Interest is her name with men below."
"Conscience or Interest be't, or both in one,
(The Panther answer'd in a surly tone)
The first commands me to maintain the crown,
The last forbids to throw my barriers down.

Our penal laws no sons of yours admit,
Our Test excludes your tribe from benefit,
These are my banks your ocean to withstand,
Which, proudly rising, overlooks the land;
And, once let in, with unresisted sway
Would sweep the pastors and their flocks away.
Think not my judgment leads me to comply
With laws unjust, but hard necessity;
Imperious need, which cannot be withstood,
Makes ill authentic, for a greater good.
'Possess your soul with patience,' and attend;
A more auspicious planet may ascend;
Good fortune may present some happier time,
With means to cancel my unwilling crime;
(Unwilling, witness all ye Powers above!)
To mend my errors, and redeem your love:
That little space you safely may allow;
Your all-dispensing power protects you now."
"Hold, (said the Hind) 'tis needless to explain;
You would postpone me to another reign;
Till when you are content to be unjust;
Your part is to possess, and mine to trust:
A fair exchange propos'd of future chance,
For present profit and inheritance.
Few words will serve to finish our dispute;
Who will not now repeal would persecute.
To ripen green revenge your hopes attend,
Wishing that happier planet would ascend.
For shame, let Conscience be your plea no more:
To will hereafter, proves she might before;
But she's a bawd to Gain, and holds the door.
"Your care about your banks, infers a fear
Of threatening floods, and inundations near;

If so, a just reprise would only be
Of what the land usurp'd upon the sea;
And all your jealousies but serve to show
Your ground, is like your neighbour-nation, low.
To' entrench in what you grant unrighteous laws,
Is to distrust the justice of your cause;
And argues that your true religion lies
In those weak adversaries you despise.
Tyrannic force is that which least you fear;
The sound is frightful in a Christian's ear;
Avert it, Heaven! nor let that plague be sent
To us from the dispeopled continent.
" But piety commands me to refrain;
Those prayers are needless in this monarch's reign.
Behold! how he protects your friends oppress'd,
Receives the banish'd, succours the distress'd:
Behold, for you may read an honest open breast.
He stands in day-light, and disdains to hide
An act to which by honour he is tied,
A generous, laudable, and kingly pride.
Your Test he would repeal, his peers restore;
This when he says he means, he means no more."
" Well, (said the Panther) I believe him just,
And yet———"
" And yet, 'tis but because you must;
You would be trusted, but you would not trust."
The Hind thus briefly; and disdain'd to' enlarge
On power of kings, and their superior charge,
As Heaven's trustees before the people's choice;
Though sure the Panther did not much rejoice
To hear those echoes given of her once loyal voice.
The matron woo'd her kindness to the last,
But could not win; her hour of grace was past:

ıom, thus persisting, when she could not bring
leave the Wolf, and to believe her king,
: gave her up, and fairly wish'd her joy
ıer late treaty with her new ally;
ich well she hop'd would more successful prove
:n was the Pigeon's and the Buzzard's love.
: Panther ask'd "what concord there could be
wixt two kinds whose natures disagree?"
: Dame replied; "'Tis sung in every street,
: common chat of gossips when they meet;
, since unheard by you, 'tis worth your while
take a wholesome tale, though told in homely
style.
A plain good man, whose name is understood*,
few deserve the name of plain and good,)
three fair lineal lordships stood possess'd,
d liv'd, as reason was, upon the best.
r'd to hardships from his early youth,
ch had he done, and suffer'd for his truth;
land, and sea, in many a doubtful fight,
s never known a more adventurous knight,
ıo oftener drew his sword, and always for the
right.
As Fortune would, (his fortune came, though late)
took possession of his just estate;
: rack'd his tenants with increase of rent,
r liv'd too sparing, nor too largely spent;
: overlook'd his hinds; their pay was just,
d ready, for he scorn'd to go on trust:
w to resolve, but in performance quick;
true, that he was awkward at a trick:

*James the Second.

For little souls on little shifts rely,
And cowards arts of mean expedients try;
The noble mind will dare do any thing but lie.
False friends, his deadliest foes, could find no
But shows of honest bluntness to betray;
That unsuspected plainness he believ'd;
He look'd into himself and was deceiv'd.
Some lucky planet, sure, attends his birth,
Or Heaven would make a miracle on earth;
For prosperous honesty is seldom seen
To bear so dead a weight, and yet to win.
It looks as Fate with Nature's law would strive
To show plain dealing once an age may thrive
And, when so tough a fame she could not bem
Exceeded her commission to befriend.

"This grateful man, as Heaven increas'd
Gave God again, and daily fed his poor: [st
His house with all convenience was purvey'd;
The rest he found, but rais'd the fabric wher
pray'd*;
And in that sacred place his beauteous wife
Employ'd her happiest hours of holy life.

"Nor did their alms extend to those alone
Whom common faith more strictly made their c
A sort of Doves† were hous'd too near their ha
Who cross the proverb, and abound with gall.
Though some, 'tis true, are passively inclin'd,
The greater part degenerate from their kind;
Voracious birds, that hotly bill and breed,
And largely drink, because on salt they feed.

*The Catholic chapel in Whitehall.

† The London clergy of the Church of England.

Small gain from them their bounteous owner draws;
Yet bound by promise he supports their cause,
As corporations privileg'd by laws.

"That house which harbour to their kind affords,
Was built long since, God knows for better birds;
But, fluttering there, they nestle near the throne,
And lodge in habitations not their own,
By their high crops and corny gizzards known.
Like harpies they could scent a plenteous board;
Then, to be sure, they never fail'd their lord:
The rest was form, and bare attendance paid;
They drunk, and eat, and grudgingly obey'd:
The more they fed, they raven'd still for more;
They drain'd from Dan, and left Beersheba poor.
All this they had by law, and none repin'd;
The preference was but due to Levi's kind;
But when some lay-preferment fell by chance,
The Gourmands made it their inheritance.
When once possess'd, they never quit their claim,
For then 'tis sanctified to Heaven's high name;
And, hallow'd thus, they cannot give consent
The gifts should be profan'd by worldly management.

"Their flesh was never to the table serv'd,
Though 'tis not thence inferr'd the birds were starv'd;
But that their master did not like the food,
As rank, and breeding melancholy blood:
Nor did it with his gracious nature suit,
E'en though they were not Doves, to persecute:
Yet he refus'd (nor could they take offence)
Their glutton-kind should teach him abstinence:
Nor consecrated grain their wheat he thought,
Which, new from treading, in their bills they *brought*;

But left his hinds each in his private power,
That those who like the bran might leave the flour.
He for himself, and not for others, chose,
Nor would he be impos'd on, nor impose;
But in their faces his devotion paid,
And sacrifice with solemn rights was made,
And sacred incense on his altars laid.
Besides these jolly birds, whose crops impure
Repaid their commons with their salt-manure,
Another farm he had behind his house,
Not overstock'd, but barely for his use;
Wherein his poor domestic poultry fed,*
And from his pious hands receiv'd their bread.
Our pamper'd Pigeons, with malignant eyes,
Beheld these inmates and their nurseries:
Though hard their fare, at evening and at morn,
(A cruise of water, and an ear of corn,)
Yet still they grudg'd that modicum, and thought
A sheaf in every single grain was brought.
Fain would they filch that little food away,
While unrestrain'd those happy gluttons prey;
And much they griev'd to see so nigh their hall
The bird that warn'd St. Peter of his fall;
That he should raise his mitred crest on high,
And clap his wings, and call his family
To sacred rites, and vex the' ethereal powers,
With midnight matins at uncivil hours;
Nay more, his quiet neighbours should molest,
Just in the sweetness of their morning rest:
Beast of a bird, supinely when he might
Lie snug and sleep, to rise before the light!
What if his dull forefathers us'd that cry,
Could he not let a bad example die?

* The Catholic clergy, supported by King James II.

The world was fallen into an easier way;
This age knew better than to fast and pray:
Good sense in sacred worship would appear
So to begin, as they might end the year:
Such feats in former times had wrought the falls
Of crowing Chanticleers in cloister'd walls.
Expell'd for this, and for their lands they fled;
And sister Partlet, with her hooded head,*
Was hooted hence, because she would not pray a-bed.
The way to win the restiff world to God,
Was to lay by the disciplining rod,
Unnatural fasts, and foreign forms of prayer;
Religion frights us with a mien severe.
'Tis prudence to reform her into ease,
And put her in undress, to make her please:
A lively faith will bear aloft the mind,
And leave the luggage of good works behind.
"Such doctrines in the Pigeon-house were taught;
You need not ask how wondrously they wrought;
But sure the common cry was all for these,
Whose life and precepts both encourag'd ease:
Yet fearing those alluring baits might fail,
And holy deeds o'er all their arts prevail,
(For Vice, though frontless, and of harden'd face,
Is daunted at the sight of awful grace)
An hideous figure of their foes they drew,
Nor lines, nor looks, nor shades, nor colours true;
And this grotesque design expos'd to public view.
One would have thought it some Egyptian piece,
With garden-gods, and barking deities,
More thick than Ptolemy has stuck the skies.
All so perverse a draught, so far unlike,
It was *no* libel where it meant to strike:

* Nuns.

Yet still the daubing pleas'd, and great and small
To view the monster crowded Pigeon-hall:
There Chanticleer was drawn upon his knees,
Adoring shrines, and stocks of sainted trees;
And by him, a mis-shapen, ugly race;
The curse of God was seen on every face:
No Holland emblem could that malice mend,
But still the worse they look, the fitter for a fien
" The master of the farm, displeas'd to find
So much of rancour in so mild a kind,
Inquir'd into the cause, and came to know
The passive church had struck the foremost blo
With groundless fears, and jealousies possest,
As if this troublesome intruding guest
Would drive the birds of Venus* from their nest;
A deed his in-born equity abhorr'd, [his wo
But Interest will not trust, though God should plig
" A law, the source of many future harms,
Had banish'd all the poultry from the farms,
With loss of life, if any should be found
To crow or peck on this forbidden ground.
That bloody statute† chiefly was design'd
For Chanticleer the white, of clergy kind;
But after-malice did not long forget
The lay that wore the robe and coronet.‡
For them, for their inferiors and allies,
Their foes a deadly Shibboleth devise;
By which unrighteously it was decreed,
That none to trust or profit should succeed,
Who would not swallow first a poisonous wicked
weed;

* The Doves.
† Of high treason, against priests saying mass in England.
‡ The Roman Catholic nobility.

Or that* to which old Socrates was curst,
Or henbane-juice to swell them till they burst.
" The patron, as in reason, thought it hard
To see this inquisition in his yard, [barr'd.
By which the sovereign was of subjects' use de-
All gentle means he tried, which might withdraw
The' effects of so unnatural a law;
But still the Dove-house obstinately stood,
Deaf to their own and to their neighbours' good;
And, which was worse, if any worse could be,
Repented of their boasted loyalty:
Now made the champions of a cruel cause,
And drunk with fumes of popular applause;
For those whom God to ruin has design'd,
He fits for fate, and first destroys their mind.
" New doubts, indeed, they daily strove to raise,
Suggested dangers, interpos'd delays,
And emissary Pigeons had in store,
Such as the Meccan Prophet us'd of yore,
To whisper counsels in their patron's ear,
And veil'd their false advice with zealous fear.
The master smil'd to see 'em work in vain
To wear him out, and make an idle reign:
He saw, but suffer'd their protractive arts,
And strove by mildness to reduce their hearts;
But they abus'd that grace to make allies,
And fondly clos'd with former enemies; [wise.
For fools are doubly fools, endeavouring to be
" After a grave consult what course were best,
One, more mature in folly than the rest,
Stood up, and told them, with his head aside,
' That desperate cures must be to desperate ills applied;

* Hemlock.

And, therefore, since their main impending fear
Was from the' increasing race of Chanticleer,
Some potent bird of prey they ought to find,
A foe profess'd to him and all his kind;
Some haggard Hawk, who had her eyry nigh,
Well pounc'd to fasten, and well wing'd to fly;
One they might trust, their common wrongs to wreak;
The Musquet and the Coystrel were too weak,
Too fierce the Falcon; but, above the rest,
The noble Buzzard ever pleas'd me best;
Of small renown, 'tis true; for, not to lie,
We call him but a Hawk—by courtesy:
I know he hates the Pigeon-house and farm,
And more, in time of war has done us harm;
But all his hate on trivial points depends;
Give up our forms, and we shall soon be friends;
For Pigeons' flesh he seems not much to care,
Cramm'd chickens are a more delicious fare.
On this high potentate, without delay,
I wish you would confer the sovereign-sway;
Petition him to' accept the government,
And let a splendid embassy be sent.'

"This pithy speech prevail'd, and all agreed,
Old enmities forgot, the Buzzard should succeed.

"Their welcome suit was granted, soon as heard,
His lodgings furnish'd, and a train prepar'd,
With B's upon their breast, appointed for his guard.
He came, and crown'd with great solemnity,
'God save King Buzzard!' was the general cry.

"A portly prince, and goodly to the sight,
He seem'd a son of Anach for his height;

hose whom stature did to crowns prefer,
-brow'd and bluff, like Homer's Jupiter;
-back'd, and brawny-built, for love's delight,
phet form'd, to make a female proselyte.
ologue more by need, than genial bent;
eeding sharp, by nature confident.
st in all his actions was discern'd;
learn'd than honest, more a wit than learn'd.
c'd by fear, or by his prophet led,
h conjoin'd, his native clime he fled:
ought the virtues of his heaven along,
behaviour, and a fluent tongue.
et with all his arts he could not thrive;
ost unlucky parasite alive.
praises to prepare his paths he sent,
ien himself pursued his compliment;
y reverse of fortune, chas'd away,
'ts no longer then their author stay:
ikes the dust against the' ungrateful race,
aves the stench of ordures in the place.
; he flatter'd and blasphem'd the same;
his rage, he spares no sovereign's name:
ero and the tyrant change their style,
same measure that they frown or smile.
well receiv'd by hospitable foes,
ndness he returns—is to expose:
urtesies, though undeserv'd and great,
titude in felon-minds beget;
ute to his wit the churl receives the treat.
use of foes is venomously nice;
ch'd, it turns a virtue to a vice:
ek, and bountiful, forewarns us twice.'
sacraments he wisely does disown,
e *he* knows confession stands for one;

Where sins to sacred silence are convey'd,
And not for fear or love to be betray'd:
But he, uncall'd, his patron to control,
Divulg'd the secret whispers of his soul;
Stood forth the' accusing Satan of his crimes,
And offer'd to the Moloch of the times.
Prompt to assail, and careless of defence,
Invulnerable in his impudence,
He dares the world; and, eager of a name,
He thrusts about, and justles into fame.
Frontless, and satire-proof, he scowers the streets,
And runs an Indian-muck at all he meets:
So fond of loud report, that not to miss
Of being known, (his last and utmost bliss)
He rather would be known for what he is.

"Such was, and is, the captain of the Test,
Though half his virtues are not here express'd;
The modesty of Fame conceals the rest.
The spleenful Pigeons never could create
A prince more proper to revenge their hate:
Indeed, more proper to revenge than save;
A king, whom in his wrath the' Almighty gave;
For all the grace the landlord had allow'd,
But made the Buzzard and the Pigeons proud;
Gave time to fix their friends, and to seduce the crowd.
They long their fellow-subjects to entral,
Their patron's promise into question call,
And vainly think he meant to make 'em lords of [all.

"False fears their leaders fail'd not to suggest,
As if the Doves were to be dispossess'd;
Nor sighs, nor groans, nor goggling eyes did want;
For now the Pigeons too had learn'd to cant.
The house of prayer is stock'd with large increase,
or doors nor windows can contain the press:

ls of every feather fill the' abode;
ıeists, out of envy, own a God;
ıking from the stews, adulterers come,
ıths and Vandals, to demolish Rome.
onscience, which to all their crimes was
mute,
ls aloud, and cries to persecute;
ır of the laws to be releas'd,
ıch the less, because it was their lord's
request;
ought it great their sovereign to control,
n'd their pride—Nobility of soul.
true, the Pigeons, and their prince-elect,
ıort of power their purpose to effect;
ı their quills did all the hurt they could,
F'd the tender chickens from their food;
ch the Buzzard in their cause did stir,
naming not the patron, to infer,
respect, he was a gross idolater.
when the' imperial owner did espy
ıs they turn'd his grace to villany,
ering wrath to discompose his mind,
'e a temper for the' extremes to find,
: just, as he might still be kind;
ll maturely weigh'd, pronounc'd a doom
d strength for every age to come.
the Doves their wealth and state possess,
ts infring'd, but license to oppress:
wer have they as factious lawyers long
'ns ascrib'd, that kings can do no wrong:
e his own domestic birds have tried
: effects of their destructive pride,
ns that proof a measure to the rest,
ing well within his kingly breast,
: *of* Nature too unjustly were oppress.

He therefore makes all birds of every sect
Free of his farm, with promise to respect
Their several kinds alike, and equally protect.
His gracious edict the same franchise yields
To all the wild increase of woods and fields,
And who in rocks aloof, and who in steeples builds:
To Crows the like impartial grace affords,
And Choughs and Daws, and such republic birds:
Secur'd with ample privilege to feed,
Each has his district and his bounds decreed;
Combin'd in common interest with his own,
But not to pass the Pigeon's Rubicon.

"Here ends the reign of his pretended Dove,
All prophecies accomplish'd from above;
For Shiloh comes the sceptre to remove.
Reduc'd from her imperial high abode,
Like Dionysius to a private rod,*
The passive church, that with pretended grace
Did her distinctive mark in duty place,
Now touch'd, reviles her Maker to his face.

"What after happen'd is not hard to guess:
The small beginnings had a large increase,
And arts and wealth succeed, the sacred spoils of peace.
'Tis said the Doves repented, though too late,
Become the smiths of their own foolish fate;
Nor did their owner hasten their ill hour,
But, sunk in credit, they decreas'd in pow'r:
Like snows in warmth, that mildly pass away,
Dissolving in the silence of decay.

"The Buzzard, not content with equal place,
Invites the feather'd Nimrods of his race

* Dionysius the younger, being expelled from Syracuse, became a schoolmaster at Corinth.

ide the thinness of their flock from sight,
all together make a seeming goodly flight.
each have separate interests of their own;
Czars are one too many for a throne:
can the' usurper long abstain from food;
ndy he has tasted Pigeons' blood,
may be tempted to his former fare, [pair.
n this indulgent lord shall late to Heaven re-
benting times, and moulting months may come,
n, lagging late, they cannot reach their home;
nt in schism (for so their fate decrees)
the tumultuous college of the bees,
fight their quarrel, by themselves oppress'd,
yrant smiles below, and waits the falling feast."
us did the gentle Hind her fable end,
would the Panther blame it, nor commend;
with affected yawnings at the close,
'd to require her natural repose:
ow the streaky light began to peep,
setting stars admonish'd both to sleep.
Dame withdrew, and wishing to her guest
peace of Heaven, betook herself to rest.
housand angels on her slumbers wait,
glorious visions of her future state.

BRITANNIA REDIVIVA.

A POEM ON THE PRINCE,

BORN 10TH JUNE, 1688.

Our vows are heard by times, and Heav'n takes care
To grant, before we can conclude, the pray'r;
Preventing angels met it half the way,
And sent us back to praise who came to pray.
Just on the day, when the high-mounted sun
Did farthest in its northern progress run,
He bended forward, and ev'n stretch'd the sphere
Beyond the limits of the lengthen'd year,
To view a brighter sun in Britain born;
That was the business of his longest morn;
The glorious object seen, 'twas time to turn.
Departing Spring could only stay to shed
Her gloomy beauties on the genial bed,
But left the manly summer in her stead,
With timely fruit the longing land to cheer,
And to fulfil the promise of the year.
Betwixt two seasons comes the' auspicious heir,
This age to blossom, and the next to bear.
Last solemn Sabbath saw the church attend,
The Paraclete in fiery pomp descend;
But when his wondrous octave* roll'd again,
He brought a royal infant in his train.
So great a blessing to so good a King
None but the' eternal Comforter could bring.

* Trinity-Sunday is the octave of Whit-Sunday.

Or did the mighty Trinity conspire,
As once in council to create our sire?
It seems as if they sent the new-born guest
To wait on the procession of their feast;
And on their sacred anniverse decreed
To stamp their image on the promis'd seed.
Three realms united, and on one bestow'd,
An emblem of their mystic union show'd:
The mighty Trine the triple empire shar'd,
As every person would have one to guard.
Hail, Son of Prayers! by holy violence
Drawn down from Heaven; but long be banish'd hence,
And late to thy paternal skies retire:
To mend our crimes whole ages would require;
To change the' inveterate habit of our sins,
And finish what thy godlike sire begins.
Kind Heaven, to make us Englishmen again,
No less can give us than a patriarch's reign.
The sacred cradle to your charge receive,
Ye seraphs, and by turns the guard relieve;
Thy father's angel and thy father join
To keep possession and secure the line;
But long defer the honours of thy fate:
Great may they be like his, like his be late;
That James his running century may view,
And give this son an auspice to the new.
Our wants exact at least that moderate stay:
For see the Dragon winged on his way,
To watch the travail, and devour the prey.
Or, if allusions may not rise so high,
Thus when Alcides rais'd his infant cry,
The snakes besieg'd his young divinity:
But vainly with their forked tongues they threat;
For opposition makes a hero great.

To needful succour all the good will run,
And Jove assert the godhead of his son.
  O still repining at your present state,
Grudging yourselves the benefits of fate,
Look up, and read in characters of light
A blessing sent you in your own despite.
The manna falls, yet that celestial bread,
Like Jews, you munch, and murmur while you feed:
May not your fortune be like theirs, exil'd,
Yet forty years to wander in the wild;
Or if it be, may Moses live at least,
To lead you to the verge of promis'd rest.
  Though poets are not prophets, to foreknow
What plants will take the blight, and what will grow;
By tracing Heaven, his footsteps may be found:
Behold! how awfully he walks the round!
God is abroad, and, wondrous in his ways,
The rise of empires and their fall surveys:
More (might I say) than with an usual eye,
He sees his bleeding church in ruin lie,
And hears the souls of saints beneath his altar cry.
Already has he lifted high the sign*
Which crown'd the conquering arms of Constantine:
The moon† grows pale at that presaging sight,
And half her train of stars have lost their light.
  Behold another Sylvester,‡ to bless
The sacred standard, and secure success;
Large of his treasures, of a soul so great,
As fills and crowds his universal seat.

* The Cross. † The Crescent of the Turks.
‡ Pope Sylvester.

iow view at home a second Constantine;*
ie former, too, was of the British line)
i not his healing balm your breaches clos'd,
iose exile many sought, and few oppos'd?
did not Heaven, by its eternal doom,
mit those evils that this good might come?
manifest, that e'en the moon-ey'd sects
whom, and what, this Providence protects.
thinks, had we within our minds no more
in that one shipwreck on the fatal ore,†
it only thought may make us think again,
at wonders God reserves for such a reign.
dream that Chance his preservation wrought,
re to think Noah was preserv'd for nought;
the surviving eight were not design'd
people earth, and to restore their kind.
When humbly on the royal Babe we gaze,
manly lines of a majestic face
e awful joy: 'tis paradise to look
the fair frontispiece of Nature's book:
ie first opening page so charms the sight,
nk how the' unfolded volume will delight!
how the venerable Infant lies
:arly pomp; how through the mother's eyes
father's soul, with an undaunted view,
ks out, and takes our homage as his due.
on his future subjects how he smiles,
meanly flatters, nor with craft beguiles;
with an open face, as on his throne,
ures our birthrights, and assumes his own.
n in broad day-light, that the' ungrateful rout
find no room for a remaining doubt;

* King James II. † The Lemmon Ore.

Truth, which itself is light, does darkness shun,
And the true eaglet safely dares the sun.
  Fain would the fiends have made a dubious birth,*
Loth to confess the Godhead cloth'd in earth:
But sicken'd, after all their baffled lies,
To find an heir-apparent in the skies:
Abandon'd to despair, still may they grudge,
And, owning not the Saviour, prove the Judge:
  Not great Æneas stood in plainer day,
When the dark mantling mist dissolv'd away;
He to the Tyrians show'd his sudden face,
Shining with all his goddess-mother's grace:
For she herself had made his count'nance bright,
Breath'd honour on his eyes, and her own purple [light.
  If our victorious Edward,† as they say,
Gave Wales a prince on that propitious day;
Why may not years, revolving with his fate,
Produce his like, but with a longer date?
One who may carry to a distant shore
The terror that his fam'd forefather bore.
But why should James, or his young hero stay
For slight presages of a name or day?
We need no Edward's fortune to adorn
That happy moment when our Prince was born:
Our Prince adorns this day, and ages hence
Shall wish his birth-day for some future prince.
  Great Michael, prince of all the' ethereal hosts,
And whate'er inborn saints our Britain boasts;
And thou, the' adopted patron‡ of our isle,
With cheerful aspects on this infant smile:
The pledge of Heaven, which, dropping from above
Secures our bliss, and reconciles his love.

* Alluding to the temptations in the wilderness.
† Edward the Black Prince, born on Trinity Sunday.
‡ St. George.

Enough of ills our dire rebellion wrought,
When to the dregs we drank the bitter draught;
Then airy atoms did in plagues conspire,
Nor did the' avenging angel yet retire,
But purg'd our still-increasing crimes with fire.
Then perjur'd plots, the still-impending test,
And worse—but charity conceals the rest:
Here stop the current of the sanguine flood;
Require not, gracious God! thy martyr's blood;
But let their dying pangs, their living toil,
Spread a rich harvest through their native soil:
A harvest ripening for another reign,
Of which this royal Babe may reap the grain.
Enough of early saints one womb has giv'n;
Enough increas'd the family of Heav'n:
Let them for his and our atonement go,
And reigning bless'd above, leave him to rule below.
Enough already has the year foreshow'd;
His wonted course the sea has overflow'd,
The meads were floated with a weeping spring,
And frighten'd birds in woods forgot to sing:
The strong-limb'd steed beneath his harness faints,
And the same shivering sweat his lord attaints.
When will the minister of wrath give o'er?
Behold him at Arauna's threshing floor!*
He stops, and seems to sheathe his flaming brand,
Pleas'd with burnt incense from our David's hand.
David has bought the Jebusite's abode,
And rais'd an altar to the living God.
Heaven, to reward him, make his joys sincere:
No future ills nor accidents appear
To sully and pollute the sacred infant's year.

* *Alluding to the* passage in the first book of Kings, chap. xxiv.

Five months to discord and debate were given;
He sanctifies the yet remaining seven.
Sabbath of months! henceforth in him be bless'd,
And prelude to the realm's perpetual rest!
  Let his baptismal drops for us atone;
Lustrations for offences not his own.
Let conscience, which is interest ill disguis'd,
In the same font be cleans'd, and all the land bap
    tiz'd.
Unnam'd as yet, at least unknown to fame,
Is there a strife in Heaven about his name;
Where every famous predecessor vies,
And makes a faction for it in the skies?
Or must it be reserv'd to thought alone?
Such was the sacred Tetragrammaton.*
Things worthy silence must not be reveal'd;
Thus the true name of Rome was kept conceal'd,
To shun the spells and sorceries of those
Who durst her infant majesty oppose.
But when his tender strength in time shall rise
To dare ill tongues and facinating eyes,
This isle, which hides the little thunderer's fame,
Shall be too narrow to contain his name:
The' artillery of Heaven shall make him known;
Crete could not hold the god when Jove was grown
  As Jove's increase,† who from his brain was born
Whom arms and arts did equally adorn,
Free of the breast was bred, whose milky taste,
Minerva's name to Venus had debas'd;
So this imperial Babe rejects the food
That mixes monarch's with plebeian blood;

* Jehovah: unlawful to be pronounced by the Jews.
† Pallas.

Food that his inborn courage might control,
Extinguish all the father in his soul,
And, for his Estian race, and Saxon strain,
Might reproduce some second Richard's reign.
Mildness he shares from both his parents' blood:
But kings too tame are despicably good:
Be this the mixture of this regal child,
By nature manly, but by virtue mild.
Thus far the furious transport of the news
Had to prophetic madness fir'd the Muse;
Madness ungovernable, uninspir'd,
Swift to foretel whatever she desir'd.
Was it for me the dark abyss to tread,
And read the book which angels cannot read?
How was I punish'd when the sudden blast,*
The face of Heaven and our young Sun o'ercast!
Fame, the swift ill, increasing as she roll'd,
Disease, Despair, and Death, at three reprises told:
At three insulting strides she stalk'd the Town,
And, like Contagion, struck the loyal down.
Down fell the winnow'd wheat; but mounted high,
The whirlwind bore the chaff, and hid the sky.
Here black Rebellion shooting from below,
(As earth's gigantic brood by moments grow)
And here the sons of God are petrified with woe:
An apoplex of grief! so low were driven
The saints, as hardly to defend their Heaven.
As when pent vapours run their hollow round,
Earthquakes, which are convulsions of the ground,
Break bellowing forth, and no confinement brook,
Till the third settles what the former shook;

* A false report of the Prince's death.

Such heavings had our souls; till, slow and late,
Our life with his return'd, and faith prevail'd on Fate,
By prayers the mighty blessing was implor'd,
To prayers was granted, and by prayers restor'd.
So ere the Shunamite* a son conceiv'd,
The prophet promis'd, and the wife believ'd.
A son was sent, the son so much desir'd;
But soon upon the mother's knees expir'd.
The troubled seer approach'd the mournful door,
Ran, pray'd, and sent his pastoral staff before,
Then stretch'd his limbs upon the child and mourn'd,
Till warmth, and breath, and a new soul return'd.
Thus Mercy stretches out her hand, and saves
Desponding Peter sinking in the waves.
As when a sudden storm of hail and rain
Beats to the ground the yet unbeardeff grain,
Think not the hopes of harvest are destroy'd
On the flat field, and on the naked void:
The light, unloaded stem, from tempest freed,
Will raise the youthful honours of his head;
And, soon restor'd by native vigour, bear
The timely product of the bounteous year.
Nor yet conclude all fiery trials past;
For Heaven will exercise us to the last;
Sometimes will check us in our full career
With doubtful blessings, and with mingled fear;
That, still depending on his daily grace,
His every mercy for an alms may pass;
With sparing hands will diet us to good;
Preventing surfeits of our pamper'd blood.
So feeds the mother-bird her craving young
With little morsels, and delays 'em long.

* In the second book of Kings, chap. iv.

'True, this last blessing was a royal feast;
But where's the wedding-garment on the guest?
Our manners, as religion were a dream,
Are such as teach the nations to blaspheme.
In lusts we wallow, and with pride we swell,
And injuries with injuries repel;
Prompt to revenge, not daring to forgive,
Our lives unteach the doctrine we believe.
Thus Israel sinn'd, impenitently hard,
And vainly thought the present ark their guard;*
But when the haughty Philistines appear,
They fled, abandon'd to their foes and fear;
Their God was absent, though his ark was there.
Ah! lest our crimes should snatch this pledge away,
And make our joys the blessings of a day!
For we have sinn'd him hence, and that he lives,
God to his promise, not our practice gives;
Our crimes would soon weigh down the guilty scale,
But James, and Mary, and the Church prevail.
Nor Amalek can rout the chosen bands,†
While Hur and Aaron hold up Moses' hands.
By living well, let us secure his days,
Moderate in hopes, and humble in our ways.
No force the free-born spirit can constrain,
But charity and great examples gain.
Forgiveness is our thanks for such a day;
'Tis godlike, God in his own coin to pay.
But you, propitious Queen! translated here,
From your mild Heaven, to rule our rugged sphere
Beyond the sunny walks and circling year;
You, who your native climate have bereft
Of all the virtues, and the vices left;

* 1 Sam. iv. 10. † Exod. xvii. 8.

Whom piety and beauty make their boast,
Though beautiful is well in pious lost;
So lost as star-light is dissolv'd away,
And melts into the brightness of the day;
Or gold about the regal diadem,
Lost to improve the lustre of the gem;
What can we add to your triumphant day?
Let the great gift the beauteous giver pay:
For should our thanks awake the rising sun,
And lengthen as his latest shadows run,
That, though the longest day, would soon, too soon be done.
Let angels' voices with their harps conspire,
But keep the' auspicious infant from the choir:
Late let him sing above, and let us know
No sweeter music than his cries below.

Nor can I wish to you, great Monarch! more
Than such an annual income to your store;
The day which gave this Unit, did not shine
For a less omen, than to fill the Trine.
After a Prince an Admiral beget;
The Royal Sovereign wants an anchor yet.
Our isle has younger titles still in store,
And when the' exhausted land can yield no more,
Your line can force them from a foreign shore.

The name of Great your martial mind will suit;
But Justice is your darling attribute:
Of all the Greeks 'twas but one hero's* due,
And in him Plutarch prophesied of you.
A prince's favour but on few can fall,
But justice is a virtue shar'd by all.

Some kings the name of Conquerors have assum'd,
Some to be great, some to be gods presum'd;

* Aristides. See his life in Plutarch.

ɔoundless power and arbitrary lust
: tyrants still abhor the name of Just;
shunn'd the praise this godlike virtue gives,
fear'd a title that reproach'd their lives.
e power from which all kings derive their state,
m they pretend, at least, to imitate,
ual both to punish and reward;
ew would love their God unless they fear'd.
sistless force and immortality
: but a lame, imperfect deity:
ɔests have force unbounded to destroy,
deathless being e'en the damn'd enjoy,
yet Heaven's attributes, both last and first,
without life, and one with life accurst:
Justice is Heaven's self, so strictly he,
could it fail, the Godhead could not be.
virtue is your own; but life and state
ɔne to Fortune subject, one to Fate:
l to all, you justly frown or smile;
ıopes nor fears your steady hand beguile;
self our balance hold, the world's our isle.

END OF VOL. XI.